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THE

METHODIST

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

1847.

EDITED BY GEORGE PECK, D. D.

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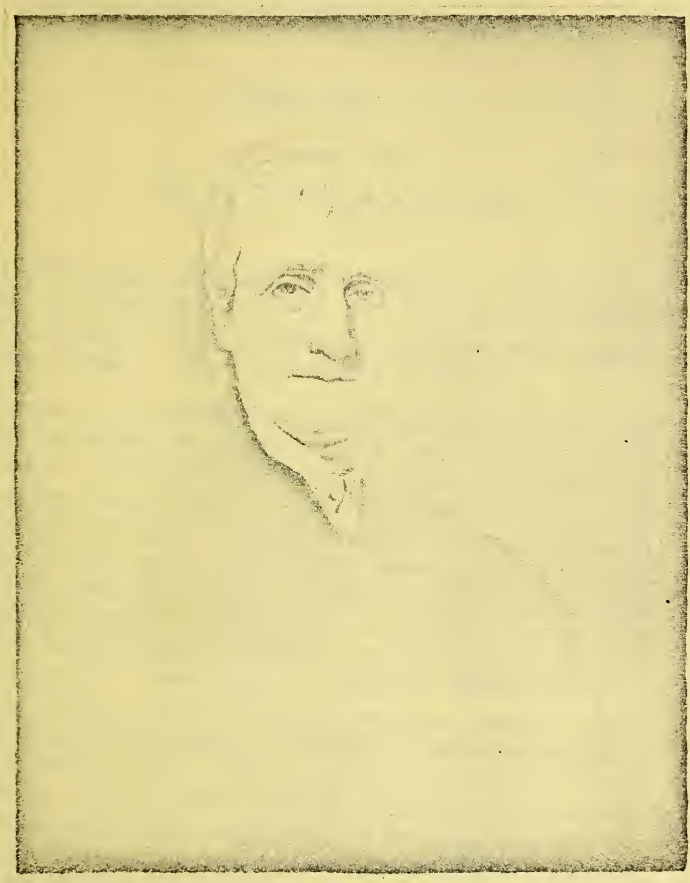

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REV. HENRY SMITH

BALTIMORE CONFERENCE

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THE

METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JULY, 1847.

EDITED BY GEORGE PECK, D. D.

ART. I.—*Theology; explained and defended in a Series of Sermons.* By TIMOTHY DWIGHT, S. T. D., LL. D., late President of Yale College. *With a Memoir of the Life of the Author.* In four volumes. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

IN estimating the character of a great man we naturally take into view not merely the original elements out of which the character has been formed, but the various influences by which those elements have been molded. It not unfrequently happens that great powers, owing to unpropitious circumstances, are scarcely developed at all; and a mind which, under adequate training, might have shone as a star of the first magnitude, never gives forth anything beyond a feeble and sickly light. On the other hand, it is no uncommon case to find an individual whose faculties originally scarcely come up to a respectable mediocrity, who, under the influence of favoring circumstances, reaches a commanding intellectual stature, and ultimately leaves behind him a bright and honored name. But the noblest specimens of human character are those in which eminent talents and propitious circumstances meet, always supposing that the moral qualities are, in some good degree, in harmony with the intellectual. It must be borne in mind, however, that it is not always that the circumstances which *appear* most favorable to intellectual development, are really so; for not unfrequently the mind is awakened to the most vigorous effort by the greatest obstacles, and it finds itself possessed of energies which, perhaps, might have remained dormant through life if those obstacles had not existed. It is the moral state of the soul that chiefly decides whether the particular circumstances in which our lot is cast are to operate favorably or unfavorably, in respect to the growth and useful direction of the intellectual faculties.

There are instances, it must be acknowledged, in which men of exceedingly limited powers and superficial attainments are carried by the influence of circumstances, particularly of wealth or family, into stations of high responsibility, and for a season they become the objects of no small consideration; though every one but themselves perceives that it is the station, and not the man, to which the world are rendering their homage. They may acquire a name in the use of "a little brief authority," but it can never be an enduring name. Do what you will to embalm it, you cannot; for it has not within it a single element to render it imperishable. On the other hand, take a really great man—one who is great in his intellect—great in his sense of obligation and his love of right—great in his achievements for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, and when he dies, you can scarcely call it death; for he lives and works still in a thousand influences of his own originating; and it is not in the power of detraction ultimately to obscure the glory into which his memory will be thrown. The probability, indeed, is, that however envy and malice may aim at him their envenomed shafts while he is living, they will keep still after he is gone; for it is the ordinance of Heaven that goodness and greatness, when they come to be contemplated in connection with the grave, become enshrined in the gratitude and veneration of the world.

In introducing to our readers the great work, whose title we have placed at the head of this article, we propose to sketch a brief outline of the life and character of its author; and, in doing so, we shall, if we mistake not, bring out a most striking instance of great original powers, molded and guided by singularly auspicious circumstances.

Timothy Dwight was the son of Timothy and Mary Dwight, and was born at Northampton, Massachusetts, May 14, 1752. His mother, who was the daughter of the illustrious President Edwards, and who inherited, in no small degree, her father's matchless vigor and strength of intellect, had the chief superintendence of his education during several of his earliest years. From the very beginning he discovered an uncommon precocity of intellect, which, however, did not in his case, as it too often does, prove the harbinger of bare mediocrity in mature life. His improvement in the various branches to which his attention was directed was almost unexampled; and yet it promised nothing which his subsequent years did not fully realize.

His immediate preparation for college was under the direction of the Rev. Enoch Huntington, of Middletown, in whose family he resided. In September, 1765, just after he had completed his

thirteenth year, he became a member of Yale College; and the two years which immediately succeeded, owing to various circumstances, constituted the most critical period of his life. He found little occasion for intense application in order to sustain himself in his class, as he had anticipated in his preparatory course most of the studies of the first two years. The discipline of the college had become sadly relaxed; and gambling was not only practiced to a great extent, but was generally practiced with impunity; and an acquaintance with it had come to be regarded as a desirable accomplishment. The fine manners, and open and generous dispositions of young Dwight rendered him uncommonly attractive; while his immature age put his principles and character in peculiar jeopardy. Under these circumstances, though he seems never to have contracted any decidedly vicious habits, yet he so far yielded to temptation as to lose, temporarily, his relish for severe study, and to mingle freely in scenes which were adverse alike to his intellectual and moral improvement. His tutor, the late chief Justice Mitchell, of Connecticut, perceiving his perilous circumstances, and fearing the development of wayward tendencies, expostulated with him in regard to his course with an affectionate and almost parental solicitude; and, happily, the effort had its effect in separating him from the untoward influences to which he had begun to yield, and of bringing him again to an active sense of duty, and to a diligent improvement of his time.

From the commencement of his junior year, he was a model of earnest application and of exemplary deportment; and, in 1769, he graduated at the head of his class. The two succeeding years he was occupied as teacher of a grammar school in New-Haven, during which time he was also a most diligent student, and greatly enlarged his acquisitions in various departments of knowledge. In September, 1771, when he was but a little more than nineteen, he was chosen to the office of tutor in Yale College, the duties of which he discharged with great dignity and success for a period of six years. Some time during this period he was inoculated for the small pox; and though he had the disease lightly, yet in consequence of prematurely returning to his studies, after the disease had abated, he so far impaired his power of vision as to occasion him the most serious embarrassment as long as he lived.

In 1774 Mr. Dwight connected himself with the church in Yale College. Of the history of his previous religious experience, no record, it is believed, has been preserved; but as the genuineness of a supposed conversion is to be tested rather by the fruits that follow it, than by the circumstances or exercises that precede or

attend it, and as those fruits, in the present case, were of the most decisive and unquestionable character, we can afford to be in ignorance of the earliest stages of his religious history. At the time of his making a public profession of religion, he appears to have contemplated the law as his ultimate profession; but he subsequently changed his purpose, and was licensed to preach in the summer of 1777, shortly after the college had become disbanded, in consequence of the commotions occasioned by the revolutionary war.

He early imbibed a spirit of lofty patriotism; and from the commencement of the struggle for independence, he had the deepest conviction that we were in the right, and that our counsels and arms would ultimately prosper. Accordingly, he resolved on leaving college, and entering the army as a chaplain; which he did within a few months after he received license to preach. In this capacity he served with great fidelity, popularity, and usefulness, for somewhat more than a year; when he was induced to leave the army by reason of circumstances that seemed to make a strong demand upon his filial and fraternal regard. Accordingly, he returned to his mother's family at Northampton; and notwithstanding he had in the mean time a family of his own, he remained there nearly five years, showing himself, in every respect, a model of a son and a brother. During this period, the amount of labor which he performed, especially when considered in connection with the great imperfection of his sight, would seem almost incredible. He conducted a school for the instruction of both sexes, which was very extensively patronized, and which was probably unequaled in its advantages by any school in New-England, of a similar kind, at that day. In addition to this, he spent more or less time every day in laboring upon a farm; and, during a considerable part of the time, supplied one of the neighboring pulpits every sabbath. He was also employed, to some extent, in civil affairs; and during the two years that immediately preceded the close of the war, he rendered important services as a member of the legislature of Massachusetts.

In 1783, after having declined several eligible invitations to settle in the ministry in Massachusetts, he accepted a call from the Congregational church in Greenfield, Fairfield county, Connecticut, and was accordingly ordained as pastor of that church in the month of November. Finding his salary altogether inadequate to the support of his family, his expenses being increased not a little by the large amount of company which his distinguished character and talents drew to his house from all parts of the

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country, he resolved to make up the deficiency by establishing a school; and he did this the rather as it was an employment to which his taste inclined him, and for which his talents eminently qualified him, and in which he could labor to good purpose for the public benefit. Accordingly, he opened a school, which soon acquired great reputation, and which was resorted to by many youth from remote parts of the country. In conducting this school, he by no means neglected his work as a minister; but besides rendering due attention to pastoral duties, he preached regularly twice on the sabbath, always to the edification, often to the admiration, of his hearers.

When the presidential chair in Yale College was vacated by the death of Dr. Stiles, the eyes of the literary and religious world were very generally turned toward Dr. Dwight (for he had previously received the degree of doctor of divinity from Princeton College) as the person best fitted to succeed to that responsible station. He was accordingly appointed to it with great unanimity, and was inaugurated as president in September, 1795.

In this office Dr. Dwight continued till the close of life; not merely, however, discharging its appropriate duties, but connecting with it an amount of labor belonging to other departments, which we marvel that any one man could have performed. Besides instructing the senior class, as his predecessors had done, he was really professor of belles lettres, and oratory, and theology; and in this latter department he was accustomed to instruct a class of resident graduates who were preparing for the ministry. He was also, to all intents and purposes, the pastor of a church and the minister of a congregation; in which capacity he was accustomed to preach in the college chapel twice every sabbath. It was in the discharge of this duty that he prepared and preached the invaluable course of sermons which has given occasion to the present article.

Dr. Dwight's intellect was a rare combination of the more brilliant with the more solid qualities. We do not suppose that he possessed the reasoning faculty in so much vigor and strength as his illustrious grandfather, the immortal Edwards; but still his mind was unusually discriminating, and could penetrate the depths of an obscure subject with far more ease and certainty than most minds, of which this faculty is the predominating characteristic. But, along with this, he possessed an imagination the most brilliant and excursive; a taste, which, though perhaps less exquisite than that of Robert Hall, was still, in a high degree, exact and delicate; and it was from the union of these faculties that many

of his descriptions seemed like reflections of the beauty and glory of the third heavens. His judgment, also, was uncommonly clear and sound; and his memory was like a vast storehouse, in which everything was arranged in perfect order, and from which anything could be drawn, as occasion required, without the semblance of effort.

Dr. Dwight's social character was what might be expected from this rare assemblage of intellectual qualities. He edified and delighted every circle into which he was thrown. His vast acquisitions, relating to almost every subject within the range of human observation, made him at home equally among all classes; and if the statesman, and the professional man, and the scholar, always listened with profound attention to what he had to say in their respective departments, the husbandman and the mechanic were no less sure of hearing something from him which they, in their several callings, might turn to good account. If he had not talked so well, perhaps it might be said that he talked too much; but there was in his remarks so much brilliant, and entertaining, and useful thought, that, let the company into which he was thrown be what it might, he was almost always, by common consent, put forward to take the lead in the conversation.

His religious character exhibited the various Christian graces and virtues in most attractive combination. Perhaps we could not describe it better in a single word than by saying that it was eminently consistent. It had its foundation in a well-digested, deeply evangelical view of the Christian system—that view of it which recognizes man as a guilty and polluted sinner, and the atoning sacrifice of Christ, and the influence of the Holy Spirit, as the only ground of his hope of salvation. In the faith of this system, he was serious, without being austere; fervent, without being enthusiastic; humble, without being sanctimonious; zealous, without being ostentatious or obtrusive. Religion with him was an all-pervading principle and feeling—it was not like a garment to be put on and laid aside as convenience might seem to dictate, but it was the fixed and uniform habit of his life. It regulated and sanctified not only the relations which he sustained to his Creator, but those which he sustained to his fellow-creatures also; rendering him strictly just, and honest, and charitable, as well as devout. We are far from saying that there were, especially to the all-seeing Eye, no defects in his Christian character; but we do say, and without the fear of contradiction from those who knew him well, that there are few examples of higher attainments in religion than he exhibited.

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It was a favorite maxim with him, and one which he repeated almost with his last breath, in reply to an inquiry that was made concerning the state of his mind in the near prospect of eternity—that the character of a man is to be judged, not by his death, but by his life. Nevertheless, where there has been a devoted Christian life, it is delightful to know that its close has been in harmony with its progress; and of this, Dr. Dwight was a beautiful illustration. For many months previous to his death he was struggling with a most painful malady; but his faith and his fortitude never yielded to it for a moment. Not only during the intervals of freedom from pain, but often while he was suffering pain that bordered upon agony, his mind was vigorously engaged, sometimes in devising plans for promoting the extension of the gospel, sometimes in illustrating and proving some great theological truth, for the benefit of his class; and then again in dictating to his amanuensis great and beautiful thoughts, some of which, we trust, yet remain to be given to the world. On his deathbed, though there was evidently the most unqualified trust, and the most fervent devotion, and the deepest submission and humility, yet there were no airs of artificial sanctity—nothing but what seemed as simple and natural as childhood. As an illustration of this, it is said that he observed some friend by his bedside, to whom he thought that his family, who stood weeping around him, had omitted the civility of offering a chair, and he instantly indicated his wish that his friend would be seated. His politeness was itself a Christian virtue, being founded in Christian principle and feeling; and, hence, it deserted him not, so long as he was able, and there was occasion, to exercise it. His death was full of dignity, and calmness, and patience; and those who saw him die, as well as multitudes to whom the tidings of his death were communicated, felt that earth had given back to Heaven one of the most illustrious minds which she had been privileged to educate for immortality.

It is no easy matter to estimate the amount of service which such a man as Dr. Dwight renders both to his generation and to posterity; and the reason is, that a large part of the influence which he exerts is so silent and invisible that we feel it, the world feels it, without being conscious of it. A glance, however, at the different fields in which this great man labored, and the success by which his labors were crowned, must satisfy any one of his widely extended usefulness.

We have already had occasion to advert to the fact that he took a deep interest, even from early life, in the prosperity and honor of his native land. This spirit was, no doubt, wakened and fos-

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tered by his own observation of the causes in which the revolution originated, and by the deep sense of injury which he felt as an inhabitant of this bleeding country. It was in this spirit that he entered the army himself in the capacity of a chaplain, and remained in it till he felt called upon to bow to the superior claims of filial duty; and afterward his voice was heard and heeded in the councils of the state, and in reference to matters of the highest moment in their bearing upon our national interests; and though he persevered in his purpose to make the pulpit, and not the senate house, the ultimate theatre of his labors, yet he never forgot that he was a citizen of this republic, never ceased to feel the deepest interest in her prosperity, or to labor in every legitimate way for its promotion. His political views were strong and decided; he was a federalist of the Hamilton school; and though he sometimes uttered his sentiments with a degree of freedom that subjected him to reproach from his political opponents, yet no person of judgment or candor could ever doubt that he was moved by an honest and lofty patriotism. We are not aware that he ever preached anything which could fairly be considered in the light of party politics; and yet he sometimes did preach in a way which it seemed must well nigh move heaven and earth, on subjects in which he considered the interests of the country as specially involved. We remember (for we are so fortunate as to have it a matter of personal recollection) his fast sermons preached during the war of 1812, in which he spoke out his mind on various subjects with great freedom, and with an overpowering eloquence, which, while we are referring to it, reproduces itself to our minds in most vivid and glowing impression. In the recitation room, still more than in the pulpit, he was accustomed to discourse upon the politics of the nation; and there, particularly, his opponents were likely to be comfortable somewhat in proportion as they held their tongues. We can figure to ourselves at this moment a poor fellow who was not greatly gifted with the power of being modest on these occasions, and the consequence was, that no small part of his time in the recitation room was spent upon a gridiron; for though the doctor would hear patiently what was said respectfully and modestly, yet when a different manner was assumed, he had a whip of scorpions at his command. Several of his published sermons were called forth by occasions more or less political; and at this period, they will probably be universally acknowledged to be among the finest exhibitions to be found of a lofty patriotic spirit. We have in our eye particularly his sermon at the general election, his sermon on the celebration of American independence, his

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sermon before the Society of Cincinnati, and especially the beautiful tribute which he paid to the memory of Governor Trumbull, in a sermon preached in consequence of his death before the legislature of Connecticut. And, indeed, we may go back to the earlier periods of his ministry, and mention two sermons which he preached and published anonymously during the revolution, which are now rarely to be met with, but which are said to have acted with great power upon the public mind in aid of the cause of our independence.

Dr. Dwight, as a preacher, has had few equals in this or any other country. In the earlier part of his ministry he was accustomed to preach, not indeed without mature preparation, but from short notes, trusting to his feelings, for the most part, to suggest the appropriate language. It was his own opinion, as well as that of many other competent judges, that his preaching at this period was more effective than at any other period of his life; but after his presidential career commenced, he thought it desirable to be more exact in the delivery of his thoughts, and therefore betook himself to the use of his pen, or, rather, called to himself the aid of an amanuensis. His sermons speak for themselves; and we hazard nothing in saying that they are, by general consent, among the finest specimens of that kind of writing which the language affords. His manner was altogether becoming one who realized that he was an ambassador of God. His voice was commanding and sonorous; his attitudes, full of grace and dignity; his countenance, noble and benignant; his eye, bright and piercing; and his whole bearing in the pulpit of the most impressive and majestic character. Not only was he above everything like the tricks of oratory, or attempts to display himself, but he rarely gestured at all, and never but in the simplest manner. We have more than once heard from him protracted strains of the sublimest eloquence, which well nigh drew his auditors from their seats, when he did not so much as even move his hand.

We must not omit to advert, in this connection, to the character of his devotional exercises. His prayers in the college chapel from day to day were characterized by little variety, except in regard to the order in which the petitions occurred; there were many favorite expressions in his prayers which occurred uniformly, and which, we venture to say, few of his students have, to this day, forgotten. But, when occasion required, no man was more able than he to move off in an entirely new track, accommodating himself most perfectly to the circumstances which he wished to recognize. We recall, at this moment, several instances in which

he comes back to our thoughts like a seraph before the throne; with his mind evidently overpowered with a sense of the divine majesty, and yet breathing forth thoughts and emotions which seem worthy to have been conceived and felt in the third heavens.

It has appeared, from the sketch already given of Dr. Dwight's life, that he was engaged during almost the whole of it in the instruction of youth; and in this field he was distinguished, perhaps, beyond any other individual of his time. His engagements as a teacher at New-Haven, Northampton, and Greenfield, constituted the most desirable training for the higher office which he ultimately held as president of the college; so that, when he came to the presidential chair, he brought with him the advantage not only of a richly endowed mind, of a noble and philanthropic spirit, and of polished and attractive manners, but also of many years' experience in the business of teaching. And his success fully equaled the hopes which these concurring favorable circumstances had awakened. The college, during several years preceding the commencement of his presidency, had, for various reasons, been in a somewhat languishing state; its discipline had been feebly administered; a spirit of insubordination had become prevalent among the students; and last, though not least, not a small portion of them were the avowed advocates of infidelity. The new president set himself with great firmness, and yet with great prudence, to remedy these evils; and it was but a short time before he had succeeded in establishing a far more efficient system of *regime* than the college had ever before known, and, withal, had given a blow to infidelity among the students from which it never recovered. He allowed questions involving the divine authority of Christianity to be freely discussed in the class, only requiring that the subject should always be treated with respect; but as he reserved to himself the privilege of closing the exercise, the right side of the question always came off with a glorious triumph. It was shortly after his induction to the office of president that he addressed to the senior class his celebrated baccalaureate sermons on infidelity; the effect of which was powerfully felt, not only beyond the walls of the college, but beyond the limits of the country. Perhaps it is scarcely too-much to say that they contain the most luminous and overpowering argument on that subject to be found within the same compass in the language. We can scarcely imagine a better service to the present generation of students than would be rendered by the republishing of these discourses, and the distributing of them freely through every college in the land.

We have adverted to the discussions which were carried on by the students in the presence of Dr. Dwight: this was a semi-weekly exercise during the senior year, and certainly among the most profitable exercises of the whole college course. The question was always previously agreed upon by the disputants; and, after both sides had been heard in written essays, the president concluded by presenting a comprehensive view of the whole subject, and then stating his own opinion, with the reasons on which it was founded. On some of these occasions he shone with an almost matchless splendor; and, if we were to look back for the most eloquent efforts which we heard from him during the course of four years, we should fasten upon some of these extemporaneous *decisions*, (as they were called,) thrown out not unfrequently under the influence of strong excitement, rather than upon his most mature and elaborate productions to which we ever listened from the pulpit.

It is not easy to say whether Dr. Dwight's influence as president of the college, or as an author, is destined to be the greater; but certain it is, that in the latter capacity he will be remembered the longest; for while, in the former case, his great thoughts were committed to other minds to become elements of character, and to be transmitted by a thousand nameless channels to future generations; in the latter, they found not only a permanent but palpable record, which will no doubt go on, multiplying itself, as it has done, indefinitely perhaps, to the end of time.

As Dr. Dwight possessed uncommonly diversified talents, and was at home in almost every department of knowledge, it was to be expected that the productions of his pen would be characterized by a corresponding variety. Accordingly, we find that some of his first effusions were poetical; and though this certainly is not the department in which he will be held in most lasting remembrance, yet it was an indication of no ordinary success even here, that the immortal Cowper should have spoken of one of his poetical productions in terms of very high respect. His principal works in poetry are his "Conquest of Canaan," which was finished when he was only twenty-two years old, and his "Greenfield Hill," written during his residence at the place from which the poem takes its name. Besides these, there were many smaller productions, particularly hymns; some of which, for beauty of thought, and tenderness and elevation of spirit, are almost unrivaled. Leaving the department of poetry, we come to that of statistical history, biography, &c., to which he has made a highly important contribution in his "Travels in New-England and New-York;"—a work,

which, though it has been thought to evince in some of its statements a share of credulity, must have been the result of much minute inquiry, and much accurate observation. But it is in theology that his name is destined to wear the brightest lustre. His occasional sermons, which were published in pamphlet form during his life, are among the best of that class of productions of which the American press can boast; and some of them are to be accounted gems even among their author's own works. The two volumes of miscellaneous discourses published chiefly from his MSS., since his death, if there were nothing else to bear witness for him, would constitute an imperishable monument both of his greatness and his goodness. But his *chef d'ouvre*—the work by which, above all others, he is to be known to future generations—is his system of Theology; a work of which we may speak now with freedom, because it has already well endured its probation, and its title to immortality has been confirmed.

In estimating the character of this work, we are to bear in mind one peculiarity which distinguishes it from most other professed systems of theology, viz., that it consists of a series of sermons which were delivered from sabbath to sabbath in the ordinary course of public ministerial instruction. We have occasionally heard them spoken of as being less profound than some other works devoted to theological science; but those who thus speak of them are to bear in mind that they were originally addressed to a popular assembly, and that if they had been of a less popular character, they must have failed in a great measure of accomplishing the immediate end for which they were designed.

But the complaint to which we have referred has, after all, much less foundation than those who have indulged it have seemed to imagine; for we venture to say that we can point to as lucid and cogent, and, for aught we know, original, argumentation in these discourses, as the disciples of the more profound school can show us in their oracles. It was one of Dr. Dwight's chief merits that he reasoned with perfect clearness—when the nature of the subject would admit, he always chose to deal with men's common sense, and keep them in the region of acknowledged and palpable realities; but when there was occasion for metaphysical disquisition, he could accommodate himself to it with perfect ease, and would sometimes, by a few words, throw an intricate and involved subject into the light of day. If we mistake not, there will be found, in his discourses on the existence and attributes of God, specimens of reasoning which could never have been produced by any other than a mind characterized by very high powers of discrimination.

But with much bold and powerful reasoning, these discourses combine much true and lofty eloquence; and in this respect they are, perhaps, among the finest models in the language. We do not say that the style may not be sometimes rather diffuse; but there is, after all, even in those parts that are most liable to this objection, a richness, a mellowness, a surpassing grandeur, which is fitted not only to disarm, but well nigh to entrance, the critic. The sermon on the comparative influence of atheism and Christianity, the sermons on creation, on the angels, on heaven, &c., may be referred to as among the most splendid specimens of eloquence, which this or any other work, with which we are acquainted, furnishes.

Of the system of doctrine maintained in this work, we cannot express our idea better than by saying that it probably unites as large a portion of the evangelical world as any other system in any language. And the great secret of this is, that it does not run to extremes in anything. The author was an orthodox Congregationalist—a Calvinist of the less rigid school; and though he honestly states and defends the views by which he is distinguished from other evangelical denominations, yet he does not treat these points as among the weightier matters of the law; and those who differ from him in respect to them, still find themselves greatly edified by his system as a whole. Everybody knows, for instance, that there are some points of difference between the different bodies into which the Presbyterian Church is split in Scotland; and a still greater difference between them and the various branches of the dissenting church in England, not to speak of the evangelical party in the Established Church itself. But among all these various sects Dr. Dwight's system has free course; and it is a fact worthy to be recorded, that its circulation in Great Britain has not only been greater than that of any other similar work during the same time, but that it has been much greater there than it has been even in the country that has been honored to produce it. It is, however, only fair to state that this may have been partly owing to the fact that in the absence of copyright privilege, on the other side of the water, it could be sold at a much cheaper rate than their own native publications.

It is one of the chief excellences of this system, that it exhibits all the doctrines of the gospel in their practical bearings. In reading it, we find something more than a dry detail of moral and spiritual truths—we find ourselves in contact with motives as well as principles; and we are never suffered to forget that Christianity is in the highest degree a practical system. It is in this view, par-

ticularly, that we can recommend it not merely to those who study theology professionally, but to Christians of every condition and every capacity—while it gives them a thoroughly systematic and lucid view of the great truths of religion, natural and revealed, it shows them that each particular truth is designed to produce its effect, and that there dwells in the whole system a completely renovating and quickening influence. There is danger even that ministers of the gospel will, from the very nature of their pursuits, come to regard Christianity too much as a system of abstractions; and while they give all diligence to ascertain the precise meaning of the revelation, they too often need the vital warmth which a more practical view of the truth would be fitted to awaken. These discourses furnish an admirable antidote to all such tendencies; and if every minister in the land were occasionally to read through the whole series, we doubt not that it would be a security for great improvement in respect both to good preaching and holy living.

We are glad to be able to state that this work, which is now in the hands of the Messrs. Harper & Brothers, is sold at so reasonable a rate, as fairly to bring it within the reach of a very large portion of the religious community. We have no expectation that the time will soon come, if ever, when it will be said that Dwight's Theology has had its day—we confidently expect that it will be read by the light of the millennial morning; and if this rapid notice of it, in connection with the life and character of its distinguished author, shall contribute to bring it into the hands of any, who otherwise would not have read it, we shall feel that in rendering a tribute to the memory of our once venerated teacher, we have also rendered some service to the cause of human improvement. S.

Art. II.—*The Christian Professor addressed, in a Series of Counsels and Cautions.* By John Angell James. New-York: Appleton & Co.

The name of John Angell James is, perhaps, almost as familiar in this country as it is in England. Few authors are read with more avidity; and probably few with more profit. His writings are no less distinguished by beauty and attractiveness of style than by power of thought and purity of evangelical sentiment. He is thoroughly and always in earnest; throwing around, and diffusing through his writings, a warmth and energy which cannot fail to awaken and sustain kindred emotions—emotions of holy delight, or, at least, of deep interest, in the bosom of the pious reader.

But of all he has written, no book seems better adapted to do good than the one whose title is given at the head of this article. It is most timely. The state of religion in the Protestant churches, no less in America than in England, calls loudly for such an admonitory address. Now that unwonted harmony prevails among them, and unprecedented efforts are being made by them to spread religion over the face of the whole earth, it seems all-important that the nature of the Christian profession, and the obligations thence resulting, should be more fully and definitely understood: otherwise many may be induced to offer themselves for membership in the church of Christ with a very imperfect appreciation of what is, directly and indirectly, involved in such a step.

Some have, doubtless, already done this. Perceiving that the Christian profession has become comparatively honorable, and wishing to enjoy the hopes and prospects supposed to be the exclusive inheritance of the church, they have sought and found a connection with the household of faith, without, perhaps, scarcely adverting to the terms of the gospel covenant. Very possibly they *intended* to deceive nobody: they were governed by no bad motive. Regarding the church as the depository of grace, and the place of safety, they desired a lodgment within her hallowed precincts, and accordingly offered themselves. The incautious porter gave them admission; and now they dream on, secure of heaven.

Others, possibly, came into the church with a distinct, vivid, and affecting perception of what was implied in the transaction; they knew that they were committing themselves to high and holy obligations. They trembled in view of the solemnity of the step; and yet it was deliberately taken. But they have backslidden. Either wholly, or in part, they have lost their first love; and, thus backsliding, if they have not entirely forgotten that they were once purged from their old sins, they have lost those just views, and deep, heart-felt emotions, under which they identified themselves with the family of Christ.

There is yet another class of persons found within the courts of Zion. They have been truly converted, and wish to do their whole duty; but they need instruction. They are measurably ignorant of what is incumbent upon them as Christian professors. Though enjoying the instructions of a tolerably enlightened ministry, and submitting to be governed, in the main, by an evangelical discipline, they still have confused and indistinct notions of the strictness and amplitude of their Christian obligations—obligations necessarily connected with the Christian profession.

To each, and to all, of these classes the Address of Mr. James

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is most admirably suited. While it can hardly fail to tear the mask from the hypocritical and self-deceived, it furnishes the information, admonition, and advice needed by those who are sincerely disposed practically to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour.

What were the views of our author in respect to the prevailing state of religion in the transatlantic churches will be seen in his preface. If his estimate correspond to the existing facts, as most probably it does, there is, we should think, a remarkable similarity in the state of religion in England and America. He says,—

> "That evangelical piety is advancing and spreading over a wider surface, I have no doubt; but what it is gaining in breadth, it is losing, I am afraid, in depth. Politics, and their accompaniments, party strife and animosity; trade carried on as it has been, with such rage of competition, and upon such a basis of credit, and to such an extent of speculation, together with that worldly spirit to which an age of growing refinement and luxury usually gives rise, are exceedingly adverse to a religion of which the elements are—*faith*, *hope*, *love*. The church of Christ, in all the sections of it, is sadly mixed up with the world as to its spirit, and many of its customs; and the great body of the faithful are far less marked in their separation from the followers of pleasure, and the worshipers of Mammon, than they ought to be. '*Ye are dead*, and your *life is hid with Christ in God*,' is the description of a religion too rarely to be seen in the present day."—Pp. 3, 4.

But what is implied in the Christian profession? What does the man do who becomes a member of the family of Christ—who voluntarily takes upon himself the obligations of our holy religion? These questions respect a subject in reference to which there is not only much ignorance in the church, but much neglect where there may not be so much ignorance. It is well, then, calmly and deliberately to review the whole matter; closely and impartially to survey the position occupied by him who has the vows of God upon him. The case is stated by Mr. James with great force and perspicuity. He says,—

> "To profess, means to declare, publicly and solemnly, something that we believe, or that we intend to do; so that a profession of Christianity signifies, *a public, solemn, and emphatic declaration that we believe the truths, and submit to the obligations, of Christianity.* The translators of the Scriptures have given, in our English version, two renderings of the same word; sometimes construing it *pro*fession, and sometimes *con*fession. In this they have conformed to a difference which modern use has established, and by which *pro*fession means the declaration of our religious faith in the ordinary and tranquil circumstances of the Christian church, without any reference to persecution;

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> while *con*fession means, the avowal of our belief in times of danger, and before persecuting rulers. A *con*fessor is synonymous with a martyr: while a *pro*fessor means, simply, a person publicly declaring himself a Christian. Still, however, it must be admitted, that as there is no difference of terms in the original Scriptures, so there is none in reality; for he who makes a profession of religion declares, if he be sincere, his intention, if required to do so, to seal his testimony with his blood."—Pp. 13, 14.

In this profession

> "we declare that the rigid, refined, severe morality of the sermon on the mount, and the law of charity laid down in the Epistle to the Corinthians, are, and shall be, the rule of our conduct; and that, as Christ has enjoined it, we will, by God's help, follow whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report. And, since he has instituted various ordinances of religion for his own glory and our benefit, such as the sabbath, the sacraments, and other public services, we declare that we will punctually, seriously, and constantly observe them.
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> "We profess that we receive Christ as our *pattern* and *example*, and that we are determined, as God shall assist us, to conform ourselves to him in our spirit, temper, and conduct. That we will strive to come, as near as our circumstances will allow, to HIM who was so dead to this world that he renounced wealth, rank, ease, fame; so holy that he could appeal to the most malignant of his foes for the sinless purity of his conduct; so submissive to the divine will that he drank the deepest, fullest, bitterest cup of human wo, without a murmur; so meek and lowly as to bear the greatest injuries and insults with unruffled serenity and placability; so full of benevolence as to pray for his foes, to die for them, and save them. Yes, we say to the world, 'Look at Jesus of Nazareth in his holy and beneficent career, and in his ignominious death; see him whose character was a compound of purity and love—and there is *my* model."—P. 17.

But solemn as are the nature and obligations of such a profession, we are bound to make it; provided, only, we have reason to believe that we have passed from death unto life. It is not a mere matter of discretion with us. We *must* let our light shine. We have no liberty to conceal it. The man who does so, classes himself with the enemies of the Saviour. Not to confess him is, to all intents and purposes, to deny him. "He that is not with me," says Christ, "is against me." God forbids not only open enmity, but secret love; not only public rebellion, but concealed allegiance; if, indeed, such a thing can possibly exist. "Christ has commanded a profession, and made it one of the laws of his kingdom, under the peril of our being disowned by him; and he who refuses to comply with this command, puts his salvation in jeopardy." We may, to be sure, be placed in circumstances which

do not admit of an outward connection with the church of God: but even then we must, on our own separate responsibility, openly proclaim our allegiance to the King eternal. We must, boldly and independently, stand up for God and his cause.

Profession is, however, to be regarded in the light of a *privilege*, as well as of a duty. It secures to us the fellowship of the saints, pastoral oversight, access to the table of the Lord, and all those guards against sin, and all those helps to a life of piety and usefulness, which are always found, in a greater or less degree, in every branch of the true church of Christ.

> " Profession gives us a right and title to all the privileges and comforts of communion with his people. It is our saying to them, 'I come into the house in the Master's name, and take a seat at his table, invited and accepted by him. He has given me a share in all the immunities of his family.' It is, therefore, our act of association with his people, our title of admission to the fellowship of the faithful. Till we profess, they have no warrant to receive us; and when we do, they have no right to reject us. We have then a claim upon their confidence, their sympathy, their affection, and their prayers; and they on ours. How cheering the idea that we have thus acquired an interest in the hearts of the brethren, the communion of the church, and the supplications of those who have power with God to prevail! . . . Trees grow best in plantations and forests; so do Christians in church fellowship. Christ has gathered his people into churches that they may enjoy the benefits of reciprocal watchfulness, care, help, and love. Christians do, or should, rally round one another, 'to warn them that are unruly, to comfort the feeble-minded, to support the weak.' They are commanded to exhort one another daily, lest any be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin. Profession draws many friendly eyes upon us, and many affectionate arms around and underneath us."
> —P. 32.

But then we must be very careful upon what grounds we make a profession. There is danger of self-deception. This is evident, as well from the language as from the facts of the New Testament. "Be not deceived"—is an admonition thrice repeated by St. Paul in his First Epistle to the Corinthians. The Laodiceans said, "We are rich, and increased in goods;" when, in fact, they were "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." It is possible for us to mistake the forms and restraints of a religious education, or a little temporary excitement of the feelings, for a real change of heart. And the danger of self-deception is greatly increased by the present external peace and unmolested liberty of the church. A man can now make a profession of religion without putting his life, or property, or personal liberty, or even honor, in jeopardy. Another incentive to an ill-grounded profession

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exists in the wide and easy access to communion which is afforded by some modern churches. It cannot be said of them, as it is of the prophetic church, that their "gates are open continually," not being "closed day or night;" for they can hardly be said to have any gates at all; or, if they have, there is no porter to ask the sign of him that enters.

The consequences of such self-deception are dreadfully malign and ruinous. It corrupts and weakens the church. Mere nominal professors are the "wood, hay, and stubble" in the walls of the spiritual temple, which disfigure its beauty and impair its strength. They are the disease of the spiritual body, which, though they may swell its bulk, destroy its health. Instead of acting as the salt of the earth, they bring corruption into the kingdom of Christ. To themselves, the issue of such deception is most disastrous. They not only live destitute of true spiritual comfort, but go to perdition when they die. But on this point, let us transcribe a startling passage from Mr. James:—

> "A professor in hell!! Tremendous idea! Horrifying thought! After spending his time on earth in the nominal communion of saints, to spend his eternity in the real fellowship of devils in hell! After belonging to the society of God's people; joining in all their services and their privileges; transacting with them the business of the kingdom; uniting with them in the expulsion, as well as the reception, of members—then to be sent away into the prison of lost souls! O how dreadful would it be to be separated from the church of God now, to pass under the sentence of excommunication, to be exscinded as a corrupt member of the body, and given over to Satan! But what is this to the sentence of excommunication from the church triumphant, pronounced by Jesus Christ himself at the last day? O to hear HIM say—'*Depart!*'"—P. 53.

In the fourth chapter the author addresses most excellent advice to "the young professor;" by which phrase he means "the person lately converted," whether in the morning or meridian of his days. The first part of the chapter contains the beautiful letter of the late President Edwards to a young lady, who had just commenced the life of faith. Of this letter, the following paragraphs are worthy of special notice:—

> "If at any time you fall into doubts about the state of your soul, into dark and dull frames of mind, it is proper to review your past experience; but do not consume too much time and strength in this way: rather apply yourself, with all your might, to an earnest pursuit after renewed experience, new light, and new lively acts of faith and love. One new discovery of the glory of Christ's face will do more toward scattering clouds of darkness in one minute, than examining old

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> experience, by the best marks that can be given, through a whole year. . . . In all your course, walk with God, and follow Christ, as a little, poor, helpless child; taking hold of Christ's hand, keeping your eye on the marks of the wounds in his hands and side, whence came the blood that cleanses you from sin, and hiding your nakedness under the skirt of the white shining robes of his righteousness."—Pp. 62, 64.

Bating the rather indefinite recognition of the doctrine of the imputation of Christ's *personal* righteousness, the directions are most apposite and striking. How far they quadrate with the alledged infallible "perseverance of the saints," is a question, the solution of which belongs rather to Mr. Edwards' Calvinistic admirers than to us. After this quotation from President Edwards, Mr. James himself gives sundry excellent advices to the young convert, among which the following deserves to be written in letters of gold:—

> "Do not neglect religious duty, because you suppose your feelings are not right at the time. Action begets emotion; and the right *feeling* comes with the right *doing*."—P. 66.

The author next gives us a most edifying chapter on the character of professing Christians of the present day, as compared with those of former times. In some respects, he supposes the balance to be in favor of modern professors. It is thought that there is now "a more marked and decided tone of religious sentiment—a more public and explicit avowal of evangelical doctrine," than formerly. Says Mr. James,—

> "I do not mean merely a belief in the doctrine of the trinity of persons in the Godhead, and the great fundamental truth of the atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ; but, in connection with these, the all-important doctrines of justification by faith alone, and the regeneration of the heart by the Holy Ghost. These are not only held by the great body of orthodox Dissenters and Wesleyan Methodists, but by a large proportion of the Church of England; and are put forward, without hesitation or reserve, in bold and striking relief in their preaching. From the Restoration till within the past thirty years these glorious and fundamental truths, so far as regards the Church of England, lay enshrined in the Prayer-book; but they have now obtained a resurrection from the desk, and an ascension into the pulpit, from whence they are exhibited and preached with divine success. A life-giving system of doctrine has taken the place of a dead theology and a cold morality: and the sentiments of Wiclif, Cranmer, Hooper, and Ridley, are again heard in the scenes which formerly resounded with their voices. . . . Our land is vocal with the joyful sound of the preaching of Christ crucified, calling the dense population of our cities and great towns, and the inhabitants of our smaller towns and villages, to the cross for

salvation. The church and the meeting-house echo to each other 'the Name that is above every name;' and the worshipers of both commingle with each other, as they pour forth from their respective places of worship, with their souls thrilling with the notes of the same heavenly music of redeeming love."—Pp. 70, 71.

Had it been pertinent to our author's object—for certainly he is no bigot—he, doubtless, would have noticed the agency of Mr. Wesley, and his self-sacrificing coadjutors, in bringing about this most auspicious state of things. The American, no less than the British churches, are under obligations to these men of God, which can be discharged only by a more perfect consecration of themselves to the lofty purposes contemplated in the Saviour's mission.

Mr. James supposes, also, that the professors of the present age are distinguished by an unprecedented "spirit of holy zeal for the propagation of religion, both at home and abroad." The following paragraphs, in this connection, are eloquent and impressive:—

> "The Puritans and Nonconformists, it must be admitted, did little in this way; for, indeed, they had little or no opportunity. The ruthless, bloody, and remorseless spirit of persecution, left them no other way of diffusing Christianity than by giving an example of suffering patience, or flying before the storm of oppression, and carrying the gospel into the land of their exile. This they neglected not to do, and the gigantic republic of the United States of America is, in great measure, the result of their migration—a country destined to share with the fatherland the honor of converting the world to Christ.
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> "But coming forward half a century in the history of the churches of our own order, we find them, when protected by the Act of Toleration, drawing the curtains around them, and lying down to slumber upon their newly obtained liberty. More than a century was given to their inglorious repose; more than a century was lost to the world; during which, probably, two thousand millions of immortal souls went into eternity unpitied and unsanctified. It is melancholy now to look back and think of the silence and inactivity which reigned over the Christian world before the present missionary spirit arose. The valley of dry bones spread out before our forefathers, but none went forth to prophesy to the slain. There were no Sunday schools, no tract societies, no Bible societies, for our own country; and no missionary societies for foreign nations, except such as had little else than the name. The state of the poor at home, and of heathen nations abroad, was almost as well known then as now; there were printing presses then as there are now; and also ships, colonies, and commerce—but next akin to nothing was done for the conversion of the world.
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> "Blessed be the God of love and truth, things are different now: he has poured out the beginnings of his grace upon this age, and has

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awakened and called his people to the work of evangelizing the world. They *begin* to feel and to understand that the spirit of Christianity is essentially a proselyting spirit; that to diffuse the gospel is no less a duty than to embrace it; and that no man can really fulfill all his duty as a Christian who does not, in some way or other, seek to make his neighbors such. Look around on the Christian church. Every denomination has its missionary society, and every congregation its missionary organization. Every object on which the eye of benevolence can rest, which needs its exertions, has its separate and appropriate confederacy of mercy for its relief; so that it is almost difficult to mention a subject of sorrow, ignorance, or wickedness, which is not found in its own special classification, with a provision for relief suited to its peculiar circumstances. Let any one visit our metropolis [New-York as well as London] in the month of May, that beautiful season of the year, so wisely selected to harmonize the appearances of nature and of grace; when the budding hopes and springing prospects of both are put forth together: let him witness the signs of holy activity which are conspicuous even amid the teeming population and multitudinous pursuits of that wondrous city: let him read the long list of public meetings, occupying a large portion of the whole month: let him sum up the number of societies for diversified objects, all connected with the spread of religion through one channel, and over one part of the world or other: let him count the stations occupied, and the agents employed: let him compute the money collected, and hear the reports read: and then let him say if God, in his sovereign mercy, has not granted one rich and glorious distinction to the professors of the age in which he lives."—Pp. 76–78.

It is a pity to spoil this picture, so beautiful, so lovely, so graphic; but other and different characters crowd themselves upon the canvass, and we cannot, if we would, turn away our eyes from them. If Christians of the present day have much gold, it is painful to reflect that so much alloy should be mingled with the precious metal. To all of their distinguishing excellences, there are many humiliating offsets and counterbalances. The modern church, as contrasted with the church of an earlier day, has its painful defects, and its obvious blemishes. In too many instances, the professors of the present time substitute a *social* for an *individual* piety. Wrapped up even in schemes of Christian benevolence, the heart is neglected. Hence, the want of that high-toned piety and deep devotional feeling which characterized the Christians of some past ages. This leads to a sinful conformity to the world and other kindred evils; it leads to the neglect of family religion, a prevalent deficiency of the modern church.

"In addition to the devout and regular performance of family religion night and morning, the evenings of the sabbath were by our fore-

fathers a consecrated season for the catechetical instruction of the children. The father, with patriarchal grace, acted as the prophet, as well as the priest and king, of his household; and, as a consequence naturally to be looked for, the churches were principally replenished from the families of the righteous. Is it so now? Are the communicants at the Lord's table, either in the Church of England, among the Methodists, or the Dissenters, chiefly composed of 'the children of the kingdom?' How is this but from a relaxation of domestic religion? Family prayer, though in few families omitted, is not performed with that constancy, solemnity, and fervor, which are calculated to interest and edify; parental authority is not maintained with that steadiness which is adapted to inspire respect, and that affection which is likely to secure obedience; and as to the judicious, diligent, and engaging communication of religious instruction, which is necessary to inform the mind, to enlighten the conscience, and to form the character, it is in some families almost entirely neglected."—Pp. 87, 88.

From this just view of the existing state of things, it is plain that there is a loud call for a greatly increased amount of piety in the church. There should be a higher and more discriminating regard for what may be called *evangelical sentiments*—those sentiments which are vital to the existence of a pure and elevated Christianity. Equally necessary is it that there should be more spiritual mindedness, more deadness to the world, more living by faith, more perfect consecration to God. Till the church is brought up to this, we can hardly look for that exquisite tenderness of conscience, that high-toned morality, that liberality for the cause of Christ, that scope of Christian charity, that living and laboring for God and the salvation of the world, which are characteristic of our holy religion. And then it is this symmetrical union of all the varieties of Christian excellence that forms moral beauty; the character that ascends the mount to commune with God, and then comes down to reflect the light of the excellent glory in moral virtue; the blending of the dispositions that prepare us for heaven with those which fit us to adorn our stations and bless our species on earth.

Apart from the intrinsic excellence and moral beauty of such eminent religious attainments, there are the strongest possible motives to engage us in the pursuit of them. God commands it in the strongest terms. "Be *filled* with the fruits of righteousness." "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and soul, and might, and mind, and strength." "Be ye perfect, as your Father who is in heaven is perfect." "What manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness!" Nor are these mere arbitrary precepts. A compliance with them

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is essential to our true and permanent happiness. In the language of our author,—

"It is joy, and peace, and bliss—the sunshine of the breast, the sabbath of the soul, the resting place on which the heart lays down its load of cares, and anxieties, and sorrows. There is happiness in faith, but it must be strong faith; happiness in hope, but it must be lively hope; happiness in love, but it must be fervent love. The religion of many professors is useless to them. It does nothing for them. They derive no good from it. They are neither comforted in trouble, grateful in prosperity, nor sustained in anxiety by it. They hear some talk of their joys, and hopes, and seasons of communion with God; but they are strangers to these things. In short, their religion is a mere dead form. In the case of some other professors, their religion is an actual incumbrance, a hinderance to their happiness, rather than a help. They are spoiled for the world, without being fitted for the church. They cannot go to fashionable amusements; and yet they have nothing in the place of them. Their soul dwells in a wilderness, a bleak and cheerless desert, where no pleasant plant grows, not even the deleterious plant of sinful pleasure. The happiness of religion is reserved for those whose piety is sincere, and the higher degrees of its happiness for such as have large measures of holiness."—Pp. 101, 102.

Besides, without constantly aiming at these eminent attainments in religion, there is no safety to the Christian professor. Everything relating to his spiritual state is exceedingly precarious and uncertain. The plant of feeble growth is easily trodden into the earth. If we would "revive as the corn, and grow as the vine," we must come out into the broad sunlight of God's approving smiles. In religion, if anywhere within the wide range of human action, we must "attempt great things, expect great things." To stand still even—supposing the thing to be possible—is to jeopard the soul. But, in truth, we cannot stand still: we must, in the very nature of things, go either backward or forward. The soul that is not growing is declining in grace. Such is the emphatic teaching of inspiration. St. Peter, after exhorting "the saints that were scattered abroad," to the diligent accumulation and cultivation of the Christian graces—virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, charity—says, "For if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. But he that lacketh these things"—that is, fails to accumulate them—"is blind, and cannot see afar off, and hath forgotten that he was purged from his old sins. Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure: for if"—IF—"ye do these things, ye shall never fall."

2 Peter i, 5-10. Our only safety is in going forward. There is nothing behind us but the wrath of God.

> "Begin, then, Christian professors, from the perusal of these pages, to seek after higher degrees of personal religion. Be not satisfied with present attainments. Even the apostle Paul resolved to forget the things that were behind, in a desire to press on to greater excellence. And can you be satisfied? Beware of making the perilous, yet too frequent, experiment of ascertaining with how little piety you can reach heaven. They who are seeking just religion enough for this purpose will find out, to their eternal confusion, that they have *not* enough. The love of God, like the love of money, is never satisfied with its possession. You must grow. It is your solemn duty. God demands it; your happiness and safety require it. It is as much *your* duty to be eminent Christians as it is that of others. No reason applies to them for this, which does not equally apply to you. A higher degree of holiness is attainable by you. The grace that is necessary for this is within your reach. You are not to imagine that there is any peculiarity in your case which forbids the hope of improvement. God's grace is all-sufficient; the Holy Spirit is omnipotent. You are commanded as matter of duty, invited as matter of privilege, to be eminent in religion. O take up the wish, the purpose, the determination! . . . Adopt the Bible afresh as the Book of books; let nothing supplant this precious volume! One great cause why the piety of this age is so feeble and so languid is, because the Bible has in many cases been swept away by a flood of uninspired publications. The pure milk of the word has been neglected, or has been so diluted as to leave but little nourishment in the mixture; and the new-born babe, as a matter of course, has remained dwarfish and sickly. Even the biography of the most distinguished saints, which ought to form a part of the Christian's reading, and is eminently calculated to fan the flame of devotion in the soul, ought not to be allowed to displace the word of God."—Pp. 107, 108.

Being thus deeply pious, and giving up ourselves *wholly* to God and his blessed service, we shall be prepared to shun even "the appearance of evil." Much is comprehended in doing this. Christian professors must abstain from all those beginnings of wrong, those first buddings of sin, which, though they might not be noticed in others, will be very apparent in *them;* just as the smallest speck will be quite visible on the otherwise perfectly clean garment. They should, therefore, not only avoid all experimenting to see how near they can come to sin without committing it, but keep as far within the boundaries of holiness as possible. Be all eye, all ear, all watchfulness. Even virtues may be so exercised as to have the appearance of evil. The manner of doing a *good* deed may be so exceedingly exceptionable as to have all the practical effect of doing a *bad* one.

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> "A professor, eminent for her earnest solicitude about her soul, in her anxiety to grow in grace, and keep up the vitality of religion, will, perhaps, neglect all the duties of her household, and leave a sick child to the care of servants, in order to attend a prayer meeting or a sermon. A second, in his zeal for the cause of Christ, will give that property for its support which belongs to his creditors. A third, in his hatred of sin, will be guilty of all kinds of rudeness in reproving transgressors. Mercy sometimes degenerates into pernicious weakness, justice into harshness, spirituality into cant, humility into meanness, devotion into superstition, and a tender conscience into a diseased one."—Pp. 112, 113.

What Christ said to his first ministers is, in some sense, applicable to all Christian professors: "Be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." They should cautiously unite great discrimination of judgment with great innocence of purpose. When any course of action is proposed to the mind, it must be referred at once to the understanding and to the moral sense. In some instances it may be very difficult to determine what is right and what is wrong. The matter may, however, be settled with a good degree of probable accuracy. On this point the following remarks of our author are worthy of special attention:—

> "Doubts about the propriety of an action are strong presumptive evidence that it is unlawful; for they must have their origin in the perception of some appearance of evil. Still there are persons of such a timid and nervous constitution, of such a physical incapability of coming to any conclusion that shall be free from all scruples, that if they never acted till they had got rid of *all* doubts, they would never act at all. The following rules may, perhaps, be of service to such persons, and indeed to all.
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> "When in the proposed action all the doubts lie on one side, there need be no hesitation.
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> "When one action will promote our interest, and the other oppose it, the probability is that the way of duty lies in the course which is disadvantageous to us.
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> "It is always best, in doubtful cases, to take the safer side; that which, as far as we can judge, will involve the least risk of our own reputation, and of the comfort and well-being of others.
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> "It is well, in some difficult cases, to suppose the affair to belong to somebody else, and to look at it, as far as we can, as theirs; and then to ask ourselves the question, 'How should I judge for them?' And, *vice versa*, to suppose them looking upon us, and to say, 'What will be *their* opinion how I ought to act?'
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> "In all cases we should consult the Word of God; but not, however, to find passages which will favor that side of the question to which we are, perhaps, already inclined, but with a desire to know the will of God; and, at the same time, accompanying this exercise with fervent prayer to God for direction.

"If, after all, we should be still in doubt, we may then ask the opinion and advice of some discreet Christian friend or friends, on whose judgment and conscientious impartiality we can rely.

"When we have thus endeavored to know what is right, we are to proceed to action, and should not allow ourselves to be checked, interrupted, or distressed by any speculative doubts, or by the fears and misgivings of a sensitive and somewhat morbid imagination. We must be led by judgment, and in some cases against the doubts and fears that arise from other sources. There is frequently an apprehensiveness which makes some persons pause and hesitate, and almost resolve to turn back, even when their judgment urges them on; just like that groundless fear which makes a timid traveler doubt and ready to return, although the finger-post over his head, and the mile-stone by the wayside, tell him he *is* right."—Pp. 113, 115.

The stern, unyielding integrity of the Christian should be seen everywhere, and on all occasions. It may be his duty to concern himself in the civil government of his country. He is by no means disfranchised by the fact that he is a follower of the Saviour. "He does not cease to be a citizen when he becomes a Christian; nor does he go out of the world when he enters the church." His political rights and obligations continue just what they were before. He is, by his representative, the maker of law, as well as the subject of law.

But he must take heed in what spirit he performs his political duties. He must not allow himself to fraternize with the mere demagogue and partisan. To do this is greatly to injure, if not totally to destroy, his Christian character; especially as matters now stand in the political world. If he find it necessary to attend preparatory meetings, he must go to them, as well as to the polls, with feelings and motives kindred to those which take the benevolent physician to the hospital, where he is surrounded with the dying and the dead, and where he is obliged to breathe the very atmosphere of disease, putrescence, and death. He must go, not to contract, but to cure, disease; not to diffuse, but to neutralize, contagion. Principle, pure, lofty, Christian principle, must govern him. His whole bearing should be that of a disciple of Christ, a candidate for immortality and eternal life. Everything he does, in this regard, must be done religiously—done in such a manner that no one can justly say, "This is contrary to his profession." If the pious reader desires to see more on this subject, we would refer him to the ninth chapter of the book now under review, where it is largely and ably discussed.

But in nothing should professing Christians more distinguish themselves from the world lying in wickedness, than by their ten-

der and ardent love one to another. In the days of Tertullian their reciprocal affection was proverbial. Even the heathen were forced to exclaim, "See how these Christians love one another!" Lucian, a satirical Greek writer of the second century, though not intending it, passed the highest possible encomium upon them when he said, "It is incredible what pains and diligence they use by all means to succor one another. They have an extreme contempt of the things of this world. Their legislator made them believe that they are all brethren, and since they have renounced our religion, and worshiped their crucified leader, they live according to his laws, and all their riches are common." This is paganism bearing testimony to the social character of primitive Christianity. Then, as at an earlier day, the followers of Christ were "of one heart and of one mind." And thus should it be now. They should love one another, not in word and tongue only, but in deed and in truth. There is, doubtless, a gradual return of this spirit to the Protestant churches; but there is still large room for improvement. Hear Mr. James:—

> "Permit me, then, to enjoin very earnestly an attention to this interesting and most important duty—a duty which, above many, brings in the performance its own reward. Love is happiness; hatred is misery; and selfish indifference, at best, midway between both. And, while on this subject, I would dwell upon the singular emphasis which Christ lays on this duty in the following injunction: '*This is* MY *commandment, that ye love one another.*' Every leader of a sect both among the Jews and heathen, it has been said, had appointed ~~some~~ rite or speculative opinion, the belief or observance of which was the badge of distinction of his followers, and by which they were known to be his disciples. Thus Pharisees, Sadducees, Platonists, Pythagorians, and Epicureans were distinguished from each other. Each had his leading principle, his favorite opinion, to which he was warmly attached, and by which his party was easily known. With allusion to this custom, the Saviour of the world, the head of the heavenly sect, says to *his* followers, 'This is *my* commandment, that ye love one another; and by this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another.' I am incarnate love: none have loved like me: I am the type and pattern of love; and you are the objects of my love. If, therefore, ye would prove yourselves the disciples of Him who came to teach love, and who taught by his example, you must love as I have loved, and must love whom I love."—Pp. 171, 172.

Thus loving one another, their influence will be most salutary. If members of the same communion, they will contribute to each other's heavenly-mindedness, and aid each other, as far as they can, in every work and labor of love. Nor will their influence be less salutary upon the church catholic. There is, indeed, a con-

tinual action and reaction going on between the different branches of the Christian family. When a revival takes place in one, it soon extends to the others. It ought, therefore, to be felt by each party to be a solemn obligation to promote the spirit of pure and undefiled religion, and that not only for its own sake, but for the sake of all. On this point Mr. James has a most striking paragraph :—

> "Wherever and on whomsoever God bestows his gifts and graces, he intends them as the common blessings of the church : and it is impossible for prejudice and bigotry altogether to restrain or resist their influence. We get good, in some cases, unconsciously to ourselves, from the very men whom we oppose ; just as we should catch a sweet and rich perfume, with which an individual might be scented, by wrestling with him. The lamp that lights my neighbor's house, though he be an enemy, lends its friendly illumination to mine. There is a communion of spiritual benefits, where there can be none of persons. I want a greater revival of religion among the Dissenters that it might do good to the Church of England ; and I want a greater revival of it in the Church of England, that it may do good to the Dissenters ; I want it in the Methodists, to do good to both the others ; and in both the others to do good to the Methodists. Wherever it begins, it will not, cannot, stop there. The Spirit of God will not be limited by our narrow views and selfish policy, but will make us blessings to each other in spite of ourselves !"—P. 190, 191.

If Christians do their whole duty, they will not only bless each other,—they will bless their families, their relatives, their neighbors, the world. They are the salt of the earth—the light of the world. In prosperity and adversity, at home and abroad, in life and in death, they may exhibit the power of an evangelical faith, and the blessedness of the Christian character ; and thus convince the world that religion is not a cunningly devised fable.

Though we have but partially passed over the range of topics descanted upon by Mr. James, yet we are impressed that our remarks should be brought to a close. The volume is one about which the pious mind must love to linger. No one can read it without feeling that the Christian profession involves vast responsibilities ; and, if he be a Christian professor, without resolving to be a better man. As a systematical portraiture of *practical* Christianity, it probably has no superior in the English language. In this respect, it sustains about the same relation to the theological literature of the present day, that Prof. Upham's "Interior Life," and the "Life of Faith," do, in the department of experience. A character formed upon the model furnished by Mr. James,—and no one will undertake to say that it is not a Scriptural model,—must

be faultless, so far, at least, as such a quality is predicable of fallen humanity. Indeed, the book might be, not unaptly, entitled, "*An Essay on Practical Christian Perfection.*" Possibly such a title would rather startle the author: at any rate, it is such a one as *he* would not be very likely to prefix to it. And yet hear how he speaks of Christian perfection:—

"Now the end to which we are walking forward, is a perfect conformity to the image of God; a perfect love to our fellow-creatures; a perfect freedom from the lusts of the flesh; a perfect separation from sin; a perfect emancipation from the love of the world, and everything that is contrary to the love of God; perfect knowledge, humility, and holy felicity. In these things, therefore, we ought now to increase. If we are not continually advancing toward this perfection; if we do not find a gradual influence of divine light, life, and power; more discernible impressions of the divine image; a greater suitableness, so to speak, for God, a closer acquaintance with him, a higher delight in him, a more entire devotedness to him, how can we imagine we are *walking* in the Spirit? We may keep moving, but if it be in a circle, a round of empty duties, heartless ceremonies, and cold formalities, what proof have we that we have life; or, if we have it, that it is not in a state of disease, and sinking back again into death?"—Pp. 328, 329.

"It is, I think, extremely probable that great injury is done to the Christian character and profession, by an abuse of the commonly admitted fact, that there is no perfection on earth. By the aid of this humiliating concession, it is to be feared that many reconcile themselves to far more and greater *im*perfections than are in any case compatible with consistency, and in some with sincerity. There *is* no perfection. But is there no command to us to seek after it? The man who does not make it the object of his desire and pursuit, who does not wish and endeavor to obtain every kind of holy excellence, and in every possible degree, has reason to doubt the reality of his religion. *A professing Christian ought to be a character of universal holiness*, in which no degree, not even the smallest, of any kind of known imperfection should be allowed to remain. It should be with him as to holy character, as it is with persons of much neatness and nicety as to dress, who are not only rendered uncomfortable by great defilements, but who are uneasy till every speck of dust is removed, and the whole garment presents an unsullied surface. There is such a thing as *moral neatness*, which, in addition to freedom from and abhorrence of greater sins, maintains a sensitiveness to lesser ones, and a studious effort after universal purity. Perfection is our duty; perfection should be our wish, and perfection our aim; by which I mean to say that a Christian is not to allow himself to practice any degree of sin; and is to seek every possible degree of every holy virtue. How different an aspect would the Christian profession present, if all who made it were to set up perfection of character as their aim; and, according to apostolic exhortation, were to '*perfect holiness in the fear of God*,' and to stand forth before the world, 'blameless and harmless, the unrebukable sons of God!'"—*Preface*, pp. 5, 6.

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From this last quotation it is evident that the author does not believe perfection attainable in the present life. He says, in terms, "There *is* no perfection." But what does he mean by this? Why, we apprehend, simply, that Christians cannot reach a state of *absolute* perfection. To understand him otherwise is to involve him in the absurdity of teaching, and of saying that the Scriptures teach, that we are to aspire after and aim at what is absolutely out of our reach! In other words, that God commands us to do that for which we have no capacity! But certainly a man of Mr. James' good sense, mental discrimination, and theological attainments, could never deliberately advance such a position as this. Our construction is strongly supported by what he says in another place. Urging those who think they have experienced a gracious change to make a public profession, he says, among other things, "Not that I mean to insinuate that justification is by works, or that *absolute* perfection is essential to salvation; but what I mean is this:—God requires obedience in *all* cases of known duty, and where we make exceptions, he may be so displeased as to give us up to ourselves, and leave us to turn back again to the world."—P. 39. "Absolute perfection" is one of the characteristics of the uncreated Godhead; and is not only unattainable by mortals, but by the highest order of angels and archangels that surround the throne of light. But is there not a lower kind of perfection—not "absolute," not angelic, not Adamic even—to which the Christian *can* attain in the present life? We think there *is*. It is what, in Methodistic theology, is called *Christian* perfection. It is what the Bible denominates "perfect love"—the loving God with "all the heart, might, mind, and strength!" Nor can we believe that Mr. James meant to call in question the attainableness of such perfection as *this*. The whole drift of the most excellent performance now before us would lead to a different conclusion.

Our author is a Congregational minister, and holds, we presume, to what is technically denominated "the perseverance of the saints." We infer as much from sundry passages found in different parts of his book. And yet the whole subject is *practically* treated in much the same way that it would be treated by an evangelical Arminian. He speaks of "sinking back again into death,"—of "turning back again to the world,"—of "drawing back to perdition," and the like. Addressing the backslider, a character he admits it possible to have been born again, he says:—

> "But consider the imminent danger you are in of falling into future temptations, of sinking deeper into the mire of sin, and departing further and further from God. You cannot stop where you are, but

must come back in the character of a penitent, or go on to that of the apostate. You are in danger of eternal damnation. The object at which sin aims, whether in believers or unbelievers, is DEATH, eternal death; and to this it has a natural and direct tendency. And if it does not come in all cases to this issue, it is not because of its being different as to its nature or tendency in some persons, to [from?] what it is in others, but because a timely stop is put to its operations. Only let it go on till it has *finished* its work, and eternal death will be its issue." —P. 307.

This differs but little from the teaching of the prophet Ezekiel, who, speaking of the incorrigible backslider, says,—"In his trespass that he hath trespassed, and in his sin that he hath sinned, in them shall he die." Chap. xviii, 24. We know how "moderate Calvinists," as they are called, attempt to reconcile such teaching with the doctrine of the final and infallible perseverance of the saints. To us, however, the whole effort looks much like a total failure. But however we may fail to recognize the consistency of the teaching with the doctrine, we rejoice that the impenitent backslider is fully admonished of the danger of his ways. Here, then, we meet again not only as brethren, but as faithful watchmen on the walls of Zion.

It would seem, indeed, that the points of *real* difference between evangelical Arminians and evangelical Calvinists are gradually, and perhaps almost constantly, diminishing. The volume under review furnishes other evidence than that which we have already adduced, that such is the fact. It is well known that the kindred doctrines of "personal assurance," and "the direct witness of the Spirit," have been resisted—particularly the latter—with a zeal and tenacity that would do credit to a martyr. Mr. Wesley's theological opponents arrayed themselves, in all their strength, against these doctrines; doctrines, which, in their opinion, were heretical beyond all sufferance. Almost anything else could be endured better than these. Here, no doubt, they honestly thought enthusiasm reached its very acme. But as calm investigation has gone on, opposition has gradually died away. And now, strange as it may seem, Mr. James, if we rightly understand him, fully and distinctly recognizes these doctrines. With regard to personal assurance, or "the assurance of faith," as it is sometimes called, speaking of those who have made great religious attainments, he says,—

"They have scarcely need to ask, 'Am I a child of God?' for the proofs of it are ever within them. Blessed state! Happy Christians! And all are invited to become such."—P. 57.

Again, speaking of the experience of a member of his church, who died a most triumphant death, which he does in strong terms

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of commendation, he says she remarked to him on one occasion,—

> "I have lain awake, night after night, examining the foundation of my faith, but I cannot find a single flaw. I depend entirely upon the sacrifice of Christ for acceptance with God, and not at all upon my own works. *I have not a doubt or a fear.* I have had my seasons of spiritual distress, but have been enabled by God's Spirit to be faithful."—P. 348.

With respect to the witness of the Spirit, addressing the Christian professor, he says,—

> "Seek to possess and retain a comfortable sense of your interest in the blessings of salvation, *even the witness of the Spirit* that you are a child of God."—P. 64.

Such being our deliberate convictions touching the book under review, we regret exceedingly to learn, that, though two or three editions have been published, it is now out of print. In our opinion, it should be extensively diffused throughout the Protestant churches, on both sides of the Atlantic. There is certainly no branch of our American Zion, perhaps scarcely a single professing Christian among us, that might not be profited by the perusal of it; and we should think any Christian minister to be well and appropriately employed in giving it circulation. Will not the enterprising publishers, then, issue, with all convenient dispatch, a new and large edition? If pains be taken to give the Christian public information in regard to the character of the publication, there could be, we imagine, scarcely a possibility of overstocking the market. P.

Cazenovia, July, 1846.

Art. III.—*Poems.* By William W. Lord. New-York: Appleton & Co. 1845.

We have often mused upon the fate of those many volumes of poetry that have been put forth in our land; and which, although heralded by the teeming praise of friendship, or recommended by popular subjects to the national feeling, have yet died, and been utterly forgotten by after generations. While the emprise was fresh in the minds of men, there have been those who, in insulting anticipation of the verdict of time, have even twined the poet's sacred laurel about the brows of the adventurers, their authors, and placed them high up amid the throng of doughtiest vassals of

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song. Time has, however, in every instance vindicated its prerogative by a far different award, and the fragile erections of quackery have long since tumbled into ruin and forgetfulness. Thus it is, that their brightness has departed for ever from those who were hailed as the "morning stars" of our poetical day.

Of those excellent men, but bad poets, who, in the infancy of our nation, ranked with Homer, and Virgil, and Milton, in the estimation of their countrymen—by whom they were considered "exempli poetarum," patterns of all poetical accomplishment—one thing is especially noticeable, that is, the grandeur of their pretensions as contrasted with the quality of their productions. Indeed, their daring knew no bounds; noblest forms of poetry—ode, epic, and satire—gushed from their pens in rich abundance. Milton's magnificent egotism, in default of his sublimer and untransferable qualities, was reproduced in them. Their ability to perfect whatsoever they undertook they felt to be undoubted. The magnitude of a subject never deterred them; although it must be allowed that the gorgeous epic garb was often to be discerned sweeping its ample folds around the spindle-shanks of wretchedest pigmies. Nor is it to be doubted—if the effort made be any measure of the meed looked for—that these fledglings had visions of success as brilliant as ever cheered the fancy of Milton or of Dryden; that to each of them his bantling seemed as perfect a man-child, as free from speck or deformity, as either of theirs; that labor and art were as steadily evoked by them; and yet their doom is to slumber in dirty-yellow, grave-suggesting paper, in dusty garrets, and forgotten corners. If their works are ever sought after, it is to throw light upon some trivial matter of local or personal history, or to illustrate our poetical progress; but scarcely a spark of the fire of poesy illumines their cold and common-place pages.

This low state of poetry was induced by these, among other causes. The nobler class of minds was exclusively absorbed by the deeply interesting questions that then agitated the colonies and the mother country. Ours being a new country, there were few, comparatively, capable of dealing with those momentous topics which were to guide and shape the destiny of a nation; and these, to a man, devoted their complete talents to that point. All their wisdom and eloquence, all their powers, were turned to the investigation and exemplification of practical questions, nearly affecting their rights, their property, and their personal security. It was a time unfavorable to scholarlike or poetical study; the wants of the people were urgent; and utilitarianism triumphed over fancy

and imagination. Action was demanded at their hands by duty; and thus those were debarred from following their bent, who, from mental idiosyncrasy, or by habits of reading and study, were inclined to, or capable of, poetical flights.

Again: the discussion which terminated in the revolutionary war, with those articles of food and raiment, of luxury or mechanism, that were, in great part, derived from the mother country, also cut off the supply of intellectual nourishment. Thus all the noble ensamples of poetry, which will for ever glorify England's story, were confined as positively, as if by enactment, to the hands of the enlightened few who already held them. The people were preoccupied with subjects immediately affecting their condition; and their excitement upon these points, coupled with the scarcity of money, was unfavorable to the enterprise of republishing the British classics. It is, indeed, to be doubted whether any publisher would have felt warranted to undertake the reprint of any, even the noblest of them, had all other circumstances been favorable, because of the stern feeling of animosity which possessed the public mind upon all matters savoring of England and their oppressors. Newspapers were the channels chosen by the great minds of that day through which to diffuse a principle of unbending attachment to liberty, and large and liberal notions of man's dignity. Indeed, they were the principal medium of intelligence for the masses, and were caught up with avidity by a people anxious to canvass the questions that convulsed their country, and to discover their own position as individuals and as citizens—these stayed their cravings for intellectual food, and they were satisfied for the time. But as the war progressed, and the original issues were lost in the strife for independence; when the question was of force against force, and not a rivalship in logic, men's minds required other and new nourishment. Like starving men, they eagerly grasped what was offered them; coarse husks tasted sweet as corn and wine. To such a people, any verse was poetry; and poetry was a god-send. And so the ambitious failures of our early poets found admirers and panegyrists.

Since then there have appeared, at irregular and short intervals, other spurious versifiers, who have ambitiously claimed the name and honors of poets; and who have been confirmed in their delusion by the partiality of friends, or by national pride. Does a young man write fluently, perhaps eloquently; does he diligently observe the rules of art, and avoid any palpable incongruities or glaring vulgarisms; is he distinguished by a style novel and pecu-

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liar, and an erratic fancy? straightway he is heralded to the world as a genius, a poet!

> "A present deity, they shout around:
> A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:
> With ravish'd ears
> The POET hears,
> Assumes the god,
> Affects to nod,
> And seems to shake the spheres."

Papers and Magazines twaddle the praises of the youthful Homer. Every village boasts its prophet, whose rapt vision dwells upon the splendor of the poet's glory; critics run hither and thither, gone mad with the national epidemic, boasting. Long ere his bantling sees the light, they prepare the public mind to be dazzled by his inspiration, and a party to his success. Antiquity is ransacked for immortal names that are to abase themselves before the modern Apollo. Hoary England is tauntingly challenged to find his equal; and that unhappy nation mourns over the displacement of her once glorious sons by the youthful conqueror of the west. And so poets spring up and wither away with the mushroom: they are born amid a stunning din of trumpets, and in the flickering glare of waxen tapers; their fate is a swift silence; their fame is the stink of a smoldering candle: time's perspective dwindles away the proud proportions of their pretensions; and the eye aches in the effort to discern them.

Such is neither the course nor the fate of real genius. Genius abhors quackery—nature is its affianced bride. It is as a brooklet in the mountains, that flows with a pure harmony over its pebbly bottom, and dances to its own music as it goes; now it is kissed by banks that are soft with the springing grass; now sweet flowers breathe over it their fragrance, and are laved in return by its invigorating waters; and now it is ministered to by the gentle whisperings of the forest wind. But no blandishments can allure or check it. On it flows, wayward, and yet not aimless, dashing over rocks, bounding over deep chasms, and playfully overcoming the barriers that are interposed. Now it leaves its first youth in the mountain, and meanders away over meads and through valleys, gradually gaining new volume and strength, till at last it rolls on with the free, proud march of a mighty river, or the more majestic swell of the billowy ocean. This is genius; which forces the world to know it, but never sues for its notice. Such is genius; which, like the sun, is discovered by its own intrinsic brilliancy,

and not by the glare of a farthing rushlight held by a menial hand.

It is not because we do not love our country and her myriads of noble sons; it is not because we deny to her an exalted station among the dynasties of the earth; or because we do not cherish the hope and the belief that her children will one day range themselves beside the stateliest of the first-born of other lands, not only as successful warriors and wise statesmen, but as true poets. It is not from any so unworthy sentiment that we utter these harsh truths; for, to speak in Milton's sonorous voice, "Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks: methinks I see her, as an eagle, mewing her mighty youth, and kindling their undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling their long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and, in their envious gabble, would prognosticate" her decay and dissolution. But the vision is of the future; our lot is with the present. And as "flattery corrupts both the receiver and the giver," so patriotism disdains to withhold a single necessary truth, however unpalatable, and at whatever cost. It has ever been the course of the purest patriots to scan the faults of their own nation most closely; diligently to ferret out the evils that molest it; frankly and boldly to point to the spots that disfigure its proportions or dim its lustre, in order that comprehensive remedies might be wisely proposed and vigorously applied. It is not only disingenuous, but it is the part of cowardice, to close our eyes upon our deficiencies, and to prate of our capacities and greatness; and if this be true of political affairs, how forcible is its application to literary character! How unwise, how destructive to all prospect of advancement, is it to unduly laud our poets; to boast vainly of their matchless inspiration, when it is an undeniable fact that our country has not yet produced a single poet of the highest rank! For of all that army of poets who have trooped past with the lusty youth of our nation, and who have, in their day, and by their generation, been heralded as the Alexanders and Cæsars of song; of all this numerous array, how few may be justly placed upon the same page with even Carew, or Young, or Cowley! How limited is the band that may rightfully claim fellowship with Campbell or Rogers, with Moore, Byron, or Scott! How lamentably small is the number that fame ranks beside Collins, and Gray, and Thomson; with Burns, Herrick, and Dryden! While there

is no man so stolid, no critic so perversely daring, no poet so arrogant, but will gladly do obeisance before the awful names of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton. Yes; although Sidney Smith's taunting question, "In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book?" may now be more satisfactorily answered than when it was first propounded; although we can produce a Hamilton, a Henry, a Clay, a Webster, and an Adams, to range alongside "their Burkes, their Sheridans, their Windhams, their Horners, their Wilberforces;" although "their Arkwrights, their Watts, and their Davys," would be proud to hail as brethren our Fulton, our Bowditch, our Whitney, our Morse; although, in this western world, history puts forward Prescott; painting, Allston; and sculpture, Powers, to contest for the laurel with their Hume, their Lawrence, their Chantry; and although, in poetry, we hold Bryant and Longfellow to be the equals of "their Scotts, Rogers, Campbells, Byrons, Moores, or Crabbes," still we bow reverently before the majesty of that glorious quatrain, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton.

And why is this? Is it not chiefly because the American poet chooses his theme, not from the noble epic subjects which his own land furnishes, but draws them from the universal realm of letters? Is it not because he is a Cosmopolitan in literature that his song is not impregnated by that spirit of life which men call fame, and which is as essential to a poet's existence as the breath of his nostrils is to the vitality of man? Certainly the poet is, in a great degree, the child of the world, and not of any particular zone. But his genius must draw its vigor and inspiration, must gather its images, from man or nature, as both, or either of them, are exhibited before him. And nowhere will these be found so bountifully displayed; nowhere may he contemplate them so leisurely, and with such perfect freedom from the distractions of curiosity, the allurements of novelty, and the blandishments of art, as in his own land.

But our poets are Cosmopolitans, not of nations, or of nature; they are not children of the world, whose hearts are gushing over with song upon themes that are theirs jointly with all mankind, in all ages and climes; but they are Cosmopolitans of written literature. They, almost wholly, draw their inspiration from books. Forgetting the command of the hero-poet's muse,—

"Fool, look into thy heart, and write,"

they study man and the workings of his complex nature through the *writings* of man. They are not close and accurate observers

of our common humanity. They would delineate mountains and lakes, and all the glorious face of nature, in their studies and closets. They do not

> "Go forth under the open sky, and list
> To nature's teachings."

Not like hoary Chaucer are they, who, indeed, gave full faith and credence to books, and in his heart held them in so deep reverence that no game or pleasantry could draw him from them; but who, nevertheless, when the month of May had come, and fowls began to sing, and flowers to deck the turfy mead, as heartily said,—

> "Farwell, my boke and my devotion

They cannot, with the remembrance of their communings with nature fresh upon them, say like him,—

> "I rose anone, and thought I woulde gone
> Into the woodes, to hear the birdes sing,
> When that the misty vapour was agone,
> And cleare and faire was the morning,
> The dewe also like silver in shining
> Upon the leaves as any baume* swete,
> Till firy Titan, with his persante† hete,
>
> Had dried up the lusty licour new
> Upon the herbes in the grene mede,
> And that the floures of many divers hew,
> Upon hir‡ stalkes gan for to sprede,
> And for to splay out hir leves in brede§
> Againe the sunne, gold burned in his spere,
> That doune to hem cast his beames clere."

We burn to go on with the description of that loveliest of walks; to peep, with the poet, in the river, whose water was as "clere as berell or cristall;" to listen, with him, to

> "the birdes song,
> Which on the braunches, both in plain and vale
> So loud sang that all the wood rong,
> Like as it would shiver in peeces smale;"

to breathe in the air so balmy, and laden with fragrance from the "blosomes white;" and to linger beside the little well,

> "Under an hill, with quicke‖ stremes cold;
> The gravel gold, the water pure as glasse,

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* Balm. † Piercing. ‡ Their. § Abroad. ‖ Living.

> The bankes round, the well envyroning,
> And soft as velvet the yonge grasse
> That thereupon lustely came springyng,
> The sute* of trees about encompassing,
> *Hir* shadow cast, closing the well around,
> And all the herbes growing on the ground."

It was the study of man, as well as nature, in this wise, that has stamped with unfading colors Chaucer's brief, but diversified, prologue to the Canterbury Tales. This it was which enabled him, in so small compass, to embalm the manners and habits, the appearance and character, of almost every class of his countrymen. And it was this which also impowered Shakspeare, by a single dash of the pen, to picture forth, for the gazing wonder of man in all ages, those awful cliffs of Dover, from whence

> "The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
> Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down
> Hangs one that gathers samphire: dreadful trade!"

There is no lack of themes—noble as any that poet ever dreamed or sighed for, suggested by our country's condition or story, and commensurate with her grandeur—that only await the poet's utterance to hand them over to immortality. The "shadowy race" that peopled our hills and valleys ages ago; their mythology and traditions; their origin and their works; their vision of a fair people who visited these shores in winged barks, which instinctively, and without aid, traversed their creeks and bays; whom their fancy hailed as emissaries from the Great Spirit—beautiful and good; but whom, alas! they found to be bloodthirsty and rapacious, treacherous and cruel, and before whose breath they melted away like men stricken by poisonous blasts. Imagination delightedly hovers around the Toltecs and the hero-poets of Tezcuco. A terrible earnestness invests the prophecy, which prevailed throughout Anahuac, of the advent of a destroyer. Fancy sports around the brink of those youth-endowing founts of Florida. Even the "bare Was" of history kindles into rapture as it narrates the story of Montezuma and of Cortes; of empires that grew hoary and sunk into ruin; of nations that sprung to life armed and full grown like Minerva; of heroic deeds worthy of Achilles; of sages and statesmen, the equals of Nestor or Ulysses. These are a few of the magnificent themes which lie in an unbroken chaos, waiting for some poet—or "maker"—to hale them into day. Perhaps some ballad-song has treasured up a romantic custom; or the lyre has

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* Array.

been faintly struck to commemorate some wild legend, some heroic deed. But those who have touched upon themes sufficiently elevated have been better patriots than poets, and their feeble flutterings through "cantos dreary" awaken our pity and alarm our patience. Bryant alone has dared to assay subjects worthy of an American poet, and even his strong wing has faltered. Thrice has he struck the harp with all a master's power; but has ever been startled by the vision of his own temerity, and, like a man in sudden affright at the unwonted echo of his own footstep, has abandoned the stately strain.

These thoughts have been suggested by the appearance of a new aspirant for the title, poet, in the person of the young gentleman whose name and works head this paper; to whose début it covertly alludes, and whose pretensions it incidentally delineates under the guise of a general and rapid survey of our national poetical character. And yet, if a covert reference has been had to his rank and merit, and a plainly expressed dissent entered against the mode by which reputation was assayed to be manufactured for him, it is not our intention to apply to this talented young gentleman the title of compeer with those spurious poets who have used similar means; nor to prophesy that, like these also, his fate shall be to die speedily and be forgotten. Such as these are by no means our opinions; for if there be a few American poets who are superior to him, there are multitudes who are very far his inferiors. But the din and flourish of trumpets; the sound as of men arming, and of steeds champing, which preceded and introduced his work, was a most unfortunate movement. Expectation was aroused to be disappointed. Gold and jewels were indicated, and only baser metals found. And thus even the intrinsic value which was his due came to be denied the young poet. Had loquacious and injudicious friends—some of whom were better judges of political wares than of poetry, and who were safer guides for such "as do put their trust in almanacs," than for lovers of song—had these held their peace, and not classed their client with giants, the delinquency of his stature would have been less perceptible. Had they waited, his poetry—like water—would have inevitably found its level, and have ranged its author beside his peers; but either they or he could not afford to *wait.* They made haste unthriftily, forgetting that "genius is the heir of fame; but the hard condition on which the bright reversion must be earned is loss of life: that fame is the recompense not of the living, but of the dead. The temple of fame stands upon the grave; the flame that burns upon its altars is kindled from the ashes of great men. Fame itself is

immortal; but it is not begot till the breath of genius is extinguished. For fame is not popularity, the shout of the multitude, the idle buzz of fashion, the venal puff, the soothing flattery of favor or friendship; but it is the spirit of a man surviving himself in the minds and thoughts of other men, undying and unperishable. It is the power which the intellect exercises over the intellect, and the lasting homage which is paid to it, as such, independently of time and circumstances, purified from partiality and evil speaking. Fame is the sound which the stream of high thoughts, carried down to future ages, makes, as it flows, deep, distant, murmuring evermore like the waters of the mighty ocean." Thus spake, truly as well as eloquently, that acute critic, William Hazlitt; and thus, also, have the lives of all who have been "greatly great" testified.

And now, having had our say upon these points, we will proceed carefully to weigh, and honestly to pronounce upon, our poet's volume. He has preferred his poem "Worship," the "Ode to England," and the "Hymn to Niagara," before his other productions. The chief place is given to them, not only as being more ambitious in their pretensions, but because of the superiority of their conception and execution. And the preference is a compliment to his critical discrimination, which again, we dare believe, *jingled* with his inclinations.

"Worship" is a short poem, possessing as many rare beauties, and disfigured by as few blemishes, as either of its companions. The argument of the poem—which, in parts, strongly resembles that of Bryant's Thanatopsis and his Forest Hymn—is distinguished by no originality of invention, and may be likened to an outburst of merely animal spirits, rather than to the deep breathings or impetuous outpourings of an intelligent and poetical soul. It is in this wise:—Earth's "moving anthem" incites the poet to raise his voice in adoration of the Deity. Impressed with the insufficiency of nature's grandest manifestations to swell God's glory, he is led to reflect upon the insignificance of his own praises, and even of his being, and to contrast against them God's supreme majesty, and the depth of his condescension. Seized by a frenzied sentiment of adoration, which is engendered by this contemplation of God's attributes, he abruptly and noisily invokes all intelligences and things material—wind and storm, seraphim and laureled saints —to witness his belief and adoration. He sees in every hill and valley the courts of God, and recounts those his fellow-worshipers who, disdaining "temples built with hands," offer up to Him their natural worship; these are, the sun, the heavenly host, the earth,

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nature, and all her manifold sights, and sounds, and meanings, the seasons, and their changes. Tracing in "all that we behold" a likeness and relationship to God, the poet declares that it is our own baseness which makes all things base; that this quality blinds us to the "awfulness of common things," and would turn even heaven's "floor of gold and jewels" to "base and earthly mold;" and that he who can discern naught of Heaven on earth, would find naught but earth in heaven. His Hymn of Praise, which has been the offspring of impulse, is suddenly checked, and turned to prayerful awe by his entrance into the "low portals" of God's house; where the voices of mortals, the "dark roof," and the "dim low-pillared aisle," afflict *him* with a sense of guilt, and shame, and awe, whom the mountains and stars transported to praise and exultation. And so the song ceases.

From our analysis of its argument, it will appear that this poem deserves no especial praise on the score of greatness or unity of purpose. It is erratic and episodical. There is no pervading principle brooding over it, which arouses our anxiety, and keeps alive our interest. The paltry nature of the ends reached are a satire upon the magnificent causes leading to them. If it be not aimless, its purpose is to awaken transient feelings for individual objects, each of which have indeed claims upon our concern, and exert powerful, separate influences upon our minds, but which wait to be converged upon some one sufficiently elevated and engrossing sentiment. We speak, as moved by the precise effect of the production upon the mind, without attending to any floating and undefined purpose of the writer; for we doubt not that his aim was to excite in the mind of the reader an enthusiasm of praise and adoration by the force of his own and nature's example. But although this design, on the part of the poet, is sufficiently visible, such is not the effect produced, and hence it cannot be called the governing principle of the poem. This want of unity or completeness is its great defect; and the numerous beauties which sparkle through it cannot mend it. Imperfection is painfully stamped upon it. It is like a dramatic representation in which each performer enacts a part without concert, and without reference to any complete action; like (if such an anomaly in reason will be allowed) a series of causes which do not lead to, or govern, effects; like a landscape abounding with charming "breaks," but which possesses no merit as a whole.

This poem is appareled in the most ambitious of all verse—heroic blank verse; and, in general, the stately rhythm and swelling cadence appropriate to it are successfully maintained, although the

sentiment more often belongs to that style which we would class with the beautiful or pretty, rather than with the grand and lofty. And so comes dissonance: for as the mail of the warrior ill befits the sylph-like limbs of lovely girlhood; as the tone of the clarion or trumpet mars the tenderness of a plaintive or warbling melody; so the grand stateliness of this proud verse cannot harmonize with thoughts that are simply fanciful or beautiful.

We remark, also, that the stateliness of the verse is marred, and taste is shocked, by the occasional introduction of such trivial lines as

> "Rise with the river, with the torrent swell,"

which savor all too strongly of the extremely artificial rhyming couplets of Pope and Campbell; and whose principal attraction lies in their alliterative and involuted style.

Leaving the *vesture* of his thoughts, about which we desire to say very little, we will now proceed to deliver our opinion upon the character of the poet's mind, and to adjudge him his poetical rank, from the evidence furnished by this poem, which is a favorable type of his productions, and the one, perhaps, before all others, by which he would choose to be judged.

Mr. Lord is gifted with an intellect, quick, active, many-hued; guided by a taste, which, if not infallible, is yet, in the main, elegant and correct. He is often eloquent, sometimes fanciful, abounding in a love of the beautiful; but seldom—we had almost said never—grandly imaginative. Simplicity and magnificence—whether of thought or diction—which are unfailing attendants upon the highest poetical efforts,* do not mark his verse. An elegant critic has said: "Chaucer excels as the poet of manners or real life; Spenser, as the poet of romance; Shakspeare, as the poet of nature, (in the largest use of the term;) and Milton, as the poet of morality. Chaucer most frequently describes things as they are; Spenser, as we wish them to be; Shakspeare, as they would be; Milton, as they ought to be. The characteristic of Chaucer is intensity; of Spenser, remoteness; of Milton, elevation; of Shakspeare, everything." And these four poets, the noblest in the language, combine and exemplify all the various essentials of the highest poetry. As other poets resemble them, in proportion as they share their peculiarities and excellences, so is their rank; so is their claim to genius. But we are at a loss to designate what particular quality is in excess in our poet; which it is that gives its

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* See Wordsworth's Essay supplementary to his Poems.

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hue to his productions, and may be said to rule. No reigning characteristic marks his poetry. It is tame and characterless. It possesses none of the contagious madness of the "poet's frenzy," overturning or directing the reason at will; clouding the imagination with gloom, or fleckering it with tongues of flame. It never rouses the passions, deeply thrills the affections, startles the imagination. And, hence, failing to do that which the loftiest poets invariably do, we place him among the inferior poets—poets, not of nature, but of art. Nor will the bare fact, that natural objects are alluded to, or dwelt upon, in poetry, alter its character; for Dryden, Pope, and Cowper, do this in their poems, which, after all, are only the most beautiful of the conceptions of art. It is not the mere ability to recapitulate numerous beauties that gives rank to the poet; it is not a solitary enthusiasm which enrages his own bosom that measures his genius; but, superadded to all this, the power of expression, whereby he warms the fancy and arouses the faculties of the reader. Not mere fluency of expression, but the "power of moving and infusing the warmth of his own rapt mind into that of his reader;" (*Hazlitt;*) the ability to conjure up in the minds of men "passions, which are, indeed, far from being the same as those produced by real events, but which yet do more strongly resemble those passions, than anything which, from the motions of their own minds merely, other men are accustomed to find in themselves;" (*Wordsworth;*) the faculty of awakening, by his descriptions of nature or of man, sensations nearly similar to those produced by the real object.

Among the beauties strewn by the poet's art over the surface of his song are some that are beautiful in themselves, and also afford us a double pleasure, by reviving pleasant memories of our rambles with "young Herrick." Of such the following is a specimen, and it cannot fail to call vividly to mind portions of that sweet singer's pastoral effusions:—

> "Let my voice rise with the mingled noise
> Of winds and waters; winds that in the sedge,
> And grass, and ripening grain, while nature sleeps,
> Practice, in whisper'd music, soft and low,
> Their sweet inventions."*—P. 1.

The sole discord in these beautiful lines is that occasioned by the disagreement between the sentiment and the verse. By itself, the

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* See also, in Bryant's Forest Hymn,—
"The soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees,
In music."

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sentiment is unexceptionable, admirable. Here is another gem, also valuable from its intrinsic qualities, and because it suggests strains of melody, listened to "lang syne." Speaking of the clouds, the poet says they are

"The smoke of offerings, blended with the sweet
Invisible incense of the golden flowers,
And with the vapory tribute of the seas,
That like a blessing falls in holy dews,
Or in the rain like full libations pour'd."—P. 7.

Who has not sometimes seen a face, a glance at which has flashed upon us the features of an absent or departed friend, startling us with the unlooked-for resemblance, and awakening a long train of sweet associations? But even while we gaze in irresolution, the spell loosens, the vision fades, and we can discover no point of similitude. Some such operation takes place in the mind as we read these lines, and involuntarily we think upon Herrick's Invocation to "Music to calm his fever,"—

"Fall on me like a silent dew,
Or like those maiden showers,
Which, by the peep of day, do strew
A baptism o'er the flowers;"

and those other graceful lines to a bride,—

"Come on, come on; and yield
A savor like unto a blessed field,
When the bedabbled morn
Washes the golden ears of corn."*

While we are indulging in the pleasant occupation of tracing casual resemblances between beautiful things, we cannot forbear to present one which, while it suggests the style both of Herrick and of Chaucer to the mind, yet preserves them harmoniously distinct. The second and third lines of the following quotation remind us of the younger bard; the fourth, fifth, and sixth, transport us to Chaucer's picturesque haunts; the remaining lines, alas! break the illusion, and land us plump amid the "awfulness of common things:"—

"And sometimes in the wood,
At morn or even, or when the vernal rain,
That fell thick-pattering among the leaves,
Stints suddenly, the birds ring out a peal

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* Compare this poem, "Worship," generally, with Coleridge's magnificent "Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni."

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With such sweet chime and involution heard,
Of intricate swift strains, and jangled bells,
As oft surprises cold unwilling hearts
To worship unawares."—Pp. 9, 10.

From amid a loquacious and Pollok-like pouring forth of florid words, we select another real gem, whose pure lustre serves to show the false glare of its setting:—

"Break forth, ye winds!
That in the impalpable deep caves of air,
Moving your silent plumes, in dreams of flight
Tumultuous lie, and from your half-stretch'd wings
Beat the faint zephyrs that disturb the air."—P. 3.

There is no passage in the poem containing more pure poetry than these few lines. They are imbued with a romantic and dream-like indefiniteness, which engenders sweet thoughts and delightful images, without a tedious dwelling upon, or catalogue-like unfolding of them; their very unsubstantiality invests them with new beauties, the fancy being left to "prank and proyn" itself at pleasure.

Of quite an opposite nature is the following fine passage describing the stars. As the lines we have just considered are notable for their "romantic and dream-like indefiniteness," so these are remarkable for their downright reality. Both are finished specimens of the artificial style of poetry:—

"Thee, the bright host of heaven,
The stars adore;—a thousand altars, fed
By pure unwearied hands, like cressets blaze[*]
In the blue depths of night."—P. 6.

We are apt to think that Mr. Lord hears more acutely than he sees, or, at least, that he takes more note of, and pleasure in, what he hears than in that he sees; we fancy that he is either a musician or has strong musical tastes, for it is very plain that nature's avenue to his mind is the sense of hearing. Most of the examples we have cited foster this opinion. He is delighted with listening to nature's "choir of bodiless voices;" the earth is to him one great instrument; the winds now soothe him with their "whispered music," now stir him by "fierce harmonies;" the waters have "motion and utterance," rising from a "gently murmured hymn," to "solemn and deep bursts of song." He never is so successful in suggesting truthful pictures of natural objects as

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[*] See Spenser's "lamping sky"—Fairy Queen, b. iii, canto 3, ver. 1.

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when he is describing these sounds; and the most continuous description of this kind in his whole poem is a striking and pleasing exemplification of the peculiarity:—

"The seasons are a solemn service;—spring,
Winter, and summer, and the harvest moon,
Each have their meaning, and each changing day
Its worship, of high import to the whole.
The heedful ear may hear in every field,
On insect-haunted banks, among the leaves,
And in the rills, a thousand tinkling sounds,
That here and there confusedly distinct,
Like some sweet strain dissever'd and unlink'd,
And broken into discords scarce less sweet,
Fill all the air—*then hush'd, then heard again,*
Like mystic sounds that in cathedrals vast
Order the service, call the thoughtful soul,
To worship meet. And sometimes in the wood,
At morn or even, *or when the vernal rain*
That fell thick-pattering among the leaves,
Stints suddenly, *the birds ring out a peal*
With such sweet chime, and involution heard,
Of intricate swift strains and jangled bells,
As oft surprises cold unwilling hearts
To worship unawares.

* * * * * *

The fields beneath the eye of heaven outspread
In worship lie; *nor do they lack a voice*
Of praise from lowing herds and bleating flocks,
And the perpetual hum, that, day and night,
Whoever listens with hush'd thoughts, may hear,
Rise like the deep and quiet breathing of the earth."

Pp. 9–11.

But lest we should forfeit our right to the title critic, and be justly chargeable with possessing the milk of human kindness in excess, we must leave the beauties with which we have been dallying, and undertake the less palatable task of pointing out defects—defects, which are yet, we are pleased to say, hindered by beauties.

Occasionally Mr. Lord gives way to fits of subtil over-refining, that would better become the dusty gown of a schoolman than the flowing, singing robes of the poet. Some of these are *simply* tedious; others complexly so; being remarkable for involutions of thought and sinuosities of expression, that resemble an interminable succession of wheels within wheels, which keep up a continuous hum, and are each moving to and fro at all angles, and

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with every possible diversity of swiftness. The following is an instance in point, which, nevertheless, abounds with beauties:—

"Let my voice rise with the mingled noise
Of winds and waters; winds that in the sedge,
And grass, and ripening grain, while nature sleeps,
Practice in whisper'd music, soft and low,
Their sweet inventions, and then sing them loud
In caves, and on the hills, and in the woods,
—*A moving anthem, that along the air*
Dying, then swelling forth in fitful gusts,
Like a full choir of bodiless voices, sweeps—
Yea, of the great earth that makes an instrument,
Awakening with their touch, itself not mute,
Each different thing to difference of tone,
Long, harplike shrillings, or soft gush of sounds;—
Water—to earth, as to the air the winds,
Motion and utterance, and that begin
Even at their source the gently murmur'd hymn,
Rise with the river, with the torrent swell.
* * * * * *
Yet what is all this deep, perpetual sound—
These voices of the earth, and sea, and air,
That make it seem to us as if our earth
Into the silent and unruffled deep
Led forth, with thunder-step, the choir of worlds?
All these—what are they?—in the boundless void,
An insect's whisper in the ear of night,
A voice in that of death—in thine, O God,
A faint symphony to Heaven ascending
Amid ten thousand thousand songs of praise."—Pp. 1, 2.

Sometimes, also, our poet furnishes us with admirable specimens of *bathos*. The *finale* of his Invocation to the Winds and Storms is an example:—

"Ye winds! ye storms! all sounds, all harmonies,
O thither rise! be heard amid the throng;
Let them that dwell within the gates of light,
And them that sit on thrones—let seraphs hear—
A human soul knows and adores its God."

The insufferable littleness of the climax to so much preparation is here exhibited in one of the roughest, most unmusical, haltingly spavined lines that has ever had the fortune to be christened poetical.

Among the blemishes which tend to divert the gaze of the reader from his many beauties is the frequent use which our poet makes

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of those stereotyped phrases that the fraternity of small scribblers by profession so much affect. These operate like colloquialisms in conversation or oratory, serving to mar the most poetical thought, and debasing them to the level of the vulgar and common-place. To give instances of them would be equally wearisome to the reader and the writer; and they are alluded to with the view of attracting the poet's own attention, and not with any purpose of detracting from his other substantial merits. Another defect, of a similar grade, is the one occasioned by his overweening fondness for that "best-abused" of all particles, the interjection "O!" Marvelous, as well as numberless, are the combinations into which it enters; and without stopping to enumerate them, we do not hesitate to use our legitimate privilege as a Yankee, and *guess* that it is oftener found in this short poem than in the lengthiest book of either Spenser, or Milton, or Wordsworth.

At times, too, we perceive appropriations of other poets' phrases,* and even thoughts; which custom of appropriation without credit —whether justly or not—does unconsciously prejudice us against the poet's originality, as well as his strict honesty. And in this day of hypercriticism—when old Chaucer, if he lived, and flowery Spenser, would be damned, as guilty of the plagiary's crime—it stands the youthful aspirant for fame in stead, to beware of those faults which these noble old leaders, in the plenitude of exuberant genius, carelessly committed. How plainly, for instance, is the couplet,

> " But for its soul of sweetness that supports
> And mightier harmony that builds them still,"

derivable from "glorious John's" "Song for St. Cecilia's Day!" The comparison at page 4, of the clouds to "swinging censers," is also borrowed from Wordsworth's noble rhapsody, "Devotional Incitements," and stands thus in the original:—

> " While incense from the altar breathes
> Rich fragrance in imbodied wreaths;
> *Or flung from swinging censers, shrouds*
> The taper lights, *and curls in clouds,*
> Around angelic forms," &c.

And then how powerful is the resemblance between these lines of Bryant,

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* A poetical friend suggests, that the poet has not only followed brother poets closely, but that he is greatly indebted to that noble hymn, "The Song of the Three Children."

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"Not a prince
In all that proud old world beyond the deep
Ere wore his crown so loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves, with which
Thy hand has graced him;"

and those of our poet,

"who gemm'd thy zone with stars,
Around thee threw his own cerulean robe,
And bent his coronal about thy brows!"

Or, between those other ones,

"Making that common by the touch and sight,
Which, if as distant as the stars, would seem
As marvelous as they;"

and Campbell's often-quoted couplet,

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue!"

Or who that reads the lines,

"There is in nature nothing mean or base,
But only as our baseness thinks it so;"

and those others,

"He that has ear and vision, and can find
Of heaven naught, will find but earth in heaven,"

does not speedily recur to Milton's grand thought,

"The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven!"

We have dwelt thus long upon this poem, because, as we before hinted, it imbodies all the higher phases of Mr. Lord's poetry, and is the best specimen of his sustained effort. We shall now leave it, and propose to pass his other productions rapidly in review, pausing, chiefly, to pluck their beauties. The stanza, in the "Ode to England," describing Chaucer, is full of harmony and poetry:—

"How oft the first-born poet of thy soil
Comes with his antique rhyme and pilgrim's stole,
To charm my weary heart from thoughts of toil—
Sweet Chaucer! that makes morning in the soul,
And floods with silver light its firmament,
From clouds, like rubious breakers, lipp'd with gold:
Then, while the heart feeds on the dewy scent
Of new-waked flowers, sings the poet old,

Tales as the breath of April sweet,
And fresh in their antiquity;
Or, with 'difference discreet,'
Chaunts his pious legendry,
That at its warbled melody, the notes
Of list'ning birds die noiseless in their throats—
The winds in eager silence swoon around,
And all the green leaves tremble at the sound."

Saving the three concluding lines, the stanza which alludes to Spenser is also altogether admirable. The poet, raised by his enthusiasm to the temperament of the most "poetical of poets," catches all his golden imagery, and is imbued with all his airy and mysterious fancy; but suddenly, alas! he falls, "all platte," into the depths of the veriest common-place;—as far from Spenser's romantic heights as Satan fell, when he defied "the Omnipotent to arms."

"And, Spenser, like the sunset sky when bright
With golden isles, and silent seas of light,
That spread along the shore-like blue,
Laving some snow-piled mountain hoary,
Or stretching far, then lost to view
Behind some cloud-cliff'd promontory,—
While spires and battlements that rise,
And baseless turrets in the skies,
And silver swans and dragons there,
Suspended in the enchanted air,
With half-believing eyes I see—
Great Edmund! when thine inward glory
Lights up the cloudy allegory!
Such my soul is made by thee."

From the "Hymn to Niagara" we shall make no extracts. It is more compactly welded together than "Worship," and evinces a steadier purpose. It has fewer transferable beauties than either of its companions; and, we think, is inferior to both of them. We cannot forbear, however, to give a fine passage from "The Sky:"—

"Thou hast seen ocean, in the hour
When whirlwinds rouse its sluggish might
To wrestle with their viewless power;—
And more, hast felt, too vast for sight,
How far it stretch'd beyond the lower
Of that rude storm and scowling night,
In which the headlands seem'd to cower
Into calm realms and tranquil light."

Our swift pace brings us athwart two singular and Poe-like poems, "clad in rugged and miscellaneous gear blown together by the four winds," and which that carping demon, criticism, is at our elbow tempting us to hurl a blow at; but we hasten on, leaving the

> "Isle, the island fair and pleasant,"

and

> "The clear Castalian fountain,
> (Silver fountain)—ever tinkling,"

slumbering profoundly on their own pools of platitude and alliteration; while we turn with pleasure to those modest children of his fancy, "Saint Mary's Gift," and the sweet "Song of a Dying Maid."* As the soul of the mother goes out to her puny and crippled boy, despite the proud proportions and manly strength of his brothers; as her spirit yearns fondly toward him, and her heart dances with transport while she gazes upon his eye, now beaming with strange intelligence, now lighted up by the mild fires of love and affection, or overflowing with tearful sympathy; so we, if we were the poet, would treasure these beautiful and unassuming poems far before their more pretending mates. "Saint Mary's Gift" is in the Spenserian stanza, so called; which it almost servilely imitates, even to the alliteration. It manifests an affectation of old-time words and phrases, a forced quaintness of thought, and an antiquated accentuation, all which are yet congenial with the legend, and invest it with a presence of beauty and harmony that add to its real and intrinsic merits. It and its humble companion are complete anomalies, when compared with his other productions, being radically dissimilar to all of them. There is a warmth about them which adds not only to the poet's stature, but to that of the man also. His other efforts are like a marble statue, beautiful, indeed, and faultless to the sight; but cold, deathly cold, to the touch. These are like the warm and living flesh, thrilling the heart and causing the frame to tingle as at the actual touch of

> "A being breathing thoughtful breath."

The following charming picture is from "Saint Mary's Gift:"—

> "Lo! she sees in humblest attitude
> Before the shrine a maiden that adored,
> With meek, uplifted eyes, the mother of the Lord.
>
> The sun still stood upon the skyey shore
> Of the blue east, and through the glistering air

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* See also that fine ballad, "The Forest," page 100.

Threw his slant beams, that in the open door
Pencil'd with golden light her flowing hair,
And all her form: that she so meekly fair,
And still, and rapt as pictured saint might be,
Like saint-like seem'd as her she did adore."

From the same poem we transfer this life-like painting:—

"Unto the tomb wherein he deem'd she lay,
All unperceived of any eye he went,
And while they still misdeem'd him far away,
He stood before that ancient monument;
He knew not in himself with what intent.
Beneath the portal's crevice, from within,
Into the moonlight crept a golden ray
That made it seem more ghastly pale and thin;
He wrench'd the door ajar, and wonderingly stepp'd in.

And there within an open tomb was laid,
With lighted tapers at her head and feet,
That flicker'd in the blast, a lovely maid,
Whose youthful innocence and beauty sweet
Kept the flowers fresh upon her winding sheet,
And as the gusty wind did rise and fall,
From old armorial tombs with knights display'd,
Arm'd shadows seem'd to threat upon the wall,
As if to guard from harm her slumbers virginal.
He on his knees sank, awed and tremblingly,
Before that image of fair maidenhead,
While life and death changed looks dissemblingly;
For such a paleness in his features spread,
That she the live might seem, and he the dead;
And all around the shadows toward the maid
And flamy tapers blended semblably,
While he, with arms upon his sword-hilt stay'd,
And fix'd and marble look, bent forward half-affray'd."

We take leave of Mr. Lord with high hopes for him in the future, charging him at the same time to remember that

> "Not on downy plumes, nor under shade
> Of canopy reposing, fame is won."

And although we fancy that at five and forty he will have written less poetry than he would now fain call by that name, we yet augur for him an honorable rank among our native poets. D.

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Art. IV.—*Christ the only Sacrifice: or, the Atonement in its Relations to God and Man.* By Nathan S. S. Beman, D. D. *With an Introductory Chapter,* by S. H. Cox, D. D. Second edition, revised, rewritten, enlarged, and improved. New-York: Mark H. Newman. 1844. And a review of the work in the Biblical Repertory and Princeton Review, vol. xvii, No. 1.

The atonement is eminently the great central doctrine in that system of truth contained in divine revelation; the only system of religion ever presented to man which can be regarded as containing ample provision for the salvation of his ruined race. The system is only healthful, vigorous, and efficient in proportion as this doctrine is clearly and scripturally apprehended and maintained in the pulpit and by the press. But enervation and inefficiency have ever marked the history of its action on community in just the same proportion as the atonement has been obscured, held in error, or wholly set aside by a misguided fancy, or a false philosophy. In just how far the teachers of religion depart from the long-established and well-defined Scriptural land-marks in regard to this vital doctrine, in just so far the gospel in their hands becomes another gospel; it is no longer "the glorious gospel of the blessed God," which is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." As well may we look for that mechanical system, combining the nicest adjustment of part to part, constructed and arranged with a view to a given result, to reach such result when the mainspring is either wanting, or its force in some way destroyed. If the vital organ in the organized body become diseased, or its action obstructed or suspended, paralysis will follow.

That the atonement is invested with mystery, is a complaint we sometimes hear even from cultivated, intelligent, and pious minds. That in connection with it there is a profoundness, vast and unfathomable, cannot be denied. But are not the same things predicable of every work and every attribute of the infinite and eternal Mind? In itself considered, we see no more reason for doubt or difficulty with regard to the atonement than there is with regard to the divine omniscience, or any other perfection of the divine nature revealed in the Scriptures, with equal clearness. The atonement is eminently a doctrine of divine revelation; and, apart from its benevolent design in making known its provisions, that man may enjoy its eternal benefits, the sufficient object of divine revelation would be left highly problematical. Viewed as expressly including this, revelation, with all it compre-

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hends, stands forth as the sublimest expression of divine wisdom and benevolence.

The atonement may be contemplated in two regards. One, a view purely experimental and practical; the other, a view which may be called critical, philosophical, or metaphysical. In the former regard, which is that of simple substitution, it meets us as the ground of our hope, challenging our faith, in almost every page of the sacred volume. And if the truly awakened, unsophisticated, honest-hearted penitent seize upon the glorious truth that Jesus Christ "tasted death for every man"—resting alone here for pardon, holiness, and heaven—we see no reason why this elementary view of the atonement will not be sufficient for his salvation. In the latter regard, a wide range is taken; inquiry is instituted into its necessity, nature, extent, and the benefits derived from it. Its relations to the system of God's moral government are subjected to the rigid scrutiny of reason: nor has the doctrine always escaped injury from such an attempted analysis. This will inevitably be the case whenever *reason*, and not the declarations of the Bible, are made the criterion of judgment. A man can reason only about what he knows; all his knowledge of the atonement is derived from revelation; to its umpirage, therefore, all questions must be referred. In every step, then, let the inquirer not only act under a conscious deference to what the Holy Ghost teacheth, but bow unqualified submission to those inspired teachings, not mistaking the feeble flickerings of his own dim reason for the clear, steady, brilliant splendors emanating from the page of divine inspiration.

When an author devotes an entire treatise to the consideration of one subject, and especially when it has occupied his thoughts for some twenty years, and the treatise then comes to you "revised, rewritten, enlarged, and improved," he gives you the assurance that purchase and perusal will be richly compensated. Under these circumstances, the work under consideration makes its appearance. And as if to secure it a more favorable reception, and a wider circulation, it makes its appearance under the auspices of an introductory chapter by Dr. Cox. Of this chapter we will only say in this place, that our expectations were not fully realized. Adding little to the argument of the author, it abounds with epithets; and the style is in the writer's peculiar manner, following no model with which we are acquainted. Toward that class of opponents to the doctrines advanced called "restrictionists," his bearing is not a little severe. The views advanced by Dr. Cox will be considered in another connection.

The treatise before us, by Dr. Beman, is a 12mo. volume of one hundred and seventy-one pages, embracing five chapters, besides the introduction by Dr. Cox, just alluded to. One chapter is on the "necessity," one on the "fact," two on the "nature," and one on the "extent," of the atonement. As the chapter which treats of the "fact," or certainty that an atonement has been made, is directed against those who deny the atonement to be a Scripture doctrine—a point which every substitutionist most cordially admits, and which the author labors to establish by arguments drawn from *animal*, *Adamic*, *patriarchal*, *Mosaic*, and *heathen* sacrifices, with the concurrent testimony of prophecy and other Scriptural declarations as to Christ's vicarious death—the necessity, nature, and extent of the atonement, are the only points which demand our notice.

Dr. Beman lays it down as a principle that the prevention of crime is the grand end to be answered by the execution of the penalty annexed to the divine law. Hear him in his own words:—

> "He [the penitent sinner] might be comparatively secure against future acts of rebellion, or, so far as his moral feelings are concerned, it might be consistent for God to forgive and restore him. But where is the honor of the law? Where is the good of the universe? Where is that terror which God, in benevolence to his creatures, has hung, with his own mighty hand, around the penalty? What would there be in such a case to deter others from trampling on divine authority?" —P. 57.

Again, to the same purpose,—

> "The penalty of the moral law was intended to operate as a powerful motive to obedience; and the execution of this penalty, whenever it takes place in the universe, becomes an awful warning to deter others from transgression."
>
> "The penalty could never be set aside without the adoption of those precautionary measures which would secure the order and prosperity of the universe, as effectually, to say the least, as the infliction of the penal curse itself could do."—Pp. 126, 128.

This, to say the least, is taking but a partial view of the subject. It is conceded that, in human governments, and also in the divine government, the prevention of crime is one of the objects of punishment. But to make this the grand, or the only object, would be quite another proposition. The error, however, is not one of *defect* merely; it gives a false view to the very nature of sin. On this principle the guilt of sin consists, not in an infraction of the various relations we sustain to God and of the

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endowments of our gifted natures, but simply in the infraction of the law of benevolence. According to Dr. Beman, the happiness of some beings in the universe is interrupted or curtailed by sin. In this the guilt consists. Consequently, the infliction of the penalty thus incurred, measurably, at least, undoes the evil occasioned by sin, because "the execution of this penalty, whenever it takes place in the universe, becomes an awful warning to deter others from transgression."

But does this view of the nature of sin accord with the ordinary dictates of conscience? We say *ordinary*, because these are instinctively felt with little, if any, variation by all men in the same circumstances. Does the man, conscious of crime, dwell upon its demoralizing effects upon others, or his encroachment upon their happiness, as that in which his criminality consists? Does he not rather "loathe himself when *God* he sees?" or exclaim with David, "Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and clear when thou judgest?" Psa. li, 4. The prodigal confessed that he had "sinned against *Heaven*," in the sight or presence of his father. He had contemned divine authority, to which his father was a witness; or he had sinned against God in the person of his father. His awakened conscience referred at once to God. To him the sinner always instinctively refers under the terrifying apprehensions of an awakened conscience. He feels that every sin, howsoever and against whomsoever committed, is a sin against God. This view of the case has the suffrage, then, of both Scripture and experience.

> "It is not pretended that this theory is taught in the Bible. It purports to be a philosophy. The Bible contradicts it on every page, because every page contains some expression of genuine human feelings, of the conviction of the real difference between right and wrong, of a true sense of sin, or of the great truth that our responsibility is to God, and not to the universe. The doctrine, therefore, that sin is punished merely to preserve the order and prosperity of the universe, is an utterly false and revolting theory; inconsistent with the intuitive moral judgments of men, subversive of all moral distinctions; irreconcilable with the experience of every man when really convinced of sin, and contradicted by everything the Bible teaches on the subject."—*Princeton Review*, vol. xvii, p. 89.

Dr. Beman assumes, that "so far as the moral feelings of the penitent are concerned, it might be consistent for God to forgive and restore him," were there no atonement. This might be done, because one object of punishment, the prevention of a repetition

of crime by the criminal, would be thus secured. To secure the second, and only remaining object, the prevention of sin in others, it must be punished in the sinner or in the substitute. But still the repentance of the sinner, though it might constitute a ground of forgiveness and restoration, is an impossibility. For the doctor says most justly, "The world of future punishment is neither a penitentiary nor a purgatory, and it is anything but a world of evangelical repentance."—P. 59. Repentance is impossible; because this "change of mind is produced by motives—motives divinely commissioned to the heart." These motives stand connected with the atonement considered as made. But please to observe, no allusion whatever is made to the agency or influence of the Holy Spirit. Is not this divine agency necessary to repentance? Is it not one of the benefits resulting to man from the atonement? Has it no place in Dr. Beman's system? Is man to be saved by mere motive influence, without divine agency? There is no indication to the contrary. We have too much reason for regarding this magnifying of "motive" as a radiation of New Divinity self-conversionism. And perhaps this was betrayed without design.

The Princeton Review charges Dr. Beman, point blank—how justly we shall endeavor to enable the reader to judge—with denying the justice of God, and maintains that it is "essential to his system that he should."—Vol. xvii, p. 90. It is but justice, however, to inquire in what sense this is done. Professedly inquiring "in what sense the justice of God was satisfied by the atonement," three definitions of justice are given: commutative, distributive, and general, or public, justice. The atonement did not satisfy commutative or commercial justice, this is obvious; nor distributive justice, which, he says, "respects the moral character and conduct of creatures individually considered, or punishing them severally according to their merit or demerit."—P. 130. After showing that "the law knows nothing of punishing the innocent and acquitting the guilty," he remarks,—

> "The conclusion then is, that distributive justice, or justice in its common and appropriate sense, in relation to rewards and punishments, was not satisfied by the atonement made by Christ."—P. 131.

In what sense justice *was* satisfied will now appear:—

> "In introducing this system of mercy, which involves a suspension of the penal curse, God has required a satisfaction to the principles of general or public justice—a satisfaction which will effectually secure all the good to the universe which is intended to be accomplished by

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the penalty when inflicted, and, at the same time, prevent all that practical mischief which would result from arresting the hand of punitive justice without the intervention of atonement."—P. 133.

Here, then, we have Dr. Beman's position on this point in his own words, and at such length as to preclude the possibility of misapprehension. The good of the universe is made the motive, rule, and measure of all inflictions of the penalty of the divine law; and if the introduction of the atonement interpose no bar to this result, it may be admitted. But neither the divine goodness, much less the divine justice, will be magnified by the introduction of the atonement, nor the character and perfections of God exalted and rendered eternally more glorious. All this is obviously precluded. The standard is fixed; and that standard—the greatest amount of good to the universe—would have been reached without an atonement, and with it nothing more is secured. Benevolence, not justice, is made the sole actuating principle with the Deity. If this is the truth, we must be allowed to question its being the *whole* truth: so far from it, that it would seem impossible that the sentiment should be indorsed by any one deeply studied in sound theology. This subject is placed in a light very different, and, we conceive, much more in harmony with the Scriptures, in the following quotation from a late author—an author whose work deserves to be much better known to the school of plenists, to which Dr. Beman professedly belongs, and also to the restrictionists, to whom his views as to the extent of the atonement stand opposed. The result would probably be a modification of the views of both.

"Of the strictness and severity of the punitive justice of God, the sentence of death, which we have already seen to be pronounced upon 'SIN,' and, therefore, upon all transgressions of God's law, for 'sin is the transgression of the law,' is sufficient evidence; and the actual infliction of death as to the body, is the standing proof to the world, that the threatening is not a dead letter, and that in the divine administration continual and strict regard is had to the claims and dispensations of distributive justice. On the other hand, as this distributive justice emanates from the entire holiness and moral rectitude of the divine nature, it is established, by this circumstance, that the severity does not go beyond the equity of the case; and that, to the full extent of that punishment which may be inflicted in another life, and which is, therefore, eternal, there is nothing which is contrary to the full and complete moral perfection of God, to his goodness, holiness, truth, and justice united; but that it is fully agreeable to them all,

and is, indeed, the result of the perfect existence of such attributes in the divine nature."

"According to the testimony of the whole of the evangelical writers, the justification of man is an act of the highest grace, a manifestation of the superlative and ineffable love of God, and is, at the same time, a strictly RIGHTEOUS proceeding."

"These views, scattered throughout the books of the New Testament, are summed up in the following explicit language of St. Paul, Rom. iii, 24–26: 'Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time his righteousness, that he might be *just*, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.' . . . But this public announcement, and setting forth of Christ as a propitiation, was not only for a declaration of the divine *mercy;* but pardon was offered to men in this method to declare the '*righteousness*' of God, (*εις ενδειξιν δικαιοσυνης αυτου,*) *for a demonstration of his righteousness or justice*, in the remission of past sins; 'that he might be *just*, and yet the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus'—that he might show himself to be strictly and inviolably righteous in the administration of government, even while he justifies the offender that believes in Jesus."

"Thus, then, in the doctrine of the atonement of Christ, we see how the righteousness, the essential and the rectoral justice, of God is manifested. There is no impunity to sin; and yet the impunity to the sinner, through faith in the blood of Christ, does not repeal, does not lower, but establish the law of God. These views will also enable us to attach an explicit meaning to the theological phrase, 'the satisfaction made to divine justice,' by which the nature of Christ's atonement is often expressed. This is not a phrase of holy writ; but it is not, on that account, to be disregarded, since, like many others, it has been found useful as a guard against subtil evasions of the doctrine of Scripture, and in giving explicitness, not, indeed, to the language of inspiration, but to the *sense* in which that language is interpreted."—*Watson's Institutes*, vol. ii, pp. 90, 131, 132, 136.

We are not only compelled to withhold our suffrage from the leading views and characteristic features of Dr. Beman's work on the atonement, but are obliged to hold his theory in fault in view of its glaring defects. He makes no allusion to the Godhead of Christ, which, in union with his manhood, constitutes his adorable

person, as being that which gives infinite dignity to his character, and inestimable value to his sufferings and death. This idea is too important to be overlooked in any view of the atonement which sets up the least claim to be Scriptural, and should, therefore, receive the greatest prominence. Consequently to pass it over entirely, or to recognize it only by implication, seems quite unpardonable. This union of natures, this transcendent dignity of person, gives infinite consideration to what He has done for our lost race. This is the grand keystone to the mighty arch of human redemption. Take this away, and the whole system falls a mass of ruins, burying for ever the hopes of pardon and salvation of the unrescued and despairing family of man. It stands inseparably connected with that satisfaction to divine justice, which the Scriptures uniformly set forth as having been made by our Lord Jesus Christ. This is well expressed by the writer just quoted:—

"The doctrine which connects the pardon of the guilty with the meritorious death of Christ, illustrates the attribute of divine justice, by the very act of connecting and blending it with the attribute of love, and the exercise of an effectual compassion. At the time that it guards with so much care the doctrine of non-impunity to sin, it offers impunity to the sinner; but then the medium through which offer is made, serves to heighten the impression of God's hatred to sin, and the character of his justice. The person appointed to suffer the punishment of sin, and the penalty of the law for us, was not a mere human being, not a creature of any kind, however exalted, but the Son of God; and in him divinity and humanity were united in one person, so that he was 'God manifested in the flesh,' assuming our nature, in order that he might offer it in death a sacrifice to God. His atoning act consisted in suffering 'the just for the unjust;' neither in doing just so many holy acts, as we were bound to do, nor in suffering the precise quantum of pain which we deserved to suffer, neither of which appears in the nature of things to be even possible; but doing and suffering that which by reason of the peculiar glory and dignity of his person thus coming under the bond of the law, both as to obedience and suffering, was accounted by God to be a sufficient 'demonstration of his righteousness,' in showing mercy to all who truly believe in him."—*Watson's Institutes*, vol. ii, pp. 134, 141.

We come next to consider another prominent feature in the work under consideration—the *extent* of the atonement. The question is thus stated by Dr. Beman:—

> "The point now to be settled is, whether Christ died to make an atonement for the sins of *the elect alone*, or those who will finally be saved, or whether his sacrifice is *general and ample*, opening the door of mercy to our sinful race."—P. 145.

Again,—

> "If, in one word, this atonement merely opened the door of mercy —if it prepared the way for the offer and *exercise* of pardon, then it must go upon the broad ground, and limitation is out of the question."—P. 147.

That the atonement does "open the door of mercy, and prepares the way for the offer and exercise of pardon" to every sinner of the race, we hold as an axiom of revealed truth; but that it "*merely*" does so much, and no more, we regard as contradicted by the whole analogy of faith and the concurrent testimony of Scripture. If this is true, of what are the "gift" and grace of repentance. predicable? On what is the promise of the Comforter based? Whence the strivings of the Spirit "with every man?" whence the faith which is "of the operation of God?" and how are we to be sanctified except "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanse us from all sin?" Add the resurrection of the "just and the unjust," with all other benefits of the atonement. It did secure all these blessings to all who will accept of them, as well as the "offer" of pardon, or it did not. If Dr. Beman disclaim the affirmative, then all his strong arguments in support of the universality of the atonement are thrown away. If he admit the affirmative, why say, as he does, that the "atonement *merely* opened the door of mercy," and "prepared the way for the offer and the exercise of pardon?" We cannot answer—he has not explained.

As unwelcome and as ungracious as is the thought to us, we confess our inability to resist the conviction that there are some reserved points embraced in Dr. Beman's system of theology, which, notwithstanding his labored effort to establish the general atonement, he has not seen fit to disclose—views which, if adopted and cherished, fatally go to neutralize the whole, resulting in a mere distinction without a difference. From his implied indorsement of the introductory chapter, which, it will be recollected, was written by Dr. Cox, by referring his reader to that chapter, as he does on page 161, we are authorized there to look for an expose of certain reserve doctrines collateral with, or in some way modifying, the atonement, which it was deemed inexpedient to incorporate into the body of the work. They are contained in the following passage:—

> "The two theories differ also in the order of the divine purposes. The limitarian scheme has it thus—apostasy, election, atonement for the elect alone, punish all the others, and accomplish the glorification of the elect. The true plan is—apostasy; the mission and the atonement of Christ for the whole world; the offer universal, based on the atonement alone; the universal neglect and practical contempt of it on the part of man; election interposed to influence as many millions to accept it as may consist with the practicability of the divine government in the case; their glorification accomplished; and the punishment of eternal justice executed on others—mainly for the sin and treason of rejecting Christ, and his salvation offered to them."—P. 18.

After "referring to the volume of Dr. Beman for a discussion better suited to enlighten the reader," which shows that Dr. Cox assures himself of a perfect harmony in sentiment between them, he adds,—

> "Does saving some through His blood, offered alike to all, prevent others, or any of them, from accepting it to their own salvation? If it includes effectually HIS OWN, does this obstruct the way to others—or shut the ever-open door—or hinder, or other than facilitate and attract the entrance of others? Atonement is one thing—the providential design to save definite millions by its means, is another. Christ died, indeed, for his own peculiarly; but this is not the atonement, and not its limitation. The purpose of God is inclusive of his own, rather than exclusive of others. To urge, or influence some to enter an open door, where all are invited, with equal reality and equal sincerity, to enter, is no hinderance to others."—P. 19.

Here, then, is the *key* to the theory of the atonement contained in this volume. It is true, the atonement is said to be universal; but then, if you are an advocate of *general redemption*, you will do well to pause and inquire with how many grains of allowance this theory is to be received in this one respect—for, as we have from time to time indicated, it is in other respects grossly defective, if not capitally erroneous—before you subscribe to its doctrines, or place its author among the faithful allies in defense of the great Scriptural doctrine that Christ "tasted death" equally "for every man." It is indispensable to distinguish between general atonement and general redemption. Some are wont to regard them as identical; it would seem paradoxical, and almost incredible, that a man should admit the former and deny the latter. But this is done by Dr. Beman. He regards it as a "demonstration that the atonement made by Jesus Christ, and the actual redemption of sinners, are not commensurate, or of equal extent."—P. 160. Atonement means "merely to open the door of mercy;" it is not a "perfect redemption, propitiation, and satisfaction for

all the sins of the whole world, both original and actual."—*Methodist Discipline*, art. xx. It is true, redemption is used in the sense of deliverance, and also for the payment of that judicial debt whereby the offered deliverance is secured to all who will accept it. One is, redemption by purchase; the other, redemption by power. Dr. Beman seems not to use the term in the former sense, but the latter. The advocate for general redemption employs it in both, believing that in both respects Christ "hath obtained eternal redemption for us."

But from the above quotations we are to regard Dr. Beman's general atonement theory as embracing essentially the old high Calvinistic doctrine of unconditional election of a definite number; and of irresistible grace "urging and influencing them to enter the open door;" while "the punishment of eternal justice is executed on others," who are furnished only with "common grace," and not embraced in the "covenant of redemption," "mainly for their sin and treason in rejecting Christ;" because "election interposed to influence as many millions to accept it;" that is, enter the open door, "as may consist with the practicabilities of the divine government in the case." These "practicabilities of the divine government in the case," let it be observed, are to be surmounted by the non-elect on pain of "the punishment of eternal justice"—at least so says Dr. Cox, and Dr. Beman indorses the doctrine. Here we have the genuine and justly celebrated "doctrines of grace" as fresh and legible in every incription as when they fell from the mint in Geneva. This is merely another attempt to revise and improve them, or to soften some of their more revolting features; but such is their obstinate inflexibility, that in spite of every effort to transform or modify them, they still retain their identity.

But this covenant of redemption—what is it? and whence derived? Of what it is, or whence it came, little is known except in the theological system of which it is a prominent feature, and of its precise nature the advocates of this system are not perfectly agreed. It is thus described by one celebrated theologian:—"God *the Father entered into a covenant with Christ, in which he promised him, on condition that he should become a propitiation and intercessor for sinners, as a reward of his labors and suffering, the future possession of a church, which, under his government, should be glorious and happy for ever.*"—*Dwight's Theology*, vol. ii, p. 67. As to this covenant of redemption, it has not been agreed whether it is to be considered as distinct from, or identical with, the covenant of grace. Both sides in the

controversy have had their able champions. Dr. Ridgely, wearied with the fruitless contest, endeavors to harmonize the conflicting views of the contending parties, which he thinks may easily be done without material concession on either side. And the identity of the two covenants is the view set forth in the Assembly's Confession of Faith, answer to question thirty-one of the Larger Catechism: "The covenant of grace was made with Christ as the second *Adam*, and in him with all the elect as his seed." Consequently, all who are not of the elect, all, in the language of Dr. Cox, who are not "HIS OWN," are not included either in the covenant of redemption or the covenant of grace. Wretched condition, truly! But there is a ray of hope; for Dr. Beman assures us "that Christ did so die for *all* men, as to remove every *legal* obstruction to their salvation."—P. 163. Here his theory leaves the sinner. But this is not, thank God, where the *gospel* leaves him! Once more: Dr. Gill thinks the covenant of redemption more probably did not exclude the third person in the Trinity, inasmuch as the Spirit is promised, and sent to dwell in the hearts of believers. And who that is disposed to credit this theological fancy at all, would not think the doctor's opinion the more probable? For ourselves we must say, that while we regard the *covenant of grace*, properly understood, as an all-important Scriptural truth, we cannot but view the "covenant of redemption," so called, as a mere theological chimera, altogether unsupported by positive evidence, being bolstered up by the constructive application of a few texts, and entirely useless, except in that circle of theology in which it constitutes a sort of segment in order to complete the system. It is sometimes found there, and sometimes lost in the covenant of grace.

The Princeton Review, placed at the head of this article, is the unflinching advocate of Calvinism as it *was*. It thus sums up the argument in a long, labored, and spirited article, in opposition to Dr. Beman's theory:—

> "Dr. Beman's theory, therefore, which denies that the death of Christ had a special reference to his own people, is inconsistent with the plainly revealed facts:—1. That he died in execution of a covenant in which his people were promised to him as his reward, to secure which reward is declared to be his specific and immediate design in laying down his life. 2. That the motive which led to the gift of the Son, and of the Son in dying, was not general benevolence, but the highest conceivable love—love for his sheep and for his friends. 3. That the design of his death was not simply to remove obstacles out of the way of mercy, but actually to secure the salvation of those given to him by the Father; and that it does, in fact, secure for them

the gift of the Holy Ghost, and, consequently, justification and eternal life. In other words, God having, out of his mere good pleasure, elected some to everlasting life, did enter into a covenant of grace, to deliver them out of the estate of sin and misery, and to bring them into an estate of salvation, by a Redeemer. The only Redeemer of God's elect is the Lord Jesus Christ, who, being the eternal Son of God, became man, was made under the law, satisfied by his obedience and death all its demands, and thus fulfilled the conditions of that covenant on which the salvation of his people was suspended, and thereby acquired a right to them as his stipulated reward. Such was the specific design and certain effect of his death. This is the plain doctrine of our standards, and, as we fully believe, of the word of God."—P. 135.

We leave the above without comment. Indeed, if it need any, the reader can make his own. We insert the following for the same reason as the above:—

"Dr. Cox is pleased to call us 'restrictionists.' A most inappropriate designation. There is more saving truth in the parings of our doctrine than in his whole theory. Our doctrine contains all the modicum of truth there is in his, and it contains unspeakably more. His own theory is the most restricted, jejune, meagre, and lifeless, that has ever been propounded. It provides for but one fact; it teaches a possible salvation, while it leaves out the very soul of the doctrine. It vitiates the essential nature of the atonement, makes it a mere governmental display, a symbolical method of instruction, in order to do what was better without any such corruption. While we teach that Christ, by really obeying the law, and really bearing its penalty, in the place of his people, and according to the stipulations of the covenant of grace, secured the salvation of all whom the Father had given him; and, at the same time, throws open the door of mercy to all who choose to enter it."—P. 137.

Here we must leave the Princeton Review to compare theories, and the amendments introduced by different "schools," with Doctors Beman and Cox, and to determine their respective merits the best way they can. We have shown the reader, we imagine quite to his satisfaction, the estimation in which they hold each other's theories, and what the leading features of those theories are. We have also given him a clew to a writer whose views on the atonement are more sound, because they are more Scriptural. But as the reviewer has been so condescending as to pay the "itinerant Methodist preachers" such an unmerited compliment; and since he is so obliging as to go entirely out of his way to do it, which demonstrates that it rose spontaneously, the native offspring of the abiding sentiment which he habitually cherishes toward them, as a matter of sheer justice, waiving the dictates of gratitude, in

acknowledgment we must lay it before the reader. Well, here it is:—

> "Dr. Beman writes, on this whole subject, [the extent of the atonement,] very much as a man might be expected to write against Calvinism, who got his views of that system from the furious harangues of itinerant Methodist preachers. He quotes no authorities, establishes no assertions, but coolly goes on attributing just what opinions come into his head to those against whom he writes."—P. 124.

How fraternal, respectful, and chaste! For these "itinerant Methodist preachers," every soul of them, are the most obstinate Arminians the world has ever seen since the Synod of Dort; and they are the last men to give quarters to Calvinism, or to be betrayed into friendship with that system, let it appear in whatever mask its friends may please to throw around it.

In conclusion: we drew up the foregoing paper with a view, humble as may be the effort, to guard the vital doctrine of the atonement. "If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?" We cannot recommend Dr. Beman's book. We regard it of dangerous tendency. It is calculated to bewilder and mislead on a subject which, before all others, should be well understood by every one who hopes for salvation through a Mediator. To be well understood, the atonement must be scripturally understood; to be thus understood, it must be so presented. We cannot say this has been done by Dr. Beman. His book is calculated to mislead, because, to say the least, he was misled himself. Such a writer cannot be safe. But there are some who are safe, and their works may be read to great advantage: but their works are too often limited nearly to their own denomination. Perhaps the author of the Theological Institutes may be an example in both respects. He certainly deserves to be better known. Take an instance:—Some three years since we conversed with the late Rev. Dr. Channing, of Boston, a few months previous to his death, on the atonement. Being a Unitarian, it was not in his creed. He viewed Christ's death as that of a martyr. He had never seen Watson's Institutes! This we had from his own lips. May not this be the case, even now, with too many doctors of divinity?—men who have reached an eminence in their own respective communions, from which they may exert an influence almost resistless in its force, as well as unmeasured in its extent. But the fact admits of no denial, that *truth* in theology is a priceless gem wherever found. And when the fervors of the truly catholic spirit shall be kindled to that degree of intensity which glowed in the conference of the Evangelical Alliance, and which

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we pray may extend to all evangelical churches, it will utterly melt away every bar of prejudice which has too long separated one communion from another; and theological truth will be sought for its own sake, without respect to the denominational channel in which it may chance to flow.

ART. V.—1. *Recherches sur les Mouvements d'Uranus.* Par M. U. J. LE VERRIER. Séance de l'Académie des Sciences du 1er. Juin, 1846. Comptes Rendus, tome xxii, No. 22.

2. *Sur la Planète qui Produit les Anomalies Observées dans le Mouvement d'Uranus. Détermination de sa Masse, de son Orbite, et de sa Position Actuelle.* Par M. U. J. LE VERRIER. Séance de l'Académie des Sciences du 31 Août, 1846. Comptes Rendus, tome xxiii, No. 9.

3. *Examen des Remarques Critiques, et des Questions de Priorité que la Découverte de M. Le Verrier a Soulevées.* Par M. ARAGO. Séance de l'Académie des Sciences du 19 Octobre, 1846. Comptes Rendus, tome xxiii, No. 16.

4. *Account of some Circumstances historically connected with the Discovery of the Planet exterior to Uranus.* By G. B. AIRY, Esq., Astronomer Royal. London, Edinburgh, and Dublin Philosophical Magazine, and Journal of Science. Dec., 1846

LE VERRIER's idea of sitting down in his study to discover a new planet by *ciphering*, instead of resorting to the vulgar method of looking after the suspected stranger with a telescope, was bold and original. We believe his investigation to be the first recorded and published attempt to demonstrate the existence and whereabout of a member of the solar family, without the aid of hypothesis of any kind, by a rigorous application of the law of universal gravitation. The successful result of his labors, attained with arduous toil in the most abstruse regions of analysis, has already been announced to the world; and while it has struck the unlearned with a species of vague astonishment, it has been hailed by those who could better comprehend the magnitude, and appreciate the difficulties, of the undertaking, with an admiration which borders upon enthusiasm. As a triumph of mathematical skill, his work surpasses all former achievements in theoretical astronomy, and inscribes the name of Le Verrier in living characters on the furthest boundary of our system. What future revelations a long series of observations upon the motion of the new planet may make, it

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would now be presumption to predict; but it is not difficult to conjecture that many years must elapse before the limits of the sun's dominion can be extended further into space.

We have said that Le Verrier's method of research was original. A short sketch of the history of the discovery of the telescopic planets will establish the truth of this allegation.

In 1781 Sir William Herschel was engaged in a series of observations for the purpose of determining the parallax of the fixed stars. On the 13th of March of that year he observed a star with a sensible disc, which was magnified under the higher powers of his telescope. The body, therefore, could not be a fixed star. He suspected it to be a comet; and, after watching its course till the 19th of the following month, he reported it as such to the Royal Society. Subsequent observations of the continental astronomers proved the supposed comet to be a planet, which revolved around the sun in the regions of space far beyond the orbit of Saturn. These facts prove the justice of Arago's remark, that the discovery of Uranus was neither the consequence of a preconceived idea, nor of a systematic combination of observations.

John Kepler had observed a void space (hiatus) between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, and imagined that the harmony of the solar system required that this space should be occupied by a planet. It had been suggested as early as 1772 that if the distance of Mercury from the sun be represented by 4, the distance of Venus will be 3+4; of the Earth, 6+4; of Mars, 12+4; of Kepler's hypothetical planet, 24+4; of Jupiter, 48+4; of Saturn, 96+4. This series constitutes what is usually called Bode's law. The discovery of Uranus, at a distance corresponding to 192+4, the next term of the series, seemed to give the law so strong confirmation, that astronomers were encouraged to hope that the missing planet between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter might be discovered. Schroeter formed an association of twenty-four German astronomers to make a systematic search for the planet, but their search was fruitless. De Zach even computed, on the basis of Bode's law, what should be the elements of the orbit of the supposed planet; but his calculations did not determine its place in the heavens. His researches, though worthy of a place in the history of astronomy, were founded entirely on the analogies of the solar system, and, on this account, cannot be placed in comparison with the rigorous demonstration of Le Verrier, of which the basis was an established and universally admitted truth.

After all these conjectures, computations, and researches, the discovery of Ceres was the result of accident. Piazzi, the astro-

nomer royal at Palermo, being engaged in a review of the heavens for the purpose of forming a new catalogue of the fixed stars, perceived a small body, which a few days afterward appeared to have changed its position. This discovery was made on the 1st of January, 1801. Piazzi believed the body to be a comet, and sent an account of his observations to Bode. An inspection of these observations convinced Bode that the body was a planet, and his conjecture was verified soon after by Piazzi himself. It is remarkable, that the mean distance and periodic time of Ceres corresponded very nearly with the same elements of the hypothetical planet, as calculated by De Zach.

Ceres filled up the gap which Kepler had noticed in the planetary spaces, and supplied the term wanting in Bode's law. The harmony of the system was complete, Bode's law was satisfied, and there was no reason to anticipate the discovery of another planet. But science breaks through the trammels of hypothesis, and the generalization of to-day falls before the fact of to-morrow. On the 28th of March, 1802, Olbers, of Bremen, while examining the constellation Virgo, observed a movable star of the seventh magnitude, which was soon afterward proved by Gauss to be a planet, and was named Pallas.

The advent of the goddess of wisdom to claim a place among the planets was as unexpected as when, according to the fable, she sprang forth armed and full grown from the brain of Jupiter. If Ceres had been wanting to make perfect the heavenly harmonies, Pallas was now leered at as an interloper, who was sure to introduce discord into the celestial chorus. A lucky suggestion of Olbers saved the music of the spheres. He remarked, that though the orbit of Pallas had a much greater inclination and eccentricity than that of Ceres, the mean distances of the two planets from the sun were very nearly equal. He observed also that their orbits appeared to intersect each other in two points, one of which was in Virgo and the other in Cetus. He was thus led to make the fortunate conjecture that Ceres and Pallas were fragments of a larger planet, which had been broken in pieces by some external shock or internal explosion. He also suggested that other fragments of the shattered planet probably existed, which, in process of time, would likewise pass through the nodes of the orbits of Ceres and Pallas.

This singular but ingenious hypothesis was destined soon to receive an unexpected confirmation. While Harding of Lilienthal was exploring the firmament for the purpose of constructing some celestial charts, he discovered, Sept. 2d, 1804, another planet near

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one of the nodes of the orbits of Ceres and Pallas. Though the discovery of Juno was accidental, it encouraged Olbers to hope that, by watching the region of these nodes, other fragments of the ancient planet might be discovered. Accordingly, he undertook to review the stars in Virgo and Cetus several times each year, particularly at their oppositions, when the planetary fragments, if any existed, would be nearest to the earth, and, consequently, most likely to be detected. After three years of persevering labor, his efforts were rewarded by the discovery of Vesta.

This was the first instance in the history of astronomy, of the discovery of a suspected planet by a systematic series of observations. But, as Arago justly remarks, the supposition of Olbers, that *if a planet existed*, it would pass, at some time or other, through a given constellation of the zodiac, bore neither resemblance nor analogy to the demonstration of Le Verrier, that a planet *necessarily existed* beyond Uranus, in a determinate direction, at a determinate distance, and with a determinate mass.

This interesting group of planets received no further accession to its numbers till the 8th of Dec., 1845. On that day, Hencke of Driessen, while studying the constellation Taurus, discovered a star of the ninth magnitude in a place where none had been seen before. Six days afterward it was again observed by Encke of Berlin, who established its planetary character, and named it Astræa.

It thus appears that of the six planets whose existence was detected from 1781 to 1845, five were discovered by fortunate accidents, and one by following the suggestions of a fanciful but specious hypothesis. It was reserved for Le Verrier, in 1846, to introduce a new era in physical astronomy by applying the powers of the higher mathematics to enlarge the boundaries of the solar system.

We next propose to give an account of this wonderful discovery, and have collected for this purpose the principal facts in relation to it from the scientific papers cited above. We shall endeavor to present these facts in a less abstruse and technical garb than they wear in the original documents.

The illustrious astronomer, John Kepler, discovered that the planets revolve in ellipses, having the sun in one of their foci; and that the areas described by the radius vectors are proportional to the times. If the sun were attended by only one planet, these laws of Kepler would be rigorously true; but it is a necessary consequence of Newton's law of universal attraction, that if two or more planets revolve around the sun, they will attract each other

in the direct ratio of their masses, and in the inverse ratio of the squares of their distances. These mutual attractions among the planets cause them to deviate very sensibly from their elliptic orbits, and produce irregularities in their motion, which are called *perturbations*. It is possible to ascertain the effect of the disturbing force of a given planet upon each of the others in the system, and the sum of the perturbations produced by all the planets in the motions of any *one*, will give the amount of the deviations of that *one* from its elliptic orbit. These corrections will give the planet's theoretical orbit; and when, after a series of years, the observed place of the body is constantly found to agree with its calculated, or theoretic place, the motions of the planet are known, and its orbit *represents* the observations.

After La Place had developed analytically the perturbations produced upon Uranus by Jupiter and Saturn, it was hoped that exact tables of the motion of Uranus could be constructed. This work was undertaken by Bouvard; but he met with unexpected difficulties.

Between the years 1690 and 1771, Uranus had been observed, as a fixed star of the sixth magnitude, by Flamstead, Bradley, Mayer, and Lemonnier, no less than seventeen times. Regular meridian observations of Uranus had been made for nearly forty years from the date of its discovery by Herschel, when, in 1820, Bouvard commenced the construction of his tables. But Bouvard found it impossible to represent, at the same time, the ancient and the modern observations. He therefore rejected those made prior to 1781, and calculated his tables on the basis of those made since that date, which he presumed were entitled to greater confidence. He proposed to leave it for future times to determine whether the difficulty of reconciling the two series of observations was caused by the inaccuracies of the ancient series, or resulted from some foreign and undiscovered action which might affect the planet.

But in 1845, Bouvard's tables, which failed to represent the old observations, were equally in error in respect to the actual place of Uranus. Thus Uranus alone, of all the planets, refused to be restrained by the curb and rein of theory. The obstinate old deity seemed inclined to have his own way, and move along any path he pleased, in provoking disregard of the metes and bounds which the presumptuous children of this puny grand-daughter of his had prescribed for him. What was to be done? The wayward progenitor of the gods must not be allowed to set bad examples to his descendants, and introduce disorder into a household where everything had gone on, hitherto, as regularly as clock-work.

M. Le Verrier proposed to determine, by exact calculations, whether these anomalies in the motion of Uranus were due to some inaccuracy in the theory of that planet, or to errors in the comparison of theory with observation, or to the influence of some unknown body. In a memoir dated Nov. 10th, 1845, he proved that numerous and important terms had been neglected by his predecessors in calculating the perturbations of Uranus produced by Jupiter and Saturn, and that these omissions made it absolutely impossible to represent the motion of the planet. After correcting the tables by combining the neglected perturbations, he found that their deviation from the true place of Uranus was still very considerable. Had the tables been reliable, this deviation would have indicated the action of some foreign body; but an examination of the method according to which these tables had been constructed, revealed many sources of error, and forbade all confidence in any conclusions which might result from their use. He was, therefore, compelled to reconstruct entirely the theory of Uranus, and to repeat, on a new basis, the comparison of the theory with the observations. For this purpose he reduced anew all the ancient observations of Uranus, and two hundred and sixty-two of those made since 1781 at the observatories of Paris and Greenwich. He then assumed as a starting point the elliptic elements of Uranus, already approximately known, calculated the places of the planet at the times the observations were made, and corrected these places by combining the perturbations which he had previously developed. The differences between the observed and calculated places, found by subtracting one set of these co-ordinates from the other, can proceed from but two sources. Either the assumed elements of Uranus are inaccurate, or the planet is affected by the action of an unknown force. To ascertain whether the differences were due to errors in the elliptic elements, he took four exact longitudes of Uranus, in the determination of each of which numerous observations agreed with each other, and calculated the elements of the ellipse in such a manner that they would satisfy rigorously those four longitudes. The error in theory, given by these new elements, amounted in 1838 to one hundred and twenty-five seconds of a degree. To determine whether this error could be accounted for by the possible errors in the longitudes which had served as the basis of the elliptic elements, he calculated the effect of those errors on the supposition that they were the greatest which observation admits, and were all made in one direction. Even on this improbable supposition, he found it impossible to account for more than thirty seconds of the error in the theoretic place of

Uranus in 1838. The conclusion was therefore inevitable, that *the remaining error of ninety-five seconds must be attributed to some foreign and unknown force acting upon Uranus.*

This conclusion, though only preliminary to his principal object, is one of the highest importance. He can now proceed with confidence in the more arduous career which opens before him, because, having verified every step, and taken nothing as granted except the law of gravitation, he is now *certain* that the attraction of the known planets will not account for the strange anomalies in the motion of Uranus.

What then is the nature of this disturbing force, whose existence he has thus demonstrated? May it be the *resisting ether*, which, as many have imagined, pervades the interstellar spaces? This hypothesis is inadmissible, because we find scarcely a trace of the effect of such a medium in the motion of bodies of the most inconsiderable density. If the resistance of the supposed ether be so slight that its influence on a comet, which is but a wisp of vapor, is not sufficient to place its existence beyond doubt, its effect upon the enormous mass of Uranus would be absolutely imperceptible.

It had been suggested that, at the great distance of Uranus, the law of gravitation might not hold rigorously true. M. Le Verrier justly remarks that such a supposition must be the last resource of astronomers, and cannot be resorted to till after having exhausted the investigation of other causes, and proved them incapable of producing the observed effects.

It had been also conjectured that the motion of Uranus was disturbed by a large satellite, accompanying the planet in its orbit around the sun. But the inequalities produced by such a body would run through all their values in a short period; while the actual inequalities of Uranus develop themselves very slowly, and in great length of time. Besides, a satellite sufficiently large to produce these perturbations, could not have escaped the notice of observers.

May not a comet have fallen, at some time, upon Uranus and suddenly changed the direction and velocity of its motion? Such a catastrophe would not explain the phenomena. The deviations of Uranus from its calculated orbit are not such as would result from a violent collision, but from a force constantly in action. If the collision of a comet were assumed to account for the discrepancies of the ancient and intermediate series of observations, another collision would have to be assumed to explain the discrepancies of the intermediate and modern series. We are, therefore, forced to the conclusion, all other hypotheses being set aside,

that the disturbing force, already proved to exist, can be nothing else than a planet.

Where, then, is this undiscovered planet? Its orbit cannot be nearer the sun than the orbit of Saturn, for in that case its attraction would disturb Saturn more than Uranus; and observation proves that its action produces no sensible effect upon the motion of that planet. Again, it cannot be situated between the orbits of Saturn and Uranus; for then it would have to be much nearer to Uranus than to Saturn, or its action upon the latter would be sensible. But if it were very near Uranus, its mass must necessarily be inconsiderable, or the perturbations of Uranus would be greater than they are. And if it were near to Uranus, and its mass small, it could exert no sensible influence upon that planet except while passing its immediate neighborhood. Now the difference in the periodic revolutions of the two planets thus situated, would be so small that they could not posssibly have been in each other's vicinity more than once since the earliest observations of Uranus. This consequence being inconsistent with the results of observation, the new planet must be situated beyond Uranus.

The same reasons which forbid locating the planet a short distance *within* the orbit of Uranus, also forbid the hypothesis that it may be a short distance *beyond*. Neither can it be at a distance beyond Uranus which is relatively *very great*; as, for example, three times the distance of that planet from the sun. In that case its mass would have to be enormous, or it could not produce the observed anomalies in the motion of Uranus; and the difference between the distances of the planet from Uranus and Saturn would be relatively so small, that it could not produce the observed inequalities of Uranus, without causing sensible perturbations of Saturn. But no traces of such perturbations have been detected.

The analogies of the solar system, as expressed in Bode's empirical law, would make it probable that the new planet is situated at nearly twice the distance of Uranus from the sun.

Finally, the inclination of the planet's orbit to the plane of the ecliptic must be very small; for it produces no sensible irregularities in the latitude of Uranus. The same inference can be made from analogy; for the orbits of Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus have small inclinations. The new planet must therefore be in the ecliptic, or near it.

By this beautiful train of sagacious reasoning, Le Verrier is led to propose for solution the following questions: "*Is it possible that the inequalities of Uranus may be due to the action of a planet, situated in the ecliptic, at a mean distance twice that of Uranus?*

And if so, where is the actual place of that planet? What is its mass? What are the elements of its orbit? The problem being proposed in these terms, I resolve it rigorously."

It would not accord with the design of the present article to enter into the details of the solution of this problem. Such an exposition as would satisfy a mathematician, would render it necessary to introduce many expressions for which a majority of our readers would not thank us. We will only remark, that the usual problem of the perturbations is, to determine the inequalities produced by the attraction of a given planet in the motion of another. Le Verrier reversed this problem, and from the observed perturbations of Uranus proceeded to calculate the direction, distance, and mass of the unknown disturbing body. But a difficulty met him at the threshold. The exact amount of the perturbations, due to the action of the unknown body, cannot be determined from the observations, unless the precise values of the elements of the orbit of Uranus are known; and these elements cannot be rigorously ascertained, unless the amount of the perturbations be known. The investigation of the elements of the orbit of Uranus, and of the disturbing body, cannot be separated into two parts. Le Verrier was, therefore, obliged to form expressions for these perturbations in functions of the unknown mass, and of the unknown elements of the orbit of the disturbing body,—a method which rendered the problem exceedingly complicated and difficult. He, however, surmounted all obstacles, and obtained an approximate expression for the longitude of the planet. The determination of the mass, and of the other elements of the orbit, was reserved for his paper of August 31st, in which he also proposed to determine the planet's place more accurately, by introducing into the solution all the observations of Uranus. His first approximation proved to him that the problem was not susceptible of two solutions; by which he means that there is but one region of the heavens in which the planet can be situated and satisfy the equations. By a discussion of his equation for the longitude of the planet, he shows that by assigning it the value of three hundred and twenty-five degrees, on the 1st of January, 1847, an error of ten degrees cannot be committed.

Le Verrier finishes his memoir of June 1st by making a summary of his researches in language which admits of no compression, and which we translate literally:—

"To obtain all the assistance I needed, I have been obliged to calculate anew the perturbations which Jupiter produces upon Uranus; to determine those which are produced by Saturn, pushing the approx-

imations to the squares and to the products of the masses,—an operation which has introduced important changes into the received theories;—to reduce nearly three hundred meridian observations of Uranus; to calculate the corresponding heliocentric places of that planet, on the supposition that it obeys only the united action of the sun, Jupiter, and Saturn; to deduce its geocentric co-ordinates by means of tables of the sun, and to prove the absolute incompatibility between the places thus calculated and the observed places.

"The existence of a planet, hitherto unknown, being thus placed beyond doubt, I have reversed the problem which has been heretofore proposed in calculating the perturbations. Instead of having to measure the action of a determinate planet, I have been obliged to start with the inequalities recognized in Uranus, to deduce from them the elements of the orbit of the disturbing planet, to give the position of that planet in the heavens, and to show that its action explained perfectly the apparent inequalities of Uranus."—*Comptes Rendus*, tome xxii, p. 918.

Noble task, and nobly accomplished! Well might the illustrious Encke exclaim, "In the discovery of planets there is nothing more splendid than the work of Le Verrier!"

Had the confidence of astronomical observers in Le Verrier's results been equal to his own, the immediate discovery of the planet would have rendered his subsequent researches unnecessary. The telescopes of all the observatories of Europe would have been instantly turned to the vicinity of the planet's computed place, and it could not long have escaped their scrutiny. But observers either did not appreciate the full force of Le Verrier's reasonings, or they presumed that the light reflected by the planet, at so vast a distance from the sun, would be imperceptible. The mathematician was, therefore, permitted to proceed undisturbed with his sublime calculations three months longer. On the 31st of August he presented to the academy his memoir "*On the planet which produces the anomalies observed in the motion of Uranus, determination of its mass, of its orbit, and of its actual position.*" With the calm confidence of a man who steps firmly on solid ground, who knows where he is and what he is doing, he pronounces no word which can imply the slightest doubt or hesitation. He does not *suspect*, nor *suppose*, nor *presume*, nor *assume* the existence of the planet, for he has proved it; and whatever others may think of his conclusions, with him they are matters of positive knowledge.

In this memoir he proposes to fix more accurately the place of his planet, and to determine its mass and the period of its revolution. To abridge the labor of his first solution he had used but a small number of the observations of Uranus. He now resolves to

give the utmost possible precision to his results by employing all the ancient observations, and two hundred and sixty-two of the modern, made in the oppositions and quadratures at the observatories of Paris and Greenwich. He arranges these observations in convenient groups, so as to form thirty-three equations containing nine unknown quantities. Then, by a laborious series of eliminations and reductions, he determines the elements of his planet's orbit. He makes the mean distance (we omit the fractions) thirty-six times that of the earth; period of the siderial revolution two hundred and seventeen years; eccentricity of the orbit $\frac{1}{10}$; longitude of the perihelion 284° 45′; mean longitude for January 1st, 1847, 318° 47′; mass, $\frac{1}{9300}$ of the mass of the sun; true heliocentric longitude for January 1st, 1847, 326° 32′; distance from the sun at the same epoch thirty-three times that of the earth. It will be perceived that the true longitude obtained by this solution differs only about a degree and a half from that given in his former paper.

After remarking that the planet was in opposition on the 19th of August, and is therefore in a favorable position to be discovered, he mentions some physical considerations which induce him to believe that it may be seen with good telescopes under an angle of about three seconds, and that it may be distinguished from the fixed stars by a disc of sensible diameter. He next defines the limits within which the elements of the orbit may vary, without ceasing to represent, with tolerable accuracy, the observations. The semi major axis, or mean distance of the planet from the sun, cannot be more than thirty-eight nor less than thirty-five times that of the earth. The period of its revolution cannot be more than two hundred and thirty-three nor less than two hundred and seven years. The true heliocentric longitude cannot be less than 321°, and very improbably more than 335°. The mass cannot be less than $\frac{1}{14500}$, nor more than $\frac{1}{4700}$, of the mass of the sun. The mass of Uranus being $\frac{1}{17918}$, and that of Saturn $\frac{1}{3500}$, it is obvious that the quantity of matter in the new planet must be greater than that of Uranus, and less than that of Saturn.

On the 18th of Sept., Le Verrier wrote to Galle, of Berlin, requesting him to make search for the new planet. Galle complied with the request, and discovered the planet at midnight on the 23d of Sept., the very day he received Le Verrier's letter. The observed place of the planet was only fifty-four minutes of a degree from the calculated place! So close an approximation to the truth, in the solution of a problem so complicated, and involving such minuteness of detail, is an unprecedented example of the wonderful

power of mathematics as an instrument of physical research, and a brilliant proof of the skill of him who employed it.

This unexampled discovery could not but produce an extraordinary sensation among scientific men everywhere; and, as if the honor of having made it were too great for one man, or one country to appropriate, a number of claims to the whole, or a share, of that honor, were immediately put forth. These claims have given rise to several questions which M. Arago discusses in his paper of October 19. He first proves historically that Le Verrier's planet is the only one whose existence and position have been established by theory alone. Bode's law could not have indicated its existence, as some have imagined, for no one supposes that the number of terms of that series is infinite. If the law implied a planet at a distance corresponding to 388, the ninth term of the series, it would become necessary to suppose another at the distance of 772, another at 1540, and so on without end. But this is impossible; for, at such a rate of progression, a planet would soon be reached which would obey the attraction of some other sun, and could not revolve around ours. The solar system, then, must have a limit. The only use which was made of Bode's law by Le Verrier was strictly a logical one,—that *if* a planet existed beyond Uranus, its distance might be assumed, in a first approximation, to be nearly twice that of Uranus. Some distance must be assumed in the first instance, or the solution would have been impossible; and after proving, as he did, by physical reasonings, that the planet could not be *very near to*, nor *very remote from*, Uranus, the assumption which he made was highly probable. But Bode's law is not rigorously exact; and is not supported by any considerations of a physical nature. Le Verrier, therefore, very properly reserved to himself the right to deviate from it, and his results show a distance considerably less than the law would indicate.

But might not the planet have been seen before, and its place recorded by others? And may not Le Verrier have been assisted by these observations? Cacciatore, successor of Piazzi at Palermo, announced in Sept., 1835, that he had followed a small planet for three nights and afterward lost it. Was not this planet, which Cacciatore suspected to be beyond Uranus, identical with that of Le Verrier? M. Arago entirely sets aside the claim of Cacciatore, by remarking, that if the body seen by him were a planet exterior to Uranus, its present position in the heavens would be diametrically opposite to that of Le Verrier's planet.

Again, Wartman, of Geneva, announced in 1836, that he had made, during the autumn of 1831, four observations of a movable

star. May not this have been identical with Le Verrier's planet? Arago puts no confidence in these observations, because their publication was withheld till it was impossible for other astronomers to verify them. It is unaccountable, that an astronomer should have kept secret so important a fact for five years; and still more so, that he should have taken no pains to follow the body. In 1837 Wartman carefully examined the region of the heavens in which the star, on the supposition of its being a planet, ought then to be situated; but was unable to find it. This, to say the least, makes its planetary character very questionable. But to prove conclusively that Wartman's star could not have been Le Verrier's planet, Arago calculates the place of the latter for 1831, and shows that its distance from Wartman's star, at that time, was no less than 17° 45′ of right ascension, and 3° 15′ of declination. Le Verrier's planet requires ten or twelve years to move through 18° of right ascension; and it is impossible that the errors in the elements of its orbit should be so enormous, that the difference between its observed and calculated place should equal, in sixteen years, its entire theoretic motion in ten years.

The claim of Mr. J. C. Adams, a young mathematician of Cambridge, which has been brought forward under the auspices of Professor Challis and G. B. Airy, will require a more specific consideration. That two individuals, in different countries, should be engaged in a series of spontaneous and independent researches on the same subject at the same time, is by no means a new event in the history of science. Discoveries, unexpected and unpredicted, have indeed been sometimes made; but more frequently they are consequences of the general progress of science. They are not gems in the highway, which thousands have trampled under foot and heeded not; but ripe fruits on the tree of knowledge, which men look at and long for, and toward which several are, perhaps, climbing at once with strained sinews and panting breath. These fruits will be gathered by him who has the strength, courage, and agility, first to grasp them; but they cannot long remain unappropriated.

The discovery of the new planet was one of this kind. Alexis Bouvard had thrown out a hint as to its possible existence in 1821. In 1834 Hussey made the same suggestion in more decided language; and, after attempting to assign its place by calculation, admitted that the problem was beyond his power, and abandoned it in despair. In 1837 Eugene Bouvard reproduced the conjecture of his uncle, and undertook a series of researches upon the theory of Uranus, with a view to verify his opinion. In 1842 Bessel

remarked to Sir John Herschel that the errors in the theory of Uranus were systematic, and such as might be produced by an exterior planet. He also proposed to make some researches on the subject, as soon as he had finished certain labors with which he was then occupied. In 1843, J. C. Adams, then an undergraduate at Cambridge, resolved to attempt, by calculation, to account for the anomalies in the motion of Uranus, on the hypothesis of a more remote planet. He took this work seriously in hand in 1844, one year before Le Verrier commenced his researches. The race for the glorious prize was run by these two men.

Thus we perceive that the shadow of this coming truth had been seen from afar; but dimly, darkly, and by few. After awhile it became more distinct and luminous, and the eyes of many were eagerly fixed upon it. Who shall be the first to discern the substance? He is the strong man, whose vision is untiring and whose gaze is steadfast; for he alone will seize upon the precise moment when the distinctness of the shadow shall reveal the hidden reality. He is the courageous man, who shall first set forth this reality in the light of day; for he must overcome the apathy of the indifferent, and defy the sneer of the incredulous. He is the fortunate man, whose voice shall first arrest the world's attention, and whose revelation shall be received and verified; for he shall enjoy the reward of his labors. That Mr. Adams was strong, for a man of his years, we have no disposition to deny; but the history of his efforts proves that he was neither courageous nor fortunate. The golden fruit was within his reach, but his hand trembled as he stretched it forth; he hesitated, and another plucked it.

The royal astronomer at Greenwich, Mr. Airy, informs us that in February, 1844, Mr. Adams applied to him, through his patron, Prof. Challis, for certain errors in the geocentric longitudes of Uranus, which he wished to use in his calculations. These were granted. In Sept., 1845, Prof. Challis writes to Mr. Airy, informing him that Mr. Adams' calculations are completed, and that he wishes to communicate his results to him personally. Mr. Airy was then in France, and the desired interview was not had. In Oct., 1845, Mr. Adams called again to see the royal astronomer, and not finding him at home, left a note, from which the following is an extract:—

> "According to my calculations, the observed irregularities in the motion of Uranus may be accounted for by supposing the existence of an exterior planet, the mass and orbit of which are as follows:—

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Mean distance (assumed nearly in accordance with Bode's law)	38, 4
Mean siderial motion in 365, 25 days	1° 30′ 9″
Mean longitude, 1st Oct., 1845	323° 34′
Longitude of perihelion	315° 55′
Eccentricity	0, 1610
Mass (that of the sun being unity)	0, 0001656

For the modern observations I have used the method of normal places, taking the mean of the tabular errors, as given by observations near three consecutive oppositions, to correspond with the mean times."

Mr. Adams appends to his note some tables showing that his theory represents the modern observations with great accuracy; the error never amounting to more than 2¼ seconds. The errors are larger in comparing the theory with the ancient observations, but do not, except in a single instance, amount to 12″. The reader will perceive that, though Mr. Adams' elements of the orbit of the new planet differ considerably from Le Verrier's results, the approximation for the mean longitude is remarkably close.

Mr. Airy, in reply to this note, wished to know whether the assumed perturbation would explain the error in the radius vector of Uranus. He proposed the trial to explain this error by the same theory which explained the error of the longitude, as an *experimentum crucis*. He informs us that if Mr. Adams had answered him in the affirmative, he should have exerted all his influence to procure the publication of the theory. Unfortunately for Mr. Adams, the difficulty proposed by Mr. Airy, and which Le Verrier afterward showed to be imaginary, instead of being one of Bacon's *guide-posts* to point out the way of truth, was a veritable *cross* on which his hopes suffered martyrdom. Mr. Adams could not explain the error of the radius vector, and did not know that there was no such error to be explained.

Le Verrier's memoir of June 1st, 1846, assigning the place of the planet within one degree of the place calculated by Adams, did not entirely remove the doubts of Mr. Airy. Accordingly, June 26th, he writes to Le Verrier, suggesting the same inquiry which had puzzled Adams. He says that, by the Greenwich observations, the tabular radius vector of Uranus is considerably too small; and he wishes to know whether this would be a consequence of the disturbance produced by an exterior planet, in the position indicated by Le Verrier. He thinks that it would not be so, because the principal term of the inequality would probably be analogous to the moon's *variation*.

Le Verrier immediately replies, that the errors in the radius vector of Uranus, referred to by Mr. Airy, are due to errors in the tables at present in use, and have no existence in the orbit of Uranus as he has determined it. He says that Mr. Airy is right in supposing that such an error could not be due to the disturbing force of an exterior planet. The orbit of Uranus had been calculated by Bouvard upon positions of the planet which were not its elliptic places, because no allowance had been made for the disturbing action of the unknown planet. Le Verrier's theory makes it necessary to increase the eccentricity of Uranus, and the longitude of the perihelion; both of which corrections increase the radius vector in the present position of the planet, and make it conform to the observations.

This lucid explanation satisfied the English astronomer, and banished from his mind every doubt of the reality and general accuracy of the prediction of the planet's place. He, therefore, on the 9th of July, suggested to Prof. Challis to employ the great telescope of the Cambridge observatory, called the Northumberland refractor, in a systematic search for the hypothetical planet. Prof. Challis began to sweep for the planet on the 29th of July; and, on the 2d of Sept., informed Airy that he had lost no opportunity of searching for it, but that he despaired of properly scrutinizing the proposed portion of the heavens this year.

On the same day Adams sent to Airy an account of a repetition of his calculations, on the supposition that the mean distance of the new planet was less than Bode's law indicated. The following are the elements of the orbit, as developed on this assumption:—

Mean longitude on the 1st Oct., 1846	323° 2′
Longitude of perihelion	299, 11
Eccentricity	0, 12062
Mass	0, 00015003

It will be perceived that these results were obtained after the publication of Le Verrier's paper of August 31, but before Adams could have seen it. They are nearer the truth than his results obtained in 1845. But Airy's question still embarrasses him, and he admits that the increase of the radius vector of Uranus in later years is more rapid than it should be. It may be inferred from this that Mr. Airy, though he had been in possession of Le Verrier's explanation of the difficulty early in July, had not communicated it to Adams, but had left him to contend for two months with an objection which he himself had thrown in his path, and which he was now convinced was unreal. At the close of his letter Mr. Adams says:—

"I am at present employed in discussing the errors in latitude with the view of obtaining an approximate value of the inclination, and the position of the node of the new planet's orbit; but the perturbations in latitude are so very small, that I am afraid the result will not have great weight. According to a rough calculation made some time since, the inclination appeared to be rather large, and the longitude of the ascending node to be about 300°; but I am now treating the subject much more completely, and hope to obtain the result in a few days.

"I have been thinking of drawing up a brief account of my investigation, to present to the British Association."

Mr. Airy was on the continent when this letter reached Greenwich, and does not appear to have had any further communication with Mr. Adams till after Galle discovered the planet. In the mean time Prof. Challis continued his search, guided by a paper which Adams had drawn up for him. But on the 29th of Sept., having received Le Verrier's memoir of August 31, he was, as Mr. Airy informs us, "so much impressed with the sagacity and clearness of M. Le Verrier's limitations of the field of observation, that he instantly changed his plan of observing, and noted the planet, as an object having a visible disc, on the evening of the same day." Before he had an opportunity to verify his observation, the news reached him that the planet had been discovered at Berlin six days earlier.

A comparison of his observations now proved to Prof. Challis that, since he commenced observing, he had seen the planet three times without recognizing it! He gives the following account of the matter in his letter of Oct. 12th to Mr. Airy:—

"I had heard of the discovery on Oct. 1. . . . . I find that my observations would have shown me the planet in the early part of August, if I had only discussed them. I commenced observing on July 29, attacking first of all, as it was prudent to do, the position which Mr. Adams' calculations assigned as the most probable place of the planet. On July 30 I took all the stars to the eleventh magnitude in a zone of nine minutes in breadth. . . . On August 4 I took stars here and there in a zone of about seventy minutes in breadth, purposely selecting the brighter, as I wished to make them reference points for the observations in zones of nine minutes in breadth. Among these stars was the planet. A comparison of this day's observations with a good star-map would most probably have detected it. On account of moonlight, I did not observe again till August 12. On that day I went over again the zone of nine minutes in breadth, which I examined on July 30. The space gone over on August 12 exceeded in length that of July 30, but included the whole of it. On comparing [at a later time] the observations of these two days, I found that the zone of July 30 contained every star in the corresponding portion of the zone of August 12, *except one star of the eighth magnitude.* This, according to the principle of search, which, in want of a good star-map, I had adopted, must have been a planet. It had wandered into the latter zone in the interval between July 30 and

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August 12. By this statement you will see that, after four days of observing, the planet was in my grasp, if I had only examined or mapped the observations. I delayed doing this, partly because I thought the probability of discovery was small till a much larger portion of the heavens was scrutinized, but chiefly because I was making a grand effort to reduce the vast number of comet observations which I have accumulated; and this occupied the whole of my time, when I was not engaged in observing. I actually compared, to a certain extent, the observations of July 30 and August 12 soon after taking them, more for the sake of testing the two methods of observing adopted on those days, than for any other purpose; and I stopped short within a very few stars of the planet. After August 12 I continued my observations with great diligence, recording the positions of some thousands of stars: but I did not again fall in with the planet, as I took positions too early in right ascension. On Sept. 29, however, I saw for the first time, Le Verrier's last results, and on the evening of that day I observed strictly in accordance with his suggestions, and within the limits which he recommended; and I was also on the look-out for a disc. Among three hundred stars which I took that night, I singled out one against which I directed my assistant to note '*seems to have disc*,' which proved to be the planet. I used on this, as on all other occasions, a power of 160. This was the third time I obtained an approximate place of the planet before I heard of its discovery."

Strange that the same eyes and the same telescopic power which revealed the disc on the 29th of Sept., did not reveal it on the 4th and 12th of August; stranger still, that, having suspected a disc on the 29th of Sept., he did not apply a higher power, and observe whether the disc were magnified; and most strange of all, that he should delay the comparison of his observations, when so magnificent a prize was at stake, to run after those will-o'-the-wisps, the comets, with which he might just as well have amused himself at any other time. Prof. Challis did not work in faith. He did not believe in the accuracy of the calculations. He had some lingering doubts as to the planet's existence; and stronger doubts as to the possibility of finding it, if it did exist. This seems to us the only rational explanation of the inefficiency of his operations.

It is, however, a question of minor importance who first actually saw the planet, after Le Verrier had predicted its place;—a question which can in no manner affect the rights of Le Verrier, or the claim of Adams. Challis and Galle must fight that battle between themselves.

As to the question at issue between Le Verrier and Adams, the fact that the former published his researches as he went on with his work, while the latter published nothing on the subject till after the discovery had been made, is decisive. On this point Arago remarks with great force and truth, that "there is but one way to write the history of the sciences; and that is to rely upon publica-

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tions having certain date. Aside from these everything is confusion and obscurity." However strongly our feelings may be enlisted in favor of the young mathematician of Cambridge, and however much we may regret that he did not publish the results which he communicated to Mr. Airy in 1845, we are bound to respect the rule which common sense and the best interests of science have dictated, and which the British philosophers have been foremost in establishing, that questions of priority in discoveries shall be decided by the dates of their publication, either in a printed book, or among the papers of some learned society. Mr. Airy has obviously no intention of violating this rule; for in his letter to Le Verrier, of Oct. 14th, in which he announced that collateral researches had been made in England, and had led to results precisely similar to Le Verrier's, he says:—

> "Probably I shall be called on to explain myself in regard to these researches. If in that case I give praise to others, I hope you will not consider it as weakening in any degree my opinion of your rights. You ought, without any doubt, to be regarded as the man who really predicted the place of the planet."

Airy's paper in the Philosophical Magazine is written in strict accordance with this view. It does not contain a word which can detract from the credit, or compromise in any manner the rights, of the illustrious French astronomer.

A letter written by Sir John Herschel on the 1st of Oct., and published in the Athenæum, contains a passage which M. Arago has animadverted upon with much severity. In this letter Herschel quotes a passage from his discourse pronounced before the British Association at Southampton, Sept. 10, 1846, as follows:—"We see it [the new planet] as Columbus saw America before leaving the coast of Spain. Its motions have been felt trembling along the far-reaching line of our analysis, with a certainty scarcely inferior to that of an ocular demonstration." Herschel remarks, that the calculations of Le Verrier would hardly have justified so positive an assurance as those words implied, had they not been corroborated by an independent investigation emanating from another source. M. Arago takes exception to this remark, and thinks it utterly at variance with Herschel's usual courtesy and reserve. For ourselves, we cannot discover in it a particle either of envy or malice;—feelings which we believe Sir John Herschel to be incapable of indulging. We understand him to mean that neither the calculations of Le Verrier nor those of Adams, taken separately, would have commanded the confidence which those mathematicians felt in their results, had they not both arrived, in-

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dependently, at the same conclusion. This principle is universally recognized in courts of justice, in which the concurrent testimony of several persons to the same fact will be believed, without reference to the credibility of any one of the witnesses. This belief is founded on the improbability that several persons, who have had no opportunities of collusion with one another, should agree in telling the same falsehood. That Sir John Herschel did not fully appreciate the force of Le Verrier's reasonings is sufficiently obvious; and that neither Herschel, Airy, nor Challis, placed much confidence in Mr. Adams' results is still more apparent, from the fact that they neither advised their publication, nor made any physical researches to verify them. But after the publication of Le Verrier's first approximation, nothing was more natural than to inquire how these two men, ignorant of each other's proceedings, and, perhaps, of each other's existence, could have arrived at the same conclusion, unless there was some truth in it. Then, and not till then, were the telescopes of England set at work.

That the English philosophers have no disposition to pluck a single laurel from the brow of Le Verrier, is abundantly proved by the Copley medal having been awarded to him by the Royal Society of London. This magnanimous award was announced to the French Academy, at its session of Nov. 9, by a letter from Sir John Herschel. It settles the question of priority, and will quiet the apprehensions of Le Verrier's friends.

The credit which will be awarded to Mr. Adams as a mathematician, will depend upon the knowledge of celestial mechanics and the skill in using it, which his calculations may prove him to possess; but his merit cannot be properly estimated till he submits his researches to the public eye. Mr. Adams has promised to publish his calculations at an early day; and, though it is now too late to place them in competition with those of Le Verrier, we may hope and predict that they will lay the foundation of an enviable reputation for himself. Whatever form the maturer labors of Mr. Adams may give to his calculations, the evidence is conclusive that, in 1845, they were less full and perfect than those since published by Le Verrier. On this point the testimony of Mr. Airy is unequivocal. In his letter to Le Verrier, mentioned above, he says:—"I may add that the English investigations were not, I believe, altogether so extensive as those for which we are indebted to you." Another proof of the imperfection of Mr. Adams' work is contained in the fact that he had omitted those preliminary corrections of the theory of Uranus, which Le Verrier made with great labor and remarkable exactness, and without which he perceived the impos

sibility of arriving at results that could satisfy himself, or secure the confidence of others. Had Mr. Adams done this, he would have disposed of the difficulty in regard to the radius vector of Uranus at a single glance. Not having done this, he was staggered by the question propounded by the royal astronomer, and deterred from the prosecution of his enterprise, till the appearance of Le Verrier's paper of June, 1846, encouraged him to resume it.

M. Arago thinks he sees in these facts abundant proof that "the work of Mr. Adams was only a rough sketch,—an incomplete trial, in which the author himself, pressed by the difficulty which Mr. Airy had suggested, placed no confidence." The general truth of Mr. Adams' results would hardly justify so sweeping a sentence as this. The subsequent remarks of M. Arago, however, cannot be charged with injustice:—

> "If M. Le Verrier, aside from every consideration of ability, knowledge, and skill, was more *fortunate*, it was because he completely revised the theory of Uranus before undertaking his principal research; because he introduced into it important terms of which his predecessors had no knowledge; because he rectified, in accordance with his new theory, the differences which had been found between the tables and observation; because the errors which served as the basis of his calculations really existed, while the errors inserted in the Greenwich publications were stained with all the imperfections of Bouvard's tables."

In a letter published in the Athenæum, and dated Oct. 15, Prof. Challis considers the part taken by Mr. Adams in the theoretical research for the new planet, as sufficient to justify his proposing a name for it. With Mr. Adams' consent he suggests the name of *Oceanus*. This assumption of a right which obviously belongs to Le Verrier, strikes M. Arago as the climax of arrogant injustice. He protests against it with great vehemence, and with a tincture of bitterness which shows how keenly sensitive he is to the honor of France, and of French philosophers. Le Verrier waives his right to name the planet in favor of Arago, at whose request he commenced his investigations; and Arago insists on placing the name of the discoverer above the father of Saturn. Pope says,

"Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And show'd a Newton, as we show an ape."

What will they do when they learn that this apotheosis has placed a "*glassmaker*" at the head of their genealogy?*

Dickinson College, January 20th, 1847.

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* Astronomers do not seem inclined to adopt the name *Le Verrier* for the new planet, but have agreed to call it *Neptune*.

Art. VI.—*Atonement as taught by Wesley, Fletcher, Clarke, and Watson, in their Sermons, and other Theological Writings.* Published by Lane & Tippett, 200 Mulberry-street, New-York.

"Great is the mystery of godliness; God was manifest in the flesh." It is sometimes objected to the system of revealed religion, that it contains mysteries, and that this fact is derogatory to its claim of divine authority. The existence of mysteries is admitted; but this, so far from being an objection, is really a confirmation of the divine authenticity of the Bible. The unexplained and insolvable facts of revelation are in proof that man is not its author. Had it originated with man, it would be strange indeed if man could not comprehend it: but there being in the system a disclosure of facts and principles which come not within the natural range of human thought, its claim of inspiration is thereby confirmed. Indeed, we see not how it would be possible for God to make a revelation to the finite mind of man,—of the attributes and perfections of his own infinite character,—of the features of his moral government, and of the plan of salvation through a Redeemer—all which sustain relations to other beings and other worlds, and take hold of the boundless nature of God, of which our knowledge must ever be imperfect—without containing facts and references above the reach of the most lofty human intellect.

Abstract these mysteries, and the pages of the Bible will present much less proof than they now do of being written by the finger of God. Apart from the mode of the divine existence, there is no one doctrine of revealed religion involving more of mystery and moral grandeur than the atonement. It has occupied the thoughts and pens of the most profound, and yet its depths remain unfathomed: it is the soul and centre of all that is interesting, glorious, and blissful, in religion. Embracing the objects it contemplates, the grounds of its necessity, and the principles on which it proceeds, it is the most benevolent, mysterious, and exalted development of a mysterious and incomprehensible God.

Considering men as they are, it need not be a subject of wonder that different and discordant views of atonement should prevail. Interest, prejudice, and corruption, have much influence in the formation of religious opinions. Besides, the practice, which, unfortunately, is too prevalent, of subjecting the doctrines of revelation to the test of human reason, has long been a fruitful source of diversity and error in matters of religion.

To men of genius and erudition there is a strong temptation to

discard as divine truth what they cannot fully explain; and this tendency is quite apparent in some who claim to be, and are generally acknowledged, evangelical. They seem not to be aware that their aim is to take the exalted facts of revelation out of their proper place, and bring them down to the diminutive standard of their own comprehension.

The doctrine of atonement in its nature, objects, and relations to other doctrines of religion, is purely a subject of revelation. He who, with childlike simplicity, takes the Bible for his guide, will not greatly err; but he who discards the Bible only so far as he can conform it to his notions of right reason, or who makes rationalism the basis of his interpretations, will

> "Find no end in wandering mazes lost."

There were no "theories of atonement" during the first two centuries. Not that the immediate successors of the apostles had no definite conceptions of the nature of atonement, but the age of philosophical speculation had not yet commenced in the church. These "fathers" adhered to the simplicity of the Bible, and attempted no nice distinctions or metaphysical statement of the facts and principles involved in this great subject.

The history of the various theories taught since theologians began to make atonement a subject of speculation is both curious and instructive. The first that made its appearance after this age was that adopted by Origen, and which subsequently became the prevailing theory of the Greek Church. In substance it was as follows:—The devil, by stratagem and fraud, had managed to get the human race under his control, and held them in absolute dominion. God, being interested in their welfare, sought their deliverance. This he might have effected by violence, but was restrained by considerations of justice. He, therefore, offered Christ as a ransom, which being accepted, the human race was set at liberty. But Satan was deceived in the transaction. For he supposed Christ to be finite: hence, when he proved to be also the Son of God, he was unable to retain him in his power; and, consequently, lost both his captives and the price of their redemption.

Another theory—traces of which are found in the writings of Athanasius, and whose influence extended to the twelfth century—attempted to explain the atonement with philosophical and dialectical exactness. In order to this, the judicial word, *satisfaction*, was adopted by the advocates of this view, and made the basis of their theory. Had they confined themselves to the *Scriptural* idea of satisfaction, they would not have been misled. But taking their

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notion of satisfaction from "*debiti solutio*," (payment of debt,) they reduced the whole scheme to a commercial transaction, in which Christ is made to pay in *kind* and *quantity* the exact amount of the sinner's indebtedness. This is regarded by all sober divines as unscriptural, and unworthy the infinite and benevolent character of God.

A third theory, which prevailed from the twelfth to the fifteenth century, has been appropriately denominated "*juridico philosophical.*" The principal advocates of this system were Anselmus, Thomas Aquinas, and Duns Scotus. They taught that man was obliged not only to pay satisfaction for disobedience to God's moral government, but also an additional amount for the dishonor brought upon God. But this, man himself was unable to do. Hence it was determined that the Son of God, as God-man, should make this satisfaction. As God, he made satisfaction; and as man, he was surety for men in regard to what was yet deficient.* The principle which lies at the foundation of this theory is undoubtedly correct, and highly important. It makes a clear distinction between God's *essential* and *rectoral* justice;—a distinction which should never be overlooked in contemplating that *moral* necessity which renders the atonement indispensable to the salvation of sinners. The error of this plan is not in its fundamental and ruling principle, but in the attempted explanation of the "*modus operandi*" in its execution.

To describe the various and conflicting theories brought into being by the wand of theological diviners since the fifteenth century, would require more space than can be spared in this paper; but we may speak of them as to their prevailing tendencies. They exhibit two extremes:—one, seen in the historical sketch given above, based on the notion that the atonement is to be understood in the light of a commercial transaction, or the *literal* payment of a debt. The other not only objecting to these views, but rejecting the proper idea of atonement in any form. The first extreme represents God as angered, enraged, implacable, revengeful; that he could not be moved to compassion till he saw blood flow; that Christ so took the sinner's place, as to have the sins of men imputed to him—as to be regarded by divine justice as a sinner, and receive the *exact punishment due* the sinner in his own person. The second saw no reason why God should be displeased at all—denied the existence of *positive* divine punishments—disrobed Christ of his divinity, and made the importance of his work consist in the value of his doctrine and instruction: while his death was

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* Ziegler's Essay. Historia Dogmatis de Redemptione.

merely that of a martyr, in which he gave an example of forgiveness toward his enemies, and firmness and patience under suffering, worthy of all imitation. These extremes have assumed various forms and modifications, preserving the while their respective characteristics. The first gave birth to Antinomianism; the last, to rationalism and infidelity.

But out of this contradiction and confusion of the theological world has arisen another theory, which takes the middle ground, professing to avoid what is objectionable in both the above-named extremes; discarding the unworthy and degrading views of God and the atonement held by those who defend the "*quid pro quo*" plan of redemption, and at the same time maintaining an evangelical position on purely Scriptural grounds, at an equal distance from the loose and skeptical notions of the Socinian school. This we shall denominate the Wesleyan, or Methodistic, theory; not because its chief features were not perceived before the days of Wesley, but because we are indebted to him and his coadjutors more than to any others for a plain and forcible explanation and Scriptural defense of it; and because it is the view adopted and cherished by Wesleyan Methodists both in England and America. The remainder of this paper will be devoted to an exposition of the nature of this theory. The works placed at the head of this article have contributed more to form the theological opinions of Methodists, than any, or all, other *human* productions; they are therefore justly considered standards, and as such we shall consult them in the course of our investigations. The method we propose embraces the following points:—

1. The character of the moral law and design of its penalty.
2. Christ, the sinner's substitute in satisfying for transgression.
3. The sense in which Christ's death meets the demands of penalty.

In discussing the subject of atonement, it is important to get a clear view of the *nature of God's law and the design of its penalty.* If the law be not unchangeable and eternal, an imbodiment of the moral perfection of God, it follows it is based on expediency, and may be maintained or not, without materially affecting the character of God or the claims of justice. But if the law of God be perfect in the measure of its holiness, justice, and goodness—in short, if it be but the expression of the infinite and eternal mind, with respect to himself and all created dependencies, then the aspect of the subject is wholly changed, and the necessity for supporting the law in its dignity and authority, without any abatement, finds its vindication in the infinite nature of God. That such is the

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character of God's law, accords both with reason and Scripture. It would contravene reason to suppose the law of God, for the government of his moral universe, would not embrace the essential elements of his own perfection, and be clothed with his own authority: it would be to suppose a contrariety between the stream and its fountain.

> "The law of God is a copy of the eternal mind, a transcript of the divine nature; yea, it is the fairest offspring of the 'everlasting Father,' the brightest efflux of his essential wisdom, the visible beauty of the 'Most High.'"—*Wesley's Sermons*, vol. i, p. 310.

The apostle says the law is "holy, just, and good." It is (*αγια*) holy; free from moral defect, the very essence of moral purity: (*δικαια*) just; promoting justice and punishing sin: (*αγαθη*) good; in its object and end, tending to secure the ends of benevolence, and adapted to display the perfections of the divine character.

> "Under this condition of rational existence must Adam, therefore, and every other moral agent, have come into being; a condition, of course, to which he could not be a party—to which he had no right to be a party, had it been possible, but which was laid upon him: he was *made* under law, as all his descendants are born under law."—*Watson's Inst.*, vol. ii, p. 7.

As the law is not a thing of expediency, no more is its penalty. The penalty must be every way suited to the character of the law; indeed, its own moral nature is derived from the law. Hence, as the law is perfect, so also is the penalty; the justice of the penalty is equal to the justice of the law: it is as just, therefore, that the penalty should be inflicted upon the transgressor, as that the law itself should demand obedience. Indeed, penalty is an essential element of law—the union subsisting between it and law is *necessary* and *eternal*. All the arguments which enforce obedience to the law, whether derived from the nature of God, or the designs of his government, are equally forcible as reasons for the infliction of penalty when the precept is infracted. If the perfections of God enforce obedience, they also demand punishment where obedience is not rendered.

The primary design of penalty, as an essential accompaniment of God's published law, was twofold: to deter from sin, and, in case of transgression, to visit the offender with *just* and *deserved* punishment. And such was its nature, that its infliction upon the guilty would be an ample vindication of the law and its author, against any who might transgress. Had man remained as created, the object of the penalty would have been realized in preserving the moral subject in a sinless state: had he never been redeemed

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from a fallen state, its design would have been completed in meeting the demands of justice by positive punishment. In either case the law would have been honored, and the authority of God maintained.

The human race have voluntarily become transgressors of this holy law, and have thereby incurred its righteous penalty. Goodness may be inclined to show mercy, but holiness must maintain an opposition to sin by an active display of justice. Holiness, as an attribute of God, is not *inferior* to goodness; hence, justice is not *subordinate* to mercy. The condition of the race is hopeless, unless deliverance can be effected upon some principle that will harmonize goodness and holiness, justice and mercy. Men, fallen and guilty, cannot save themselves, because in a state of *death;* and death cannot produce life. And should we allow the natural availableness of repentance, it would not relieve them; since both the disposition and power to repent are wanting. Nor can the law save them. By the law is the knowledge of sin,—not the knowledge of salvation. Disconnected with atonement it knows nothing of mercy. It makes an exhibition of its claims that annihilates hope in the breast of the guilty, and leaves them nothing to expect but the full execution of its threatened penalty. St. Paul says, "I was alive without the law once; but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died." Hence, "by the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified,"—a declaration implying the impossibility of salvation to men in a fallen state, either by personal obedience to the law, or by suffering in their own persons the full extent of its penalty.

If this reasoning be correct, it follows, there is no hope for a condemned world only in a divine interposition that shall provide for extending pardon to the *guilty.* But how shall this be done? This is the great problem of Christianity. The numerous and various theories, and modifications of theories, presented as solutions of this problem, may be reduced to two propositions.

1. Pardon must be extended to the guilty on *mere clemency;* or,
2. A satisfaction must be offered of such a nature as will honor the law, and secure the ends of the divine administration, while the sinner is released, and allowed, if he will, to renew his allegiance to God.

To the salvation of sinners on *mere clemency* there are insuperable obstacles, founded in the *essential* and *rectoral* justice of God.

By the *essential* justice of God, we mean that manifestation of righteous displeasure against sin, *as such,* which has its foundation in the holiness of the divine character. God is of "purer eyes

than to behold iniquity." It is an *eternal* and *necessary* opposition to sin arising out of the nature of holiness, and has its outward revelations in the penal enactments of the divine law. Its retributive voice can no more be hushed in the presence of sin, than holiness can be abstracted from the divine nature. Hence, should God extend pardon on a principle that disregards the claims of his essential justice, he would contravene his own nature—resist and suppress the tendencies of holiness.

Rectoral justice is that which awards to moral beings according to their deeds, under a specified form of government. It has its foundation in the contrariety between sin and the best good of the moral world; and its maintenance is necessary to secure the ends of a holy and benevolent administration. It is the moral universe in arms against sin, because sin tends to defeat the happiness of the universe. To extend pardon to the guilty, regardless of the claims of rectoral justice, would be to give impunity to sin, and thus resist and suppress the tendencies of good government.

To any scheme, therefore, that would pardon the guilty without satisfaction, the essential holiness and justice of God, as well as public justice, must ever stand opposed. These constitute the ground of *necessity* for atonement, and prove the correctness of the second proposition, viz.: "A satisfaction must be offered of such a nature as will honor the law, and secure the ends of the divine administration, while the sinner is released, and allowed, if he will, to renew his allegiance to God."

> "All this, it may be said, only proves that the *essential rectitude* of God required that such a government should be adopted, as should inflict some marked penalty on offenses. It proves this, but it proves more, viz., that the *divine rectitude* required that the *most effectual* means should be adopted to uphold these rights, both as they existed *primarily in God*, and *secondarily* in his creatures. . . . . . It may, therefore, be confidently concluded that there is no relaxation of right in the divine administration, and no forgiveness of sin by the exercise of mere prerogative."—*Watson's Inst.*, vol. ii, pp. 93, 96.

Our way is now prepared for considering the second main feature in this subject, viz.:—

2. *Christ, the sinner's substitute in satisfying for transgression.* "He died for us;" "He tasted death for every man;" "He was wounded for our transgressions;" "He was made sin (a sin offering) for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him;" "He hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us;" "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not

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perish, but have everlasting life;" "God spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all." Such is the language of the divine oracles; language which clearly enough proves the necessity of man relieved by the interposition of Christ; that he is the medium of access to God the Father, and, by his sufferings and death, the procuring and meritorious cause of human salvation.

For a knowledge of the plan of salvation, *through Christ*, we are wholly indebted to divine revelation. There is nothing in the actualities or possibilities of human wisdom that could have provided to meet the exigencies of the case; much less anticipate the measures God would adopt for demonstrating his righteousness in extending pardon to the guilty.

For centuries before the personal appearance of Christ there was a felt necessity for some more perfect and assuring method of approach to God. To the Jew this deficiency was in part relieved; yet it was but in part: for the promulgations of Sinai did but impress the mind that man cannot be just with God. The condition of the heathen was still worse; they felt that they were under a divine curse: and after their best endeavors at propitiation, there was an awful apprehension that the favor of God was not secured. Oppressed conscience and the ominous voice of nature spoke of guilt in man, and wrath in God: their superstitious rites and self-inflicted penances were inefficacious to quiet their alarmed fears. Reason had spent her strength,—philosophy exhausted her resources,—yet the fearful gloom was not removed. They might hope for favor, but there could be no peace without assurance. Assurance has come; it is found in the Christian doctrine of atonement. The despairing mind is alleviated by the announcement, that God has sent his Son to be the "propitiation" for the sins of the world, and by the language of the great Propitiator himself,—"I am the way, the truth, and the life."

There are two important points involved in this division of our subject, as taught in the Scriptures. 1. "Christ died for us:"—that is, as a substitute, not for the *penalty*, but for the *sinner*, in satisfying the demands of penalty. The penalty has its satisfaction in Christ, who, in this work, is the sinner's *vicar:* or, as Fletcher remarks, "The Lord Jesus hath ransomed our lives by laying down his own." "His life was laid down as the price of our redemption from everlasting death to everlasting life."—*Works*, vol. iii, p. 447. The second point relates to the death of Christ, as *necessary* to the result achieved. It is well expressed by Mr. Watson:—

> "Sin could not be forgiven without a divine atonement. In order to the satisfaction of divine justice in regard to sinners, the incarna-

tion and death of the Son of God were *necessary*. The death of Christ is uniformly exhibited in Scripture, not as one expedient of many, but as the *only hope* of the guilty."—*Sermons*, vol. i, p. 386.—*Inst.*, vol. ii, p. 106.

Not to dwell upon the consequences (neither few nor unimportant) which flow from the doctrine of *mere expediency*, as to the death of Christ for the salvation of men, it will be sufficient to say, that the general tenor of Scripture coincides with the view given above.

We believe the Scriptures teach not merely a necessity for a gracious interposition for the benefit of man, but a *real necessity for the death of Christ;*—a necessity arising out of the moral condition and relations of man: and that he was not only the fittest, but the only instrument, by which this work could have been effected. How else can we understand the following passage:—"O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." Matt. xxvi, 39. Clarke, Benson, Scott, Fletcher, Holden, Burkitt, and others, understand our Lord to pray that the cup of suffering now presented to his lips might pass from him, if consistent with the divine purpose to redeem the world: and the fact that it did not pass from him, but he drank it in all its bitterness, is in proof that there was no other way of opening to the world the door of hope and salvation.

How else can we understand the words of Christ after his resurrection? "Thus it is written, and thus it *behooved* Christ to suffer, and to rise again the third day." The Greek verb "εδει," translated *behooved*, is from δεω, to bind, chain, or fetter together. It conveys the idea of *necessity;* that is, that the death of Christ was so necessary to redemption, that the latter event was bound up in; or chained to, the former; and the former must take place, or the latter can never be effected. The same word in connection with παθειν "to suffer," is used by the Saviour in the twenty-sixth verse of the same chapter; indicating a necessary connection between his work as Redeemer and the salvation of lost men: or, as the Vulgate has it, *Sic oportebat Christum pati,*—literally, "It was needful that Christ should suffer."

And such is the uniform tenor of Scripture. Hence, says the apostle, "When we were yet *without strength*, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." Rom. v, 6. "Neither is there salvation in any other." Acts. iv, 12. "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." John xiv, 6. "He looked, and there was none to help him, and of the people there was none with him; therefore his own arm brought salvation, and his righteousness, it sustained him."

Isa. lix, 16; lxiii, 3. There is not the least intimation in the word of God that any other method than that adopted would have availed to open the channels of mercy, and avert the impendent doom of a condemned world. We conclude, therefore, that Christ was the "only hope of the guilty;" his condemnation was our justification; his death was our life; had he not died we must have borne the heavy load for ever.

These points being established, viz., Christ the sinner's substitute, and indispensable medium of access to God, we approach the third and last question proposed for discussion.

3. *The sense in which Christ's death meets the demands of penalty.* The general acknowledgment that Christ is our Saviour, and that he died for our sins, is made without hesitation. But *how* his death operates to procure our deliverance, or what is the *nature* of that satisfaction made for us, and by which justice is appeased and the penalty averted, is a point not unattended with difficulty. And yet it is of great practical importance. It involves principles fundamental to the whole Christian scheme, and vital in their influence on experimental and practical religion. This is the great question,—the question we propose now to consider. We have already adverted to the extremes into which theologians have run on the subject of atonement; one of which finds its *ultimatum* in Antinomianism, the other in Socinianism and infidelity. The true view, as appears to us, lies directly between these extreme points. *Christ did pay the sinner's debt;*—not absolutely, but conditionally; not in the exact kind and quantity of suffering which the sinner would have endured had no Saviour been provided, but in *such kind* and *amount* as God was pleased to accept as full satisfaction of the claims of justice, in behalf of those who repent and accept the proffered boon. It is no part of our business to determine what kind, and how much, of suffering was requisite to this end: this point may be safely left to the determination of Him whose law has been dishonored, and whose goodness has provided the remedy.

That the sufferings and death of Christ were *vicarious* and *propiatory*, and, as such, accepted as a satisfaction of divine justice in behalf of sinners, is, we think, evident from the following considerations:—

1. On no other hypothesis can the fact of his sufferings be accounted for. Christ did not suffer and die on his own account. He had violated no law, and was therefore obnoxious to no penalty. Being "undefiled," "without spot," one who "did always those things which pleased God," it is plain, however we may explain

his sufferings, they were not endured in his own behalf. Nor had he, being innocent, such connection with a guilty race as necessarily involved him in their calamities and sufferings. He had experienced no derangement of any department of his constitution. True, he possessed the nature of man, but not by natural generation; hence not man's fallen nature. The human nature of Christ was not involved in the penal consequences of the fall: it was created and assumed by Christ for a specific purpose,—"that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death; that is, the devil." Hence, the angel said to Mary, "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore, also, that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." Nor yet is suffering a necessary accompaniment of a work of benevolence, as performed by holy beings, excluding the idea of expiation for offenses. To suppose this, is to suppose the active manifestation of love toward the needy, attended with pain; or the ministrations of holy angels for the benefit of our race, the occasion of a diminution of happiness to those "ministering spirits." But if Christ did not suffer for himself, nor as a consequence of being connected with a fallen race, nor yet because of a necessary union between a work of benevolence and suffering, only one conceivable alternative remains, viz., his sufferings were *vicarious*. By this we mean all that is implied in saying, he suffered in our room and stead, on account of our sins, and with the view of delivering us by his sufferings from the punishment due to us as guilty sinners.

We know a distinction has been made between vicarious suffering and punishment; a distinction that has been overlooked not only by Butler, but by Knapp, Watson, and others, whose minds were equally acute; and a distinction which in this case, to say the least, is without a difference. Considering Christ, as we have, as an innocent and holy being, we see nothing more incongruous in the idea of punishment than of suffering. That Christ did suffer, all admit; and these sufferings must have been *inflicted*. But he did not inflict them upon himself, though he did voluntarily endure them. By whom, then, were they inflicted, unless we allow the account given of it by Isaiah?—"The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all;" "It pleased the Lord to bruise him;" "He hath put him to grief;" or, to use the translation of Bishop Lowth:—"Jehovah hath made to light upon him the iniquity of us all. It was exacted, and he was made answerable." How well this agrees with the declaration of the apostle, (Rom. viii, 32,) "God spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all," it needs no argu-

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ment to show. On this passage Clarke remarks: "The only-begotten Son of God was not sacrificed in a *figure*, but *really*, in order to purchase every blessing that man can need, and that the hand of God can bestow."

Whether the passion and death of Christ be denominated suffering, or punishment, it amounts to the same thing. There can be no punishment without suffering; and in this case it is equally clear there could have been no suffering without punishment: the suffering life and painful death of the Son of God, taken together, should be regarded in the light of a sacrificial offering. We take the ground, therefore, that the penalty of God's violated law *finds its satisfaction in the death of Christ;* and that this satisfaction constitutes the meritorious ground of the sinner's justification before God. This we argue,

2. From those passages which declare that "Christ died *for us;*" "He died the just *for* the unjust;" "He suffered *for* us;" "He died *for* all;" "He tasted death *for* every man;" "He died *for* the ungodly;" "He gave himself a ransom *for* all;" "He was made a curse *for* us."

The Greek prepositions "*αντι*," and "*υπερ*," used in these quotations, signify, "on account of," and "instead of;" but most frequently are used in the latter sense, especially when anything is said to be done by one person for another. So King David: "Would to God I had died *for thee;*" evidently the expression of a wish that he had died in the *room*, or *stead*, of Absalom.

Tholuck* says, "*υπερ* may signify *in favorem et commodum alicujus;*† and does so in John x, 15; Titus xi, 14; where the death of Christ is spoken of: but it may likewise signify *loco*,‡ synonymously with *αντι*, in which sense it is also used with reference to the same subject." St. Paul illustrates the meaning of the preposition *αντι*, and by consequence the sense in which Christ died for sinners, when he says, "Scarcely *for* a righteous man will one die, yet, peradventure, *for* a good man some would even dare to die." Here, "to die for a good man," says Doddridge, "is to lay down one life in order to save another." But God's love was commended toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died *for* us; that is, he laid down his life in order to save the lives of sinners. But why did Christ do this? The answer is found in, "Thus it behooved Christ to suffer." This satisfaction was demanded by the law of God, as the indispensable condition of human redemption. This is singularly plain from Gal. iii, 13: "Christ hath re-

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* Tholuck on Romans.

† Out of favor, and for the benefit of others.

‡ In the room, or stead, of others.

deemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse *for us*." Christ hath redeemed us from what? *καταρας του νομου*, "the curse of the law." How? Being made *υπερ εμων καταρα*, "a curse for us, or in our stead." Watson says, "*καταρα* everywhere denotes punishment proceeding from the sanction of law;" and he refers to 2 Peter ii, 14, and Matt. xxiii, 41, as proof. The curse rested upon the world "by the sanction of law." Christ took that curse upon himself, and by the sanction of the divine law the curse was endured by him in the room, or in stead, of the world; hence his sufferings and death were *penal*.

"When this phraseology is used in the New Testament with reference to Christ, it never means that he died to teach men, &c., but always, *instead, in the place, of men, to deliver them.* The meaning is this: since Christ suffered for our sins, we ourselves are freed from the necessity of enduring the punishment which they deserved."*

3. This is further evident from those passages which say Christ *bare* the sins of men. "The Lord hath laid *on him* the iniquity of us all—he shall *bear* their iniquities;" "Who himself *bare* our sins in his own body on the tree;" "Christ was once offered to *bear* the sins of many."

The verb *ανενεγκειν* is correctly translated *to bear;* being derived from a word which literally signifies *to bear, endure, support* what properly belongs to others, and thus confer a favor or benefit.

Now, we ask, in what other way could Christ *bear* the sins of fallen creatures, than by enduring punishment or suffering in their place? In no other way that we can conceive of, could he, by suffering, confer a favor on guilty sinners. It is useless to think of obviating this conclusion by regarding the death of Christ simply as "an expression of the evil of sin, of the divine abhorrence of it, and of the unalterable purpose of God to insist upon obedience:" for how could it be an expression of the evil of sin, &c., unless it was endured as the penal consequence of sin? And how could any benefit or favor thereby accrue to the sinner, unless Christ so suffered for him as to deliver him from the necessity of suffering for himself? To grant deliverance to the guilty on any other principle, would be to place forgiveness on ground independent of the atonement: that is, make the natural generosity of God sufficient security for the pardon of the penitent. We conclude, therefore, these passages teach the penal substitutionary character of Christ's sufferings; or, to use the language of Prof. Stuart,

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* Knapp's Theology, vol. ii, p. 305.

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ανενεγκειν, "to bear the sins means to bear the punishment, that is, to suffer the penalty due to sins."*

4. That the sufferings and death of Christ were penal and propitiatory, is conclusive from those passages which represent Christ as our *propitiation* and his death as *propitiatory.*

> "To propitiate is to appease, to atone, to turn away the wrath of an offended person. In the case before us, the wrath turned away is the wrath of God; the person making the propitiation is Christ; the propitiating offering, or sacrifice, is his blood."—*Watson's Inst.*, vol. ii, p. 113.

God, the righteous lawgiver and governor, is justly displeased with man on account of sin—not so displeased as to be implacable; his displeasure moves in harmony with the benevolence of his character and government: hence it opposes an insuperable barrier to the world's release from condemnation and punishment, except upon terms that will vindicate his authority, honor the law, and secure the ends of a righteous administration. So far from being implacable,—actuated by a feeling of revenge,—the scheme of redemption has its foundation in his benevolence; he gives his own Son to execute the only plan that could effect the world's deliverance, in keeping with his attributes and the principles of eternal justice. Hence the following passages:—"Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood." Rom. iii, 25. "And he is the propitiation for our sins." 1 John ii, 11. "God loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." 1 John iv, 10. The argument from these passages must turn upon the meaning of the words *ιλασμος* and *ιλαστηριον*: they are both derived from *ιλασχω*, which, says Watson, is often used by Greek writers to express the action of a person appointed "to turn away the wrath of a Deity."

Ιλαστηριον is an adjective, and must be joined with some noun understood. "The choice," says Tholuck, "lies between two,—*επίθεμα* and *θυμα*. If we choose the former the text will read, *propitiatory covering, or lid;* in Heb. ix, 5, denominated "mercy-seat," in allusion to Exodus xxv, 17, and Lev. xvi, 14, where the priest in making atonement was directed to sprinkle blood upon the "mercy-seat." Stuart says, "*Ιλαστηριον* understood in reference to this, might be translated the place or instrument of propitiation; the mercy-seat on which God was supposed to be seated, as on his throne; and from which he dispensed mercy when atonement was made for the sins of the people, by sprinkling it with blood."†

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* Stuart on Heb., p. 454.

† Stuart on Heb.

The ancient mercy-seat, therefore, and the services connected with it, were propitiatory in their character; and while they were efficacious in procuring the favor of God for the people, they likewise constituted the divinely appointed representation of Christ, the "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world," who has now become the true and real mercy-seat, or instrument of propitiation. Paul says, "If the blood of bulls and goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh; how much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, purge your consciences from dead works to serve the living God? And for this cause he is the Mediator of the new testament, that by means of death for the redemption of the transgressions that were under the first testament, they which are called might receive the promise of eternal inheritance."

If we connect *θῦμα* with *ἱλαστηριον*, we have, as the literal rendering, *propitiatory sacrifice*—"whom God hath set forth a propitiatory sacrifice, through faith in his blood." This view has the suffrage of Tholuck, as "most eligible, especially since it has in the New Testament the analogy of doctrine more decidedly in its favor."

Whether we consider *θῦμα* or *επιθεμα* as the noun to be supplied, the signification clearly is, that the sacrifice of Christ was a real expiation, or propitiation, for the sins of the world. If we were obliged to fall back upon *επιθεμα* as the most proper word to be connected with *ἱλαστηριον*, the sense would not be altered, though it would be conveyed by a figure: for, to use the language of the eminent author last quoted,—"As the lid of the ark of the covenant, when sprinkled with blood, imparted to the Israelite a firm confidence of the forgiveness of his sins, in like manner the Saviour, and especially his death, is the security for our redemption, to which we may believingly look."*

The literal signification of *ἱλασμος* in 1 John ii, 2, and iv, 10, is *propitiation*, *atonement*, *expiation*,—words which, used as they are in the Scriptures in connection with the work of Christ for sinners, must, we think, convey to every unsophisticated mind the idea of satisfaction rendered for the sins of men by the personal sufferings of Jesus Christ. The learned Knapp translates the word *propitiator*, and remarks:—"Christ took upon himself, and bare the sins of men; that is, endured the punishment which men would have endured for their sins."†

5. That the sufferings and death of Christ were *penal* and *pro-*

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* Comment. on Rom. iii, 25.

† Theology, vol. ii, p. 306.

pitiatory (not figuratively, but really so) is evident, from the fact that the Scriptures make our justification and salvation depend upon faith in Christ, as having redeemed us by his *blood and death.*

It is the uniform doctrine of the Bible that our justification flows from the death of Christ. He redeemed us with his "precious blood." It "behooved Christ to suffer;" "that remission of sins might be preached in his name." Faith in Christ as having died for us, is made the *sine qua non* of our justification. We are said to be justified "by his blood;" "through faith in his blood;" "reconciled to God by the death of his Son;" and so on.

Of the many passages of this character that might be quoted at length, we present Rom. iii, 24–26, as being remarkably full and clear:—"Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus: whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time, his righteousness: that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus."

This paragraph sets forth three points, all which unite in confirming the doctrine of this article.

1. The justification of the sinner is an *act of grace.* "Being justified freely by his grace."

2. As an act of the divine administration, it is an *act of justice.* "That he might be *just* and the justifier of him which believeth:" it is no infraction of the justice of God; it requires no abatement of the claims of law to remit the sins of the guilty.

3. The claims of justice are harmonized with the work of mercy in extending pardon to the guilty. How? "Through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, whom God hath set forth to be a *propitiation, through faith in his blood.*"

Mercy finds the channel of divine favor open to the lost sinner through the redeeming blood of Christ. Justice points to the propitiatory sacrifice and blood of Christ as the full satisfaction of its demands, while the sword is sheathed and a dispensation of grace is granted to a guilty world. "Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other." O wonderful plan! "O the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!!"

"Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace."

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"God is judge in this process; not by the law of creation and of works, but by the law of redemption and grace. Not as merely just, though just; but as merciful. Not as merciful in general, and *ex nuda voluntate*, without any respect had to satisfaction; but as propitiated by the blood of Christ, and having accepted the propitiation made by his blood."—*Lawson.*

Such are the views of atonement presented and advocated by the standard writers of Methodism, as is clear from the following quotations:—

> "In the fulness of time he (Christ) was made man, another common head of mankind, a second general parent and representative of the whole human race. And as such it was that 'he bare our griefs,' 'the Lord laying on him the iniquity of us all.' Then was he 'wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities.' 'He made his soul an offering for sin;' he poured out his blood 'for the transgressors;' 'he bare our sins in his own body on the tree;' that by 'his *stripes* we might be healed;' and by that one oblation of himself, once offered, he hath redeemed me, and all mankind; having thereby made a 'full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world.' In consideration of this, that the Son of God 'hath tasted death for every man,' God hath now reconciled the world unto himself; 'not imputing to them their former trespasses.' And thus . . . the plain Scriptural notion of justification is pardon, the forgiveness of sins. It is that act of God the Father, whereby, for the sake of the *propitiation* made by the *blood of his Son*, he 'showeth forth his righteousness by the remission of sins that are past.'"—*Wesley's Works,* vol. i, pp. 46, 47.
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> "The agony of our Lord was a conflict; a violent struggle; a grappling and wrestling with the deepest horror; the agitation of a breast penetrated with the greatest sense of fear and amazement. The cause of his agony was, 1. The powers of darkness, legions of devils who poured on his *devoted head* their utmost rage and malice. Every wound which sin had given, and the devil had power to inflict, the pure and naked bosom of Jesus opened itself to receive. 2. The feeling of the weight of the wrath of God, (and who knoweth the power of his wrath?) as kindled against sin; the terrors of the Lord; the cup of trembling; the withdrawing of God's comfortable presence."—*Fletcher's Works,* vol. iv, p. 260.
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> "In all his sufferings, and in the depth of his humiliation, he possessed the glories of the Godhead; which ennobled and dignified, beyond conception and beyond bounds, all that he did, and all that he underwent for the salvation of sinners. Such a Saviour, being the gift of the divine Father to miserable men, must be a present of infinite value; and as it could proceed from nothing but infinite mercy and love, so it renders our salvation consistent with infinite justice and purity."—*Ib.,* vol. iii, p. 469.
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> "But the crowning purpose of our Lord's incarnation was, that he might suffer for the sins of men. His body was prepared for this very

purpose. He was made flesh that he might hunger and thirst, endure the contempt of the people, weep over Jerusalem, feel the hour and the power of darkness, agonize in the garden, and die upon the cross, and thus *pay the penalty*, the rigid satisfaction, death for death, and redeem a guilty world. . . . The death of Jesus Christ is the sacrifice of a divine person.

"His Godhead with the manhood join'd,
For every soul atonement made."

Watson's Sermon on the Incarnation of the Eternal Word.

"He (Dr. Taylor) cannot allow that the death of Christ should be considered as *a price paid down* for the salvation of men; and I confess I cannot understand the apostle in any other way. Nor can I see the weight of many of his observations, nor the force of his conclusions, on any other ground than this,—that the passion and death of Christ were an atonement made *to divine justice* in the behalf of man; and that it is through the merit of that great sacrifice that God forgives sin. Nor can I see any reason why such great stress should be laid on faith, but as that lays hold on and takes up the sacrifice of Christ, as a *ransom price* for the redemption of the soul from the thraldom and misery of sin and Satan."—*Clarke on Romans* iii.

A brief notice of a few objections to the foregoing view of atonement will form the conclusion of this article.

Objection 1st. "It involves the doctrine of imputed guilt to the innocent character of Christ."

This is a *non sequitur;* it only involves a transfer of the *legal consequences* of guilt. And to suppose this impossible, is to war with fact. A certain form of this transfer (though not for the same end) exists in the case of the infant world; who, being themselves innocent of any participation in crime, do, nevertheless, experience in part the consequences of another's guilt.

It is a fact that persons may, and that some persons have, voluntarily assumed the consequences of the sins of others. This, to some extent, is done by every philanthropist, who, in the benevolence of his heart, foregoes ease, and endures labor and suffering, and expends his temporal substance, to save the profligate from the effects of their evil deeds. This was done by the Lockrian king, who, by the voluntary loss of one of his own eyes, saved his son from the full infliction of the terrible penalty he had incurred:—an act which has received universal commendation, and has been employed by many divines as a singularly apt illustration of the subject of atonement.

"If King Codrus loved his subjects so far as to disguise and offer himself to death, in order to procure them certain temporal advantages; if the Deciuses and Curtiuses felt so strong an interest in the welfare

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of their country as to sacrifice their lives in order to deliver their fellow-citizens from a transient calamity; if a Swiss so generously devoted himself to death, by running to Sampach covered with the lances of conflicting hosts, to clear the way for his victorious companions; if mothers have sacrificed their own lives to preserve those of their children; is it not absurd to say that infinite bounty never could, and never would, perform an act of compassion equally glorious and efficacious, to deliver millions of souls from more dreadful miseries, and to procure to them the blessings of an infinite duration, and of an inestimable value?" —*Fletcher*, vol. iv, p. 223.

We know that these are rare examples, and that none of them come up fully to the Bible view of atonement, in connection with which there is a mystery, sublimity, and glory, found nowhere else; yet they all involve more or less the principle on which the mediation of Christ proceeds: and the fewness and imperfection of the examples, should not be employed as an argument to invalidate the principle.

But suppose, for the sake of the argument, that the experience and observation of men furnish no instances which bear the slightest analogy to the proceeding against which this objection is urged, it would not follow that there would be any impropriety in it. It is not safe to infer from the regulations men have established among themselves in this world, what would, or would not, be proper in a *divine plan* for the redemption of sinners. We may reason from the analogy of the *divine* government in *this world*, and here the argument is in our favor; but we must not regulate the divine proceedings by the analogy of human governments. It is the business of courts of justice to administer law as it is established by the supreme power of the state: hence they have no right to require or accept a substitute in criminal cases. The subordinate judicatories of the Lockrian kingdom had no right to adopt the expedient resorted to by the king;—there was nothing in the laws delivered to them which would authorize it. But the king, being the source of all law and authority to his subjects, might adopt any expedient within his power that would honor the law, support justice, and at the same time save his erring son. If, therefore, we had no revelation on the subject, and if the government of God furnished us with nothing illustrative of the principle, still, it would be an assumption which no one has a right to make,—to say that God may not allow a substitute to receive the penal consequences of sin in his own person, and thus let in light and hope upon a doomed world.

Moreover, if the objection under consideration be deemed valid, how are men to be saved? If Christ was not treated as a sinner for our sake, how are we to be treated as righteous for his sake?

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If Christ was not condemned on account of *our sins*, how are we to be justified on account of *his death?* And how shall we understand the apostle:—"He who knew no sin was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." This view leaves the sinner without a meritorious sacrifice, without a guaranty of pardon, unless he may be justified on ground independent of the death of Christ.

Objection 2d. Another objection is based upon the supposed "impossibility that Christ should suffer to the extent necessary to honor the law by satisfying for the sins of men." But the question, we humbly conceive, does not relate to *quantity* but *value;* not commercial but *moral* value. If there be any force in the objection, it goes to say, there was not sufficient moral value in the sufferings of Christ to constitute a satisfaction in view of which the penalty may be waived, and pardon offered to the guilty. But by what standard is the value of Christ's sufferings to be determined? By his humanity? If so, then, indeed, is the objection valid, but the objector stands on Socinian ground; and to be consistent, he should go a step further, and deny the Godhead of the Saviour. We can just as well dispense with the divinity of Christ's nature, as the super-humanity of his sufferings. But if the infinite character of Christ as God, as well as man, forms the standard by which to compute the value of his sufferings, then, who is competent to determine the value with so much exactness, as to say it is insufficient for the purposes of redemption?

Objection 3d. It procures the sinner's release "on legal principles, to the exclusion of grace." This is a mistake, as will appear from the following considerations:—

1. The whole scheme is the effect of divine benevolence. "God so loved the world," &c. The foundation of the entire arrangement is laid in *grace*. Hence it is denominated "the gospel of the *grace* of God."

2. The object of atonement as effected by Christ was to remove the obstacles to human salvation, so that *grace* might flow to the sinner in harmony with holiness and justice; that he might be "justified *freely by his grace*, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus."

3. The redemption of the world by Christ secures the salvation of the individual sinner, *only on condition of his faith:*—a condition which the *grace* of God enables him to perform. The vicarious death of the Saviour does not make void *divine grace*. "But as sin abounded, *grace* did much more abound; that, as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might *grace* reign through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord."

Art. VII.—*On Natural Theology.* By Thomas Chalmers, D. D., LL. D., &c. In 2 vols. New-York: Robert Carter. Pittsburg: Thomas Carter.

Whatever Chalmers publishes to the world is worthy of the world's attention. He brings to the investigation of subjects a mind almost unequaled for originality, deep research, discrimination, and power. He does not write for fame, but because he has a noble purpose to accomplish. The exigency of the times constrains him to take up his pen; and he writes because he has something to say. Neither does he beat the air, when he assails an error, or sets himself to defend a truth. He needs no eulogium on his own account, and his name is good recommendation of any book he pleases to publish.

Still, for the purpose of commending this treatise to inquirers after truth, it may be highly proper to give it a place among the works noticed in our excellent Review. We have no recollection of seeing this work noticed in our publications; and this is our apology for presuming, through this medium, to offer our observations to the public. And we now apprise our readers that we do not intend to review the whole of this treatise, but only to notice a few things in the beginning of it which we think especially worthy of attention.

The preface gives just enough of information respecting the nature and design of the work to enable the reader to form a pretty correct idea of the nature and importance of the subject before him. It opens by stating that the science of theology may be presented to the student in two different ways. The first method—which is the more common—is to begin with the being and character of God; "and then from this point of departure a demonstration is carried forward, in the footsteps of the history of the divine administration, from the first purposes of the uncreated mind to the final issues of his government in eternity."

The other method is, to begin "with that sense of God which is so powerfully suggested to every man by his own moral nature;" and treat the subject "in the order of those inquiries which are natural to the exercised spirit of an individual man from the outset of his religious earnestness when the felt supremacy of conscience within tells him of a law and tells him of a Lawgiver."

By the first method, the works of our best authors proceed "in the chronological order of the history of the divine government;" descending "synthetically from principles which have their resi-

dence in the constitution of the Godhead, and which transport us back to past eternity."

"By the second arrangement we are made to ascend in the order of man's fears and of his efforts to get relieved of them." Thus reversing the order of the first method, and so passing on through an early consideration of man's depravity, the character and government of God, the sanctions and requisitions of his law, the remedial dispensation, &c.: "thence, finally, and after the settlement of all that was practical and pressing, to the solution of the difficulties which are grappled with at the outset of the former scheme of theology." Our author does "not rigorously adhere to either of these methods;" but proceeds in such order as the state of the case seemed to render most expedient.

The treatise fills two volumes, 12mo., of four hundred pages each, and is divided into five books.

At the risk of "nauseating those of quick and powerful understanding," our author thought it advisable to be quite diffuse, and to employ many illustrations in the first two chapters of his preliminary views, in order, as he says, "to give the most plain and intelligible notices of their way even unto babes."

In reading this portion one cannot but feel sensibly the propriety of such an apology; for, in truth, the same idea will be so frequently presented in similar dress and relation, that one is in danger of becoming wearied of it before it is dismissed.

This, to some extent, is a trait in all the publications of this author which we have examined.

These two chapters are, "On the Distinction between the Ethics of Theology and the Objects of Theolgy;" and "On the Duty which is laid upon Man by the Probability, or even the Imagination, of a God." The next two chapters treat "Of the Metaphysics which have been resorted to on the Side of Theism."

In this part of the work we find particularly noticed Dr. S. Clarke's celebrated *a priori* argument on the being of a God; and Mr. Hume's objection to the *a posteriori* argument, grounded on the assertion that the world is a singular effect. Our author apprehends that some may be disposed to complain of the "impracticable obscurity" of these two chapters. But he thinks "the complaint should be laid not on the author, but on the necessities of his subject."

He solicits the attention of the more profound class of readers to the fourth chapter, which treats of Hume's celebrated argument on the side of atheism. The infidelity of this philosopher, he thinks, has never been adequately met by any of his opponents.

The error, in his opinion, has been this :—those arrayed against Hume have "conjured up a new principle for the purpose of refuting his especial sophistries;" and introduced "two gratuitous," and, he thinks, "questionable, additions to mental philosophy in the shape of two distinct and original laws of the human mind, which, anterior to the date of his speculations, never had been heard of; and probably never would, but for the service they were imagined to render in the battles of the faith."—*Preface*, p. 12.

Holding himself independent of these auxiliaries, our author proceeds to show, from the principle laid down by Hume himself, the entire fallacy of his argument. The last chapter of the first book is "On the Hypothesis that the World is eternal."

We give this sketch of the subjects of the first book, principally for the purpose of affording those who may not have examined the treatise, a little insight into our author's singular manner of treating the subject of natural theology. The other four books will compare with the first, in the important and interesting nature of their contents.

The first chapter of the treatise is devoted to the ethics of theology. And, with the author's usual prolixity, it extends through fifty-five pages. The principal effort of this chapter is to show the importance of distinguishing between the *objects* and the *ethics* of theology.

It is generally admitted that the duties we owe to God spring from the relations which we sustain to him. And it may, therefore, at first, appear that unless we have a clear understanding of the nature of the divine Being, we cannot obtain just conceptions of our relations and corresponding obligations. In other words, a knowledge of the *ethics* of theology might appear to be founded on a knowledge of the *objects* of theology. And as the principal object of theology is the infinite Being, who dwelleth in the light which no man can approach unto; whom no man hath seen, nor can see;—having never seen his shape, nor heard his voice—and it being utterly beyond the power of any of our senses to obtain any perception of him;—it may appear that a knowledge of our duties must be as imperfect as our knowledge of the nature of God.

We may, indeed, have some faint illumination of mind concerning his wisdom, power, and glory, reflected from the visible creation; yet we are utterly unable to comprehend his holiness, benevolence, omnipresence, and eternity. And much of the operation of his government seems to be enshrouded with the most impenetrable mystery. How, then, it may be asked, shall we arrive at

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any certainty in relation to the *ethics* of theology, if God, the principal *object* of theology, is so hopelessly beyond our reach?

Our author relieves us by a very extended and familiar illustration drawn from natural philosophy. But we must, in the first place, clearly discriminate between the *objects* and the *ethics* of the science. He says:—

> "To understand this distinction, let us conceive some certain relation between two individual men;—as, for example, of a benefactor to a dependent, or one who has conferred a kindness to another who has received it. There is a moral or ethical propriety that springs out of this relation. It is that of gratitude from the latter of these individuals to the former of them. Gratitude is the incumbent virtue in such a case, and a benefactor is the object of that virtue."—P. 20.

Our author even takes the ground that to make gratitude a duty, it is not necessary that the benefactor be an actual existent. He continues:—

> "Let a benefactor only be supposed to exist, and then we affirm, with as great readiness, that gratitude would be due to him. The incumbent morality is alike recognized, whether we behold a real object, or only figure to ourselves a hypothetical one. The morality, in fact, does not depend for its rightness on any such contingency as the actual and substantive existence of a proper object to which it may be rendered. The virtuousness of gratitude would remain a stable category in ethical science, although never once exemplified in the living world of realities; we derived our only notion of it from the possibilities which were contemplated in an ideal world of relations."—P. 21.

This is sufficiently startling; and certainly deserves careful investigation. It seems, however, to agree remarkably with our instinctive virtues. Let us be the conscious recipients of blessings, and even be so misinformed in relation to our benefactor as to have conceptions of him totally false in respect to his personality; yet, notwithstanding, we instinctively feel emotions of gratitude toward that false or ideal benefactor. The nature of the object may produce some modification of the gratitude excited; but it is evident that it is not the object itself that excites the emotion. This is produced by the *consciousness of being blest.*

Knowledge of the *benefaction* is necessary in order to *awaken the emotion;* but the knowledge of the *benefactor* in order to show to what object to *direct* it. Neither do our conceptions of the propriety of the virtue in the case depend on the knowledge of *many* objects to which it may be directed. Distinct conception of a single benefactor will be as efficacious as the knowledge of any number, however great.

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While this may be true of our knowledge of the *ethics* of the case, it will not prove true in regard to the knowledge of the *objects:* this must be obtained by the inductive method; which may also be applied to the science of mind. "But the knowledge of ethics belongs to another and a distinct philosophy."

Our author now proceeds to a familiar and lucid illustration of the nature of *ethical* knowledge, as distinguished from knowledge of the *object;* from the difference between the *mathematics* and the *facts* of natural philosophy. He says:—

> "The *objects* or data of science are ascertained by the evidence of observation; but the mathematics of the science proceed on an evidence of their own, and land us in sound and stable mathematical conclusions, whether the data at the outset of the reasoning be real or hypothetical. The moral proprieties, founded in equity between man and man, would remain like so many fixtures in ethical science, though the whole species were swept away, and no man could be found to exemplify our conclusions. The mathematical proprieties, founded on an equality between line and line, would in like manner abide as eternal truths in geometry, although matter were swept away from the universe, and there remained no bodies whose positions or whose distances had to be reasoned on."—P. 25.

It can be no objection to this argument, that, in order to apply it, we must make the tremendous transition from the finite to the infinite; for a triangle, whose base is the diameter of the earth, and which is applied to ascertain the distance or dimensions of Jupiter, is precisely the same in its essential properties, and in the certainty of its demonstrations, as one drawn on a slip of paper, and applied to ascertain the distance and dimensions of an object within the reach of the hand. And it does not matter to what object the triangle may be applied; it ever remains the same in its essential properties. Neither does it matter how *limited* or *extensive* our knowledge of the *objects to which geometry may be applied:* geometrical truth may be equally understood by the philosopher confined to his study, and by him who surveys the heavens from his observatory. Nor does a *new* object, of whatever distance, magnitude, or relation, make any change in our geometry. Our knowledge of mathematics would not, by the new object, be either increased or diminished. The new object does not *supply* the mathematics, but finds them already in existence; and as well adapted to the strange object as to those familiarly understood. Thus the same geometry which measures the objects in the familiar landscape, also measures those in the skies. Our author says:—

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> "It is enough that the triangle which comprehends any portion, however small, of his paper, hath the same relation and properties with the triangle which comprehends any portion, however large, of immensity. It is enough that what is predicated of the line which extends but a few inches, may also be predicated of the same line when prolonged to the outskirts of creation. And thus it is, that after observation hath done its work, and collected what may be styled the facts of astronomy, there is a capability in the human spirit, and upon no other materials than what may lie within the compass of a table, to unravel the principles of its wonderful mechanism; and in the little chamber of thought, to elaborate a doctrine which shall truly represent the universe, and is realized in its most distant processes.
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> "Whence were these mathematics derived? For our present purpose it is a sufficient answer to this question, that he did not go abroad for them. They may have enabled him to scan the cycles of heaven; but most certainly heaven's lofty concave is not the page from which his geometry was drawn."—P. 34.

We have endeavored to give our readers a glimpse of our author's reasoning thus far, with as much clearness and fullness as would consist with a review. If our observations seem unnecessarily extended and simplified, it is because we could not, with greater brevity, do justice to our author; who in this part of the work is so diffuse, and takes so much pains to simplify, that he himself apprehended danger of "nauseating" those of more discriminating and powerful minds. To consist with his design, it is quite necessary that his views thus far should be understood with all possible clearness.

Having prepared the way for the application of his argument, he thus proceeds:—

> "And just so it is in moral philosophy. This science hath its objects that are ascertained by observation; and, apart from these, it hath its ethics, in which it can assign the moral relations that subsist between these objects. The facts of the science are just as distinct from the ethics of the science, as the facts of natural philosophy are from the mathematics of natural philosophy."—P. 35.

But can we ascertain the relation that man sustains to God, and his corresponding obligations, without a knowledge of the divine Being? By no means: no more than we could ascertain the relations the earth might sustain to an undiscovered planet. In order to *apply* mathematics, the object must be known. But this does not prove that the geometry may not be understood previously. The discovery of the new body would not create, or essentially modify, the geometry which may be applied to it. It finds the science already in existence and ready for its appropriate use.

And so with the ethics of moral science: they are not called into

being or essentially modified by new objects of the science, however near at hand or afar off, common or unusual.

We are now fully prepared to perceive how we may make the transition from the terrestrial to the celestial in moral science. It is not far from one *species of ethics* to another; but, *with the same ethics*, from one *object* to another. Just as in natural philosophy, with the same familiar mathematics, we transfer them from the more usual and near-at-hand objects to the more distant and sublime, without any essential change in the geometry itself. Our author says:—

> "He who can resolve a triangle whose angles are inndivisible points on the parchment that lies before him, can resolve a triangle whose angles are planets in the firmament. And all that he requires to know, are the facts or the objects of the celestial physics, to make his mathematics as available in the natural philosophy whose field is the heaven, as he may have already made them in the natural philosophy whose field is this lower world.
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> "In like manner he who can assign the properties of that relation which subsists between a dependent family and their earthly benefactor, can assign the properties of that relation which subsists between the whole species and their heavenly benefactor. For this purpose he has no new ethics to learn; and all that he requires to know are the facts or the objects of this higher relationship, to make the ethics which he already has, as available in the moral philosophy whose field is the heaven above, as he has already made them in the moral philosophy whose field is the world below."—P. 38.

If it is anything in a writer's favor that he will not leave a point until he knows that the intelligent reader must understand him, our author's excellence in this respect is beyond dispute. But in striving for this kind of excellence he was aware, as he forewarns us, that it would be likely to "nauseate" those of quick and powerful minds.

At this stage of the argument the author very properly proceeds to show more distinctly the necessity and principal design of a revelation from heaven. And he does not depart from his favorite field of reflection—philosophy. As the mathematics and the objects of the sublimest department of philosophy have already been made to perform valuable service in his enterprise, so now the *instruments* of the science shall act their appropriate parts under his direction. The ubiquitous monument of Galileo—the telescope—occupies a position in the science too conspicuous to be overlooked by one delighting in the sublime. The wide transition in natural philosophy, from objects near at hand to the telescopic worlds, may be considered analogous to the not less wide transition in moral philosophy, from the terrestrial to the celestial. As,

in the first, the *telescope* is indispensable; so, in the last, the *Bible* is indispensable. But it is not the office of the telescope to give a *new geometry* to science; although it may supply the data of many a geometrical exercise. Its principal design, we well know, is to aid our feeble vision in obtaining knowledge of those *objects*, which, without the instrument, would be for ever unknown to us. We might, indeed, as did the ancients, from analogy, or imagination, *infer* the existence of many more than we could see; and attempt to demonstrate their complex relations. But *certainty* would be out of the question; and all attempt to harmonize and demonstrate a theory would, doubtless, end as the mighty efforts of the ancients did. They had geometry, and did admirably apply it to objects as far as they had light. The *telescope* was wanted, not as a pencil to calculate, but as an eye to see. It came. The effect upon the scientific world we do not stop to mention. Our author says:—

> "A teacher from heaven, even though he should confine himself to the revelations of such facts and objects as had been before wrapped from human eye in the depths of their own mysteriousness,—though he should simply lift the veil from that which was before unseen, or, by the notices that he brought with him from the upper sanctuary, should bring forward into view a spiritual landscape, which, by its remoteness, was dim, at least, if not altogether invisible—though he should not be the expounder of any new morality at all,—might be the expounder of facts that would meet and call forth a doctrine, or a previous discernment of morality, which had been already in the world." —P. 40.

The Bible is the telescope of theology. What ancient mythologists seemed most to need, was, not to be informed that there is a Being superior to man, and that men are under obligations to him, for of this their own sages discoursed and their noblest bards sublimely chanted. They had the twilight of religious day. And so far as their light discovered to them the *objects* of theology, so far they seemed to have rational convictions of the proprieties founded on their perceived relations. What they appeared to need most, was authentic information respecting the proper object of human worship. The ethics they seemed to understand.

The human mind is so constituted that it delights in perfection: it desires to have everything matured or complete. When a science is imperfectly understood this disposition tends to discover, or to supply, what is necessary for the completion of that which is understood in part. And if the true light is not to be obtained, that which seems clearest, whether emanating from history, or flashing from the imagination, is very naturally employed.

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Thus the ancients, already possessing some rational perceptions of the divine Being, but lacking that which was necessary to complete their knowledge, and supposing, quite naturally, that men are the noblest beings next to the gods,—what was lacking that was necessary to complete their imperfect conceptions, they drew from corrupted tradition or supplied from themselves; but principally, it would seem, from themselves: "They became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened." So they had "gods many, and lords many;" some greater, some less;—divinities, like themselves, with corrupt appetites and passions.

The whole system of ancient mythology was nothing but some noble outlines traced upon the mind by the hand of traditional revelation, filled out and colored by the ambitious promptings of a depraved imagination. And this is, doubtless, the true solution of the common adage, the substance of which is, "Show us the gods of the people, and we will show the people of the gods." Such divinities as the light of mythology revealed to men they acknowledged and worshiped with a consistency which is worthy of our imitation. The ethics in the case not only existed, but operated.

Now, all must perceive how admirably the Scriptures are calculated to supply this lack of information. They do not begin by proving that there is a God: this would have been unnecessary. The sublime communication is opened with the *doings* of God; and gradually, but clearly, displays him in his unity, spirituality, goodness, holiness, and power. And it is not done didactically, or in the form of a regular science: the world needed to obtain the knowledge in a more agreeable and impressive manner. The Bible, therefore, lifts the veil that had concealed the divine Being from the world; and he is exhibited in the theatre of his sublime performances, creating and governing the universe. None who credit its communications, can remain ignorant of the true object of adoration.

It is not the *only* object of the Bible, however, to communicate knowledge of the objects of theology: men are depraved, and indisposed to obey the requirements which are not agreeable to fallen nature, however clearly the proprieties of the case may be revealed. They need the influence of the most powerful motives to incite them to deny themselves of ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly, in the world. And, furthermore, the world needed to have placed before them the divine method of salvation. All this the Bible does.

Do not the Scriptures appear continually to appeal—as to a pre-

vious conviction of a God—so to a previously understood ethics? What mean the multitudinous passages of this character? "Do ye thus requite the Lord, O foolish people and unwise? Is he not thy Father that hath bought thee?" "If, then, I be a Father, where is my honor? And if I be a Master, where is my fear?" "And why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things I command you?"

It will be readily perceived that this question must have an important bearing on the doctrine of human depravity. Our author perceived this, and has met whatever of difficulty might be supposed to exist in the case. He is too thoroughly orthodox to permit himself to advocate any sentiment that is opposed to evangelical soundness; and too good a logician to throw out ideas before examining them in all their legitimate bearings. Whether we have quoted him, condensed the expression of his views, or added—as we have freely—observations of our own, we trust we have done him no injustice. And now may we not pause to inquire whether his views entirely accord with the views of Calvinistic churches, on the subject of depravity? To us it is evident that there is a diversity of opinion on this subject, even in the churches usually regarded as orthodox. It seems to be generally supposed that Arminians and Calvinists agree on this point. But is it not evident that many of the New School Calvinists are Pelagian and semi-Pelagian? And from such superficial views, there seems to be a shading down to Calvinists of the Calvinian school. With these last it seems to be generally supposed that Arminians agree on the subject of depravity; and that there were not in fact five points, but only four, on which Calvin and Arminius differed. Now, if it be not thought trifling, permit us to say that they appear to have differed in *four points and a half*. But, more properly, on depravity they partly agreed, and partly differed. And it is precisely on the point where they disagreed, that we would wish to examine the sentiments of our author. We shall deem it no small acquisition to the strength of the Arminian side if Chalmers is found enlisted with them. Now, if we can understand the Calvinist view, it teaches that man is totally depraved. And this is understood to be total darkness in respect to our relation and obligation to God; a total disqualification and disinclination for the right performance of any acceptable service toward him; and, indeed, an entire moral disqualification for the proper performance of any of the duties founded in the social relations. And we understand this doctrine to teach, that man in all cases *remains thus totally depraved until the moment of his regeneration*. Consequently, that, until this change, there is nothing good in any man, in thought,

word, desire, intention, or deed; but that, instead, every unregenerate man is in all things evil only, and that continually. How this could consist with any proper knowledge or sense of the ethics of theology, or with any due appreciation of righteousness, or with any sincere conformity to what was supposed to be the divine will, it is not easy for us to perceive.

It is not sufficiently known, we opine, that Methodists—the genuine Arminians of the present—do not entirely agree with this view of depravity. To what has been said, as being the Calvinist view of the total depravity of our nature, we do heartily assent, with the following exceptions:—

First. We do not think that all men *continue totally depraved until their regeneration.*

Secondly. We think man, *under the atonement*, is not, properly speaking, in a state of nature. He is not left to the unalleviated evils of total depravity. The atonement has not only secured grace *for* him, but a measure *in* him, by virtue of which he not only has moral light, but is often incited to good desires, and well-intended efforts to do what is perceived to be the divine will. On this point, *Dr. Bangs* has done essential service to truth in his "*Errors of Hopkinsianism.*"

Those who reject this view, and maintain the Calvinist, properly so denominated, must affirm, in order to be consistent, that all unregenerate men are precisely what they would be if no atonement had been offered; thus maintaining that the whole mediation of Christ secures absolutely nothing in any man, favorable to his salvation, until the moment of regeneration. Even if they admit that the Holy Spirit strives with men before conversion, they must affirm that the Spirit is never obeyed, and does absolutely no good; or else they must admit that unregenerate men do sometimes obey the Spirit, and that that very *obedience* is sin. Yea, furthermore, if they admit that the unconverted do sometimes yield to the strivings of the Spirit, they must then admit, or else deny, that the yielding or obedience is to be ascribed to the carnal mind. If it be said that the carnal mind obeyed, they contradict St. Paul; if it be admitted that the sinner, in yielding, did not act from the carnal mind, it must follow that he obeyed the mind of the Spirit, and, in so far, did a good deed.

If we do not misunderstand the Calvinistic view, no previous reflection, no solemn conviction, no religious desire, no sorrow for sin, no outward reformation, no confession or prayer—nothing of all this is good in the sinner; nothing of all this springs from the mediation of Christ. All this is the legitimate workings of un-

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alleviated, total depravity. How truly, then, is Satan divided against himself! How faithfully he works in the sinner those desires and exercises which result in his salvation! How efficiently he aids the sinner in his struggle—we were going to say, in his struggle to escape from his sins! But as this might have the appearance of a good *desire,* at least, as it evidently is just what the Lord wishes him to do, just what Christ died to effect, we must leave that sentence unfinished until we come to represent the fairer view of the case.

Now it is certain that the sentiments of our author do not harmonize with this view of depravity; they seem perfectly to agree with the Arminian view, which, all ought to know, is Methodism. We are fully aware that plausible reasons may be advanced to sustain the erroneous view; and objections, of a degree of weight, urged against the truth. But these objections are far from being insuperable; and those reasons, in our opinion, do neither agree with history nor consciousness.

With the author of the treatise under review, we fully maintain the doctrine of total depravity. But we will not ascribe to it those exercises which tend to man's salvation; neither will we outrage common consciousness by denying them. We will not deny the doctrine of total depravity in the most effectual way, by denying its very *nature;* ascribing to it exercises and tendencies which, *in Christians,* we should not hesitate to ascribe to divine influence.

When we meet with any kind or degree of good, either in Christians or others, we will ascribe it all to God: our song shall be,—

> "Thou all our works in us hast wrought;
> Our good is all divine;
> The praise of every virtuous thought
> And righteous word is thine."

Before we dismiss this subject our author must be allowed to define his position. He says:—

> "We are aware that, along with the total degeneracy of man, there has been a total darkness ascribed to him; but we feel quite assured that in the vagueness and vehemence wherewith this charge has been preferred, the distinction between the objects and the ethics of theology have not been enough adverted to. There is no such blindness in respect to moral distinctions that there is in respect to objects placed beyond the domain of observation, and holding substantive existence in a spiritual and unseen world."—P. 47.

And, still speaking of unregenerate men, he continues:—

> "Even the worst of these, however, will pronounce aright in the great majority of ethical questions—and should the power of profligacy

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> or passion be from any cause suspended, if solemnized or arrested by the revelation of new objects from heaven, or (even without the intervention of aught so striking as this) if but withdrawn for a season from those influences which darken the understanding, only because they deprave the affections, it is wonderful with how much truth of sentiment virtue is appreciated, and the homage to virtue is felt. A thousand evidences of this could be extracted, not from the light and licentious, but certainly from the grave and didactic authorship both of Greece and Rome. And while beyond the limits of Christendom all those peculiar revelations of the gospel which relate either to past events or to existent objects are almost wholly unknown—we are persuaded that bosoms may be found which would do the homage of acknowledgment at least, if not of obedience, to its truth, and its purities, and its kindness, and its generous self-devotion, all the world over." —P. 48.

This is merely a specimen of much more that might be quoted, as much to the point. This does not result from total depravity, but from the operating Spirit within fallen men; not because they *are* regenerated, but to lead to regeneration. We may now perceive, in the light of this view, why the heathen, on equitable ground, may be in danger of perdition. It cannot consist with any rational sense of justice to consign the heathen to hell, merely because they inherit a depraved nature, or are under the dominion of that nature, if they have knowledge of no better way, and are destitute of grace by which they may be saved. If they are in danger of perdition, (and doubtless they are,) it must be on some ground more in harmony with the character of the just and merciful God. Must it not be for this reason? "For when the Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves; *which show the work of the law written in their hearts;* their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another." Rom. ii, 14.

Our author thus comments on this text:—

> "In this passage he concedes to nature the knowledge, if not of the objects of theology, at least of the ethics. There might need, perhaps, to be a revelation ere any moral aspiration can be felt toward God—but without such a revelation, and without any regard being had to God, there might be a reciprocal play of the moral feelings among men, a standard of equity and moral judgment, a common principle of reference alike indicated in their expressions of mutual esteem and mutual recriminations."—P. 51.

In the chapter "On the Duty which is laid upon Man by the Probability, or even the Imagination, of a God," much of the argument of the previous portion is repeated. The author felt the

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importance of distinguishing between the objects and the ethics of the science. A considerable degree of light respecting the latter, with a fainter illumination concerning the former, he considers to be the foundation of universal accountability. He also deems it very essential to discriminate between atheism and antitheism. A man may be an atheist without being an antitheist. The antitheist denies that there is a God, and is ready to undertake to prove that there is none.

> "The atheist does not labor to demonstrate that there is no God. But he labors to demonstrate that there is no adequate proof of there being one. He does not positively affirm that God is not; but he affirms the lack of evidence for the position, that God is."

This is quite evident, and strictly in accordance with the etymology of the terms. But we apprehend that this distinction is not sufficiently observed. Arguments, constructed with great logical skill, have sometimes proved powerless in their application, because they were directed, as the saying is, against a "man of straw." It is while treating of this subject, that our author brings out that mighty demonstration, occasionally referred to, that it is impossible, in the nature of things, to disprove the being of God. We cannot allow ourselves to attempt a synopsis of it, for fear of marring its noble proportions. It should be read, as written by his own hand. The conclusion is as follows:—

> "For man not to know of a God, he has only to sink beneath the level of our common nature: but to deny him, he must be a God himself. He must arrogate the ubiquity and omniscience of the Godhead."

In carrying forward his general subject, the position is taken by the author, that it is not necessary to be assured that there is a God, in order to be laid under obligation to act in the premises. He says:—

> "The very idea of God, even in its most hypothetical form, will bring along with it an instant sense and recognition of the morality and duties that would be owing to him."

Man would be laid under obligation to search into the evidence of the being of a God, and to act from the light that he may obtain. An extended illustration of this sentiment is drawn from a supposed case of conferred benefits. A destitute family are abundantly supplied by some unknown benefactor. Gratitude is the appropriate duty in the case; but they know not to whom to direct it. They understand the ethics of the case, but are ignorant of the object. Now, while they luxuriate upon the bounty supplied them,

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if they do not *care* to know the benefactor; if they are not affected by *suspicion* respecting him; if, when a *clew* is afforded, they neglect to follow it up; if they heed not *probability* in the case; if still *absolute certainty* were demanded before the recipients of the bounty would direct their reluctant gratitude; if evidence to prove the identity of their benefactor be received with indifference or reluctance, it would show "palpable delinquency of spirit in all this; and it would become still more evident should they distinctly refuse the calls that were brought within their hearing to prosecute an inquiry. The grateful man would not do this. He would be restless under the ignorance of him to whom he owed the preservation of his family. He would feel the uneasiness of a heart whose most urgent desire was left without its object."

The application is too apparent to detain us; and we pause only to observe, that it appears to have been precisely in accordance with this disposition that the Athenians erected an altar to the unknown God on which to offer their testimonials of grateful adoration. It was to increase their knowledge of the unknown object of their worship that St. Paul opened that sublime discourse concerning the God whom they ignorantly worshiped. It is on this ground, doubtless, that we should feel apprehensions on account of the heathen. The ground of accountability seems to be, that "light has come into the world." And the condemnation will be, because "men love darkness rather than light." We need not advocate the horrible principle of sending men to hell for the sin of the first transgressors.

Our author, as might be supposed, has fully canvassed this matter; and he carries along the unbiased judgment to acquiescence with his conclusions. These appeals to common sense and consciousness are not easily resisted. Hear him as he approaches the conclusion of his argument:—

> "To resist God after he is known, is criminality toward him; but to be satisfied that he should remain unknown, is like criminality toward him. There is a moral perversity of spirit with him who is willing, in the midst of many objects of gratification, that there should be not one object of gratitude. It is thus that even in the ignorance of a God, there may be a responsibility toward God. The Discoverer of the heart sees whether, for the blessings innumerable wherewith he hath strewed the pathway of every man, he is treated like the unknown benefactor who was diligently sought, or like the unknown benefactor who was never cared for. . . . Even though a mantle of deepest obscurity lay over the question of his existence, this would not efface the distinction between the piety, on the one hand, which labored and aspired after him; and the impiety, upon the other, which did not miss

the evidence it did not care for, and so groveled in the midst of its own sensuality and selfishness."

Chalmers is a giant. He loves to grapple with mighty things. He seems to be conscious of his own strength; and he knows that truth has nothing to fear in a fair contest. He does not, therefore, lie in wait for his antagonist in wily ambuscade; but resolutely buckles on his armor, and marches out into the open field to attack, or to be attacked, as necessity or expediency may decide.

In battle, he has no contemptible stratagems to practice upon his enemy; but he meets him face to face: and he deals with him honestly, with solid, logical missiles, aimed with unerring precision. But he is not the man that will dash into battle on the spur of the moment. He must first carefully reconnoitre his enemy's position, and fully acquaint himself with his powers and resources. He must first survey the entire breadth of the field, and select his own position; and even then he will linger in half battle array, while he more perfectly arranges his own resources, and perfects the order of his artillery: and, when ready for action, he will not dash into the conflict like an impatient cavalier; but approaches slowly and cautiously, half conquering by the wisdom of his arrangement and the impression of his majesty. Nor does he, in the heat of action, ever get into confusion, and forget his propriety. He uses nothing to irritate his opponent; he has no personal malice to display; he is never unnecessarily severe; he conquers scientifically. His antagonist has nothing to complain of but the weight of his arm, and the skill of his arrangements. And withal, too, he is a generous combatant; for though he pushes his antagonist to desperation during the conflict, yet he cheerfully gives him quarter whenever he demands it. He gains his victories more easily than many others; for he is so courteous, so generous, so honorable, and, withal, so renowned for his prowess, that his antagonist feels it almost an honor to surrender to such an opponent: and, as he has nothing of maltreatment to fear, and does not expect to be bound to the triumphant chariot of the victor, he is disposed to yield to such a conqueror at the first excusable opportunity. If Luther was a Cromwell, Calvin was a Cæsar; if Edwards was a Marlborough, Wesley was a Wellington. But who is Chalmers? Chalmers is a Washington! Necessity compels him to take up his arms; he fights, not for glory, but for truth and righteousness; and he is ready to sheath the sword when it can be done with safety. He prefers peace; but he is not afraid of war. Where he can best serve the interests of truth and goodness, there he

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takes his position. He is loved and respected while he lives; he will be honored when he is dead.

As a literary production, this treatise has brilliant excellences and prominent imperfections; the former more numerous than the latter. Among its imperfections, must be noticed its tiresome tautology and its continual verbosity. The same idea, in some instances, meets us so frequently that we are apt to become wearied with its familiarity; and sometimes it seems to struggle under the weight of its cumbrous phraseology; and so multitudinous, at times, are the expletive words and sentences, (parenthetic, without the sign,) that many of them are less clear and forcible than they might otherwise have been.

Of the general plan of the argument, probably no fault could be found: but, in the minor arrangements, there is too little distinctness in separating the portions not intimately connected; there is too much blending of the different parts of the argument. In consequence of this, it is usually difficult to detach any particular portion from its connections, in order to contemplate it by itself.

The style of Wesley, Harris, Upham, and many others, in this respect, is much superior. The work would be greatly benefited by a more liberal use of *italics;* they are scarcely ever met with in the treatise. If the chapters could be divided into several sections it would be an improvement; but decidedly the best improvement would be a judicious abridgment. Many of the periods are too long; so long, that we almost get out of breath *thinking*, before we get to a stopping place. What is the use of periods from twelve to twenty lines? As to the punctuation, we are compelled to say, it is unworthy the general excellence of the work. Much of this defect in punctuation must be attributed to the awkward construction of the sentences; but something of it can be ascribed to nothing but negligence. We did mark several passages for illustration; but we have already, we fear, said too much. And whatever may be said about the author not being a dashing warrior, it will be evident to all who examine the treatise that he is a *dashing* writer. The pages are full of dashes; some, indeed, used with propriety, but many—perhaps most—where something else would be better.

We are duly apprised that the dash is a great favorite with some; but, notwithstanding, there must be some rules of propriety to regulate the use of it. If not, if they may be used anywhere, then let us dash our periods, colons, and commas, into oblivion; and dash our dashes upon our pages without scruple.

Having done with the less-pleasing part of criticism, we gladly

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hasten to say a few things much more in accordance with our feelings of veneration and admiration of the author. Spotted he may be, indeed, as a writer, but he is a spotted sun. The truth appears to be this, he is so entirely engrossed with the greater things of his subject that he pays too little attention to the lesser; like some noble veteran marching into action, with his step measured by martial notes, who keeps his form erect, his eye on the face of his enemy, and his arms scientifically poised, but who forgets these smaller proprieties as he leaps to grapple with his foe. But where battles are fought on the plains of logic; where the ear is not stunned by clashing thunders, nor the eye blinded by the smoke and dust of the conflict; where all are expected to keep scientifically cool—in such contests, (to dismiss the figure,) the writer must not forget that, after all is said, we must approach to an understanding of his ideas through the little avenues of words, parentheses, colons, and commas. And should a Scotchman ever forget that the noble Graham of Wallace's day had his bosom pierced through a little crevice in his armor?

The style of Chalmers is quite original—Chalmerian. He probably has, and ought to have, no imitators; for who can be a Chalmers but Chalmers? We must, in this matter, be content to admire him at a respectful distance, as we would an Achilles in the successful use of his armor; and, in such a case, our most prudent course would be to acknowledge his superior greatness, his valor, and his achievements; and, not presuming to imitate, not daring to envy, be satisfied with *wishing* we were Achilles ourselves: but, since we are not, and cannot help it, and there is no use in trying, join cheerfully in the chorus of his praises, and be content to be what we must be. D. D. B.

Lima, Jan. 4, 1847.

Art. VIII.—*A Concordance to the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments.* By Rev. George Coles. New-York: published by Lane & Tippett, for the M. E. Church. 1847.

Why should a new Concordance be made? Is not this another instance of literary plunder,—seizing a transatlantic book, changing it a little, perhaps for the worse, here and there, and then palming it off upon the community as the genuine product of American brain? We confess such was our fear when this book was announced; but mature examination has dissipated the fancy, and

convinced us that no great and laborious undertaking was more needed than this which is just accomplished. The Bible,—the Bible, is the one great instrument of apostolic men. With that in their hands, and the love of God in their hearts, and a sound judgment, they can go out, whether as pioneers of civilization, or among the enlightened and misled, and point them to the fount of endless life. If, in addition to this, a Hymn-book can be given them, songs of praise will soon mingle with devotion and instruction, and divine worship will be complete. Next to these two should certainly be placed the Concordance. The Bible is perfect, the Hymn-book and Concordance should be;—the one as an exponent of the enthusiasm, the confidence, and enjoyment of the Christian, the other as the most valuable aid to the investigation of the inspired word.

Men conversant with the Bible, and who could spare their time from an immediate enforcement of its claims upon their fellow-beings, have ever loved to study it; and what would appear to others the most forbidding and tedious toil, has been endured by them with cheerfulness and delight. We believe that the energy which has carried some commentators and Biblical critics through their apparently superhuman labors, has been something more than the zeal of a classical critic, bending his mind for years upon the text of some merely human and not superior author. They have toiled to aid all future generations in obtaining the mind of the Spirit. Verily, if they have done this in prayer, and for good, great will be their reward.

It is evident that a minute examination of the text itself, a collection of parallel or apparently conflicting passages, an elucidation of scripture by scripture, would be among the first efforts of Biblical students. But the character and worth of these investigations would be modified by the advancement and demands of the age. In the time of the "wonderful doctor," Roger Bacon, who seemed to stand in scientific and literary pursuits almost alone, at least in England, who was confined in a cell in his old age twelve years from his practice of the "black art," whose knowledge of Greek and Hebrew was supposed to be a means of communication with infernal spirits—in this age, when the building of the two arches of London bridge cost less than the "faire written" Bible bequeathed by W. de Howton to the Abbey of Croxton, it could not be expected that any studied aids to the examination of Scripture would be furnished. And yet then it was that Antony, of Padua, wrote his Concordantiæ Morales, or concordant passages, according to the Vulgate. This may be regarded as a germ of concord-

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ances, and therefore deserves great credit. Many discoverers in the sixteenth century surpassed Columbus, but he was the leader and prince of them all.

The first real Concordance was prepared by that indefatigable Dominican friar, the cardinal Hugo de S. Caro, provincial of France. Having completed his *Correctorium Bibliarum*, or Correct Text of the Bible, with the various readings in the margin, he wrote an excellent commentary on it all, dividing the text for convenience' sake into chapters, which have been used according to his division ever since. There remained still another task for him, and that was to construct an extensive index, or concordance, by which any desired passage might be found. Deeply impressed with the difficulty of the project, he is said to have called five hundred monks to his aid. Notwithstanding all this care, it was not free from error, and was far from complete; though it is the basis of all modern Concordances. It was written in Latin, and published in the year 1238. Soon the Hebrew and Greek texts underwent that close examination and arrangement to which the Vulgate had been subjected, and finally various translations were made. The Greek *Ταμειον*, of Erasmus Schmidius, is among the best, and is said to leave but little more of the kind desirable in Greek.

In the year 1550 appeared the first English Concordance. It is entitled "A Concordāce; that is to saie, a worke, wherein by the ordre of the letters A, B, C, ye maie redely find any word conteigned in the whole Bible, so often as it is there expressed or mencioned. By John Marbek."* The difficulties attending the production of such a book, great in themselves, were enhanced by the unaccountable persecution to which all industrious and independent scholars were in that age subject. An unlearned but untiring man, he undertook, for his own improvement, to copy with his own hand the Bible; but by the advice of another was influenced to attempt the translation of a Latin Concordance into English. Having proceeded through the letter L, he was seized, on some foolish pretext, imprisoned, and his papers lost. When liberated, he began again, and finished the work; but for want of means, and from the size of the book, could not get it published, and finally rewrote and condensed it all in the form in which it at last appeared. The above volume, though a prodigy in its day, would furnish but little assistance at present; as then reference could be made only to the beginning, middle, and end of chapters, since it was not till five years after this was published that the great French printer, Robert

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* Townley's Biblical Literature, vol. ii, p. 270.

Stephens, in the intervals of a horseback ride from Paris to Lyons, divided the chapters into verses.

By far the most popular English Concordance is Cruden's, which has already been used more than a century; and certainly it should not now be superseded by another, unless defects are detected and avoided by its rival. Its principal defects are the following:—1. It is larger than necessary. By omitting parts of the passages not necessary to recall the whole, it may be abridged, and be equally useful. 2. It is incomplete. Though a slight use of it may not expose this, yet it is not always possible to find the desired text by reference to some important word. 3. It is not invariably accurate, though far superior in this respect to its predecessors. The most thorough Biblical students have long since noticed its deficiencies and wished for another. Dr. A. Clarke preferred Butterworth's, yet acknowledged this to be imperfect. Dr. Scott, the commentator, designed to prepare one himself, and actually devoted some years to the project, but relinquished it through other pressing duties. When asked if Cruden's would not answer every practical purpose, he replied as follows:—"The errors and deficiencies in Cruden are tenfold more than are generally suspected; and I believe several reasons induce even the proprietors to wish to substitute a new work, under a new name, in the place of it. Had I not been impeded by age and infirmity, and unexpectedly taken off from completing it, I am persuaded it would have been published. As it is, I have my labor for my pains."*

But it seems that this drudgery, as many would term it, was not thrown away; for as he informed his son,—"Whether this work ever comes to anything or not, it repays me for my labor by the delight I receive from having the whole body of Scripture thus kept *constantly revolving* before me."†

If preparing such a work be of so great advantage, how profitable must be its frequent use!

It is the destiny of everything imperfect to pass away. However impregnably defended, it must disappear. This is true of both great and small things. Again,—whatever is good and correct, however encumbered with the imperfect and the feeble, will not be totally ruined with them. It will re-appear like truth in philosophy, which re-presents itself amid the dissolution of successive systems, and thus proves its own indestructibility. But our present deep thinkers and mighty intellects could never have become what they are, had they not been preceded by others not inferior, but still their servants. They have but to remove the rubbish of

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* Life of Thomas Scott, D. D., p. 299. † Ibid., p. 298.

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former generations, strengthen and illustrate what they had discovered, and add a little to the universal stock. The pioneer has indeed a laborious task. The rough wilderness must be subdued; but the freshness of hope, the spirit of the leader, encourage him. One after another follows, each adding to, and correcting, the plans of the preceding, till the regular city, and village, and town, with roads, orchards, gardens, and canals, show the triumph of Christian civilization. Without Socrates, Plato could not have written; and Plato has modified, and directed, and strengthened the philosophy of all his successors. There is now no original writer on philosophy, or morals, or theology. We breathe the spirit of the past. Though not a sentence may be taken from another, yet the thought itself is but the perfection of others' thoughts.

Thus is it with lexicographies and all books of reference. The labor of the present age is to complete the efforts of the preceding. Though the Latin has been the language of the literary world for centuries, and the Greek studied as long, within a short time have the best Lexicons in these languages appeared. This we believe to be true of Concordances. The volume now under consideration has avoided many previous errors, amended inaccuracies, supplied deficiencies, and rescinded superfluities, and now presents itself as adapted to render the student all the aid that can be afforded by a work of its class. No small task is it to edit such a volume. Many a ready writer can produce, *currente calamo*, in a few weeks, a volume larger than this; but often even then its life, like that of an ephemeron, will be less than the time employed in bringing it into being; but the production of an extensive volume, of which almost every word must be examined again and again, and every line verified by reference to another book, is a task from which nine-tenths of our bookmakers would instinctively shrink. Again, the value of such a work depends much upon its typographical accuracy. Frequent errors in print would justly procure its condemnation, yet nothing but great care could prevent them. So far as we have examined this book, its execution is an honor to its compiler and the publishers.

Little need be said upon the usefulness of such a work. As in nature nothing is insignificant, but all items in God's great plan, so in revelation, nature's great counterpart, all its portions are but parts of one stupendous whole. Limited, and consequently often erroneous, are the thoughts of that man who confines his view to one field of observation, as to one of the many phases of the universe; so, too, all the parts of God's word must be faithfully studied, and weighed, and adjusted to each other, to give a correct

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theology. Division of labor may produce the best resultant in the business world, but often from antagonistic and mutually destructive, rather than harmonious, forces, unless superintended by some great minds which comprehend the whole. Happy is he, who, from his resting point of observation, can comprehend and mutually adjust the whole. As Tholuck remarks, far preferable is that philosophic zeal which results from extensive knowledge, and manifested in well-directed effort, to the rash energy applied to produce an immediate good, irrespective of distant and inevitable effects. The minister of the gospel who studies the writings of any man or class of men, be they ever so holy, more than he studies the Bible, will inevitably be a loser, if not led astray. At best he will be but an imitator, one remove further from the great exemplar. The laws and properties of light can never be educed from observations on the moon. The rays have lost much of their intensity, and some of their properties, by their visit to this opaque orb. Why gaze at the reflector, when the luminary itself blazes over us? A successful ministry must always be studious of the Bible. History teaches it, not only by reference to the most prosperous and adverse ages of the church, but with as great clearness, and more point, by individual cases. The style of the preaching of Peter, the most influential of the apostles, may be inferred from the well-attested fact that the gospel of Mark is a condensed report of his discourses. It is a unanimous tradition of the church, founded upon the direct statement of ancient authors, that Mark accompanied Peter, and committed to writing the discourses by which he attempted to induce both Jew and Gentile to follow the Lord.* This is the testimony of Jerome, also of Irenæus, who lived in the second century, as quoted by Eusebius:—"Peter and Paul proclaimed the gospel and founded the church at Rome. After the departure of these, Mark, the disciple and interpreter of Peter, also transmitted to us in writing what had been preached by Peter. And Luke, the companion of Paul, committed to writing the gospel preached by him, that is, Paul."—*Eccl. Hist.*, b. vii, c. viii, p. 188, Book Room ed.

Thus Peter and Paul preached the simple gospel. Paul, indeed, could quote heathen poetry, but only to follow it by the unpalatable and purely Scriptural doctrine of the resurrection of the dead.

Addressing a people to whom the Bible is a household book, and the gospel a thousand times told story, it may be right to range into the domain of mental philosophy, or the walks of science, for

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* Kitto's Bible Cyclopedia; article, Mark.

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illustrations and confirmations of the truth, but that is all. When has the church arisen with energy and beaten back its foes? When the Bible was the object of its intense study and deep reverence. The true successor of the apostles, Wesley, wielded unencumbered this apostolic weapon. Not one printed sermon has he left us which does not abound in references to different passages of Scripture, or quotations from them, and which does not derive its richness from the divine treasure judiciously assorted in it. The most eloquent strains of Whitefield were molded of Scripture language, and designed to convey Scripture truth. It was when he said, "O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord," that the attention of thousands was caught, and their hearts touched. Jonathan Edwards, philosopher as he was, and as able to stand as any other, resting upon intellectual strength solely, studied intensely, and relied invariably upon, the Bible. Revivals have ever been produced only by a careful elucidation of Scripture truth. The triumphant success of the early followers of Wesley, both in England and this country, can be attributable to nothing else, so far as human agency is concerned, than to an exclusive and life-like presentation of gospel truth. Had they been learned they might have accomplished more,—remaining equally holy, and retaining their attachment to, and preference for, the word of God; but had they suffered themselves to be seduced by philosophy or literature from the wells of pure knowledge, had their affections been divided between Isaiah and Homer, Paul and Plato, the truth and an earthly reflection of it, they never would have produced the moral revolution of the past century. Men of one idea have ever been the molders of man's destiny, the authors of lines deep drawn in the features of the past; so men of one book are alone partakers of the true missionary enthusiasm of an apostle.

In this age we have reverend authors of learned and labored treatises, on subjects as various as ever entered the mind; many of which have no connection with the glory of God or the salvation of men, either from temporal or spiritual evil. It may be that such men are called of God to this work; it may be that such labors as other men perform for filthy lucre, or the bubble reputation, are undertaken by them for the glory of their Master: but we greatly fear that they have entered into the rank of Christian ministers unbidden, or forgotten their calling. We plead not for ignorance. Nay, we plead rather for a just appreciation of heaven and earth, the untold magnificence of the one, not neglecting the real value of the other. We plead for the discovery and comprehension of God's great moral plan, while his natural plan, confessedly inferior,

and all of men's moral and political plans, however insignificant, shall not be passed by. Perfect knowledge produces modesty, an extended vision only gives correct information. But while it is right for ministers to extend their field of vision as far as possible, all this human knowledge, whatever its name, should be looked upon as contemptible when compared with the divine effluence of sacred writ; nor should its attainment, even for a single day, conflict with present effort to promote the Redeemer's kingdom. It must be wrong to spend more time, prompted by a mere instinctive thirst for knowledge, which an unregenerate mind may feel as well as a child of God, which may burn in Satan's soul as well as glow in Gabriel's, than in that particular work for which the Holy Spirit has designated us. The gospel is unyielding and definite in its claims. It has ever been the policy of our great enemy to give an elasticity to its requirements that would allow them to swell into absurdities, or diminish into practical non-existence. Were the professed ministers of Christ in these United States to become thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Bible, such a spirit as we might rationally expect from a prayerful, docile examination of its truths, the ecclesiastical history of our country for the next ten years would be far different from any other portion in all time—like the first century of our Lord, but we verily believe more extended and abundant.

We hear much of a learned ministry. Have we forgotten that God can work by a holy ministry, whether learned or unlearned? Have we forgotten our origin, as Christians?—For the immediate successors of the apostles were unlearned. As Methodists? Have we forgotten many of our fathers? A learned ministry, though each member of it were skilled in all the wisdom of man, able to charm listening multitudes by his eloquence, to astonish the most profound by his deep investigations and fund of knowledge, and had thus, on account of his talent, obtained proper credentials from the church as a minister of Christ—a learned ministry like this would be the greatest curse to the church and world. Every such imbodiment of unsanctified learning in ministerial character would be a miniature Satan. But a holy ministry God will honor, learned or unlearned. If learning rests upon the sanctified, it blends well with the gifts of the Spirit. The fire of intelligence in the eye mingles well with the beamings of Christian love.

Let the Bible, then, be the object of unceasing study. It is for this reason that we hail the publication of this book as eminently useful. It is not information, but a guide to it. Its object is to encourage and assist in the examination of a book, which, if ever the

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millennium arrive, will be—if not published in mammoth illuminated editions, nor praised for its poetry, nor principally valued for its antiquity and curious information—enshrined in the hearts of Christians, and universally acknowledged and appreciated as Heaven's best gift to man. H.

Amenia Seminary, May 16, 1847.

Art. IX.—*Sketches of Matters and Things in Europe.*

The place where we set foot for the first time upon European soil was in *Liverpool*, England. It was on a beautiful afternoon that we came up the Mersey in the steamship "*Britannia*," with colors flying, and cannon discharging, and hearts pulsating with delight at having successfully terminated a somewhat perilous voyage across the Atlantic.

We immediately saw evidence of some extraordinary exciting cause. Small sail and steam boats were plying up and down the river, and streamers were flying from the tops of hundreds of masts, while the docks were crowded with well-dressed persons, who seemed to say, Ye are indeed happy to have arrived just now. No sooner were we boarded by an officer from a small steamboat in quest of *the queen's mail*, than we learned that a great pageant was just in the act of coming off. *Prince Albert* was in town to lay the corner-stone of a new dock, and also of a new mariners' hospital.

This, thought we, is good luck; but we were soon taken all aback by the information that our baggage could not pass the custom-house until the next day, as the officers were all enjoying holyday. Notwithstanding this, trunks and packages were slowly coming up from the hold. The first mate was surly, and would give us but little satisfaction in our anxiety and haste. Presently a gentleman stepped on board, and cried out to this subaltern mariner, "Out with the luggage! you ought to have had it on deck before you touched the dock." Now matters were a little changed. The man, whose voice during the passage had pealed through the rigging and seemed to strike terror to the hearts of the poor tars, now, in his turn, is struck dumb by the stern voice of authority, and bounds for life fore and aft to redeem himself from the suspicion of inattention to his duties.

In short order two pyramids of trunks, boxes, bundles, and packages, were moving upon huge carts toward the custom-house.

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There a scene followed. Trunks were turned inside out, and clothing and all sorts of matters—dirty linen, hats, caps, boots, shoes, &c.—were strewed about in wild confusion. It was well for him who had the faculty of looking honest, and who had his baggage in a compact state, indicating him a mere traveler. A poor old Frenchman, who had a countless number of unmentionables in an ugly square box, was infinitely vexed; and muttered and grumbled sadly, in consequence of having the whole mass not only stirred up from the bottom, but unceremoniously scattered upon the pavement. We were suffered to pass with a slight inspection, and betook ourselves to our quarters; but the procession had disappeared.

The prince, with the noble lords and gentlemen, had retreated to the place of entertainment; and, with all the aid that roast beef, plum pudding, and generous wine, could afford, were trying to make themselves happy.

In the mean time we were taking our first meal in old England. After taking our seats by a bare table, we were put to our trumps to give the waiter information as to what we would have. A few common articles were, after some hesitation, mentioned. Observing us to delay, the waiter said, "Your tea is ready." There it was, sure enough, before us. Everything was in the appropriate receptacle—the hot water in the teapot, and the tea in the canister! "Waiter," said one, "why don't you make the tea?" The fellow took the hint, and shoveled a quantity of tea into the pot, and shut down the lid. At the proper time one of the company poured out the tea, and we proceeded.

After the cloth was removed, a talkative Englishman, lying upon a sofa, commenced a yarn of edifying gossip about the royal family. "The queen knows how to discipline Albert, there's no doubt of that—a royal express came on last night, ordering the prince not to sit at the table after twelve o'clock; and at that hour he promptly retired." Much more of the same sort was said which we shall not record. At length he turned and accosted us:—"You are from America?" "Yes, sir." "You came in the steamer." "Yes, sir." After several questions about our passage, he began to touch our nationality. "And did you really want to get into a war with Great Britain?" "Some did, but the great majority—in which was embraced all the better sort—did not." "Well, her majesty was making vast preparations. England is the most wealthy and powerful nation in the world. We should have annihilated your commerce and destroyed all your seaports in two months." "That would not have been an easy task," responded we; "but what

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then? We have a curious way of swallowing up armies of foreign invaders in America, and we can fortify any position in a few hours with rocks and stumps in such a way as to defy British powder and ball." "Poh! that's American brag." "Well, but don't you know that you spent a million of dollars in the late war in bombarding a small fort, without removing a stone, and only killing and wounding less than a score of persons?" "No! where was that?" "At Baltimore, where Gen. Ross was killed." "There's some mistake about that." "No mistake, sir, on our side of the water. There are many things connected with the wars between Great Britain and the United States which are all wrong, or were never chronicled here, which in America had a real existence, and are left upon the records of history." "Well, America is a great country, no doubt, but England could buy the whole of it and sell it again." "Not exactly. British gold failed to enslave America when she was young and weak, and the possibility of success in that line is constantly receding." So terminated this edifying conversation. This, thought we, is a fair specimen of the manners against which we shall have to fight our way through the kingdom. But, happy for us, it was the first and the last foolish conflict of the kind into which we were tempted to enter, until we left her majesty's dominions.

At night there was a grand illumination, which we went to see. After patrolling the streets until late bedtime, and becoming almost blind with gazing upon the brilliant spectacles which glared upon our vision on every side, we retired to rest.

Liverpool is the second seaport in the British empire. It stands on the shore of the Mersey, two hundred and four miles west of London. Ancient records show that the name had, during the unsettled state of orthography, undergone some changes. At different periods it was written *Litherpul*, *Ly'rpul*, *Lyurepul*, *Lyrpole*, *Lyverpole*, *Lurpool*, and *Leverpool*, until custom fixed it in its present form. Its etymology is uncertain; but the most probable conjecture is that which derives it from *lither*, lower, and *pool*, with reference to a small creek, in an act of parliament called "The Pool," which formerly occupied the site of the old dock and Paradise-street.—*See Ed. Enc.*

Liverpool is not among the ancient towns of Great Britain, but has arisen into importance within the last fifty years; within which time it has more than quintupled its inhabitants. It carries on an extensive commerce with the West Indies, South America, the United States, and the East Indies. Four-fifths of the trade between the United Kingdom and the United States now centres in

Liverpool. As a packet station, perhaps, it is second to no port in the world except London. The packet ships, or *liners*, to New-York and other ports of the United States, for beauty, size, and speed, are justly admired. They leave the port weekly, and, together with the Atlantic steamers—five of which are now running, and their number is to be increased—constitute a chain of communication between Liverpool, and New-York, and Boston, so constant and regular in its operation as to bring this great emporium of England and our commercial ports into close connection, and almost immediate proximity.

During the civil war, Liverpool was invested by the royal troops under Prince Rupert, and finally taken. It was, however, soon recovered by the parliamentary troops: in the mean time the town suffered severely, great part of it being destroyed by fire.

"The markets of Liverpool are very remarkable structures; that of St. John occupies nearly two acres of ground, the whole under one roof, supported by one hundred and sixteen pillars.

"The zoological gardens comprise ten acres of ground, and are laid out with a good deal of taste.

"The manufactures of Liverpool are not important. There are several sugar refineries, some small foundries, a good deal of shipbuilding in wood and iron, a manufactory of steam engines for vessels, and manufactories of anchors, chain cables, and similar articles naturally in demand in a large port.

"The value of the corporation estates is estimated at three millions of money, and the annual income, derived from rents and dock dues, has increased to upward of three hundred and twenty thousand pounds. A great proportion of this income has been devoted to the improvement of the town, including the building of churches and other public edifices. The sum expended in these objects, and in widening the streets, between 1786 and 1838, amounts to one million six hundred and sixty-eight thousand three hundred pounds.

"The site of Liverpool is low and unhealthy. According to the registrar-general's return of births and deaths, the deaths and marriages are double, while the births are little more than half, the number of the average of all England.

"In 1700 the population of Liverpool was only four thousand two hundred and forty; in 1841 it amounted to two hundred and twenty-three thousand and three. It returns two members to parliament.

"The country around Liverpool abounds in every direction with fine residences. Of these the most important are Knowsley Hall,

(Earl of Derby;) Croxteth Park (Earl of Sefton;) Ince Blundell, the seat of the Blundell family; Childwall Abbey (Marquis of Salisbury;) Speke Hall (Mr. Watt;) Hale Hall (Mr. Blackburne;) Woolton Hall, &c.

"At Everton is the cottage where Prince Rupert established his head quarters when he besieged the town in 1644."—*Black's Tourist of England*, pp. 194, 195.

The literary and charitable institutions of Liverpool are ample and well endowed. It contains thirty-six churches belonging to the Establishment; besides which, there are eight belonging to the Wesleyan Methodists, seven to the Baptists, seven to the Welsh dissenters, six to the Scotch Kirk and dissenters, three to the Unitarians, five to the Independents, five to the Roman Catholics, three to the New Connection Methodists, one to the Society of Friends, and three to other dissenters.

The condition of the poor in Liverpool is said to be decidedly bad. The proximity of this port to Ireland brings into it multitudes from Dublin, who are often left in circumstances of extreme want. A large proportion of these persons are miserably lodged. There are not less than eight thousand cellars in this city, in which are lodged from thirty-eight to forty thousand, all of which are miserably ventilated, and most of them dark, damp, and filthy. Exclusive of these places, there are said to be twenty-four hundred courts, in which about seventy-two thousand persons are lodged. The filth of these courts is not removed oftener than once a year, though it produces an intolerable stench; and they are seldom free from pestilential diseases.—*M'Culloch.*

This mass of poverty and wretchedness is not indigenous. It comes from *Catholic* Ireland, the source of an abundance of the same sort in all our Atlantic cities. While all countries are indebted to Ireland for many useful and thriving laborers, they are at the same time infested with her paupers, and cursed with the moral degradation and corruption which they carry with them wherever they go.

Our course lay from Liverpool to Bristol, through Birmingham. The country nearly the whole way exhibits a high state of cultivation, and is without the appearance of domestic wretchedness. The farm houses are generally small, but neat and comfortable. It was the first of August, and the hay and the greater part of the wheat were housed. A few Irish laborers were seen reaping, but the farmers generally seemed to be employed in preparing their fallow grounds. The grass fields exhibited a freshness scarcely equaled in this country in June. The cattle and sheep were all

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fat and plump—not one of Pharaoh's lean kine could be seen. We could easily see why Englishmen are so fond of roast beef and boiled mutton.

From Liverpool to Birmingham we took seats in the first class of cars. A well-fed gentleman, whom we believed to be an Englishman, took a seat by our side. We supposed that we should have no privilege of plying the stranger with questions, for we had learned from travelers that Englishmen are always reserved and cautious. And the reader may judge of our surprise when our fellow-traveler inquired for Dr. Peck. We immediately answered to the name, and asked, "What knowledge have you of me, sir?" "O," responded our friend, smiling, "I never had the happiness of a personal acquaintance with you, sir, but I saw your name upon your trunk, and being an American, I felt as though I had met an old acquaintance." The spell was broken—our fellow-traveler was the captain of a packet from Philadelphia, and a highly intelligent gentleman, well acquainted with the localities which were constantly coming under our observation. So the society of our new acquaintance was to us as profitable as it was agreeable.

Birmingham is the principal hardware manufacturing town in England. In 1839 it contained one hundred and ninety thousand inhabitants. Like all the manufacturing towns in England, it presents a dingy appearance, and the most prominent objects are the high chimneys, and the vast clouds of black smoke which they vomit forth. There are in this city, in addition to the immense manufacturing establishments, many objects of interest,—such as churches, schools, hospitals, libraries, &c., which, as we could not take time to examine, we will not attempt to describe. In taking a run through the city, an ingenious blind beggar attracted our attention. He had a small dog with a strap about his neck, the end of which he held in his hand, while the sagacious little animal held in his mouth a tin kettle of the capacity, perhaps, of a gill, into which those who were disposed cast their alms. The poor man was piteously crying out, "He crowneth the year with plenty, he filleth your barns with good things," &c. Beggars in Europe often seem to be such by profession; and they certainly carry the art to a high state of perfection. They sing a song, repeat poetry, deliver a rhapsody, quote Scripture, or perform some odd prank, or call to their help some tractable animal for the purpose, first, of exciting attention, and then moving sympathy.

Birmingham has been somewhat celebrated for riots. In 1791 a riot arose from a festival in commemoration of the French revolution, in which the library of the celebrated Dr. Priestley was

destroyed. This eminent philosopher and heterodox divine emigrated to America and settled in Northumberland, Pa., where his sepulchre remains to this day; and, if his epitaph tells the truth, *he* there "sleeps until the morning of the resurrection." In later times there have been great disturbances among the operatives, some idea of which may be formed by reading *Dr. Durbin's* "Observations."

The only really pretty things we saw in this town—for we did not go into the toy manufactories—were the vegetable gardens on the outskirts of the town, which are leased and cultivated by the better sort of persons engaged in the manufactories. They consist in parcels of ground of a few rods square inclosed by hedges, with every nook and corner of them filled with esculents, which appeared to be well cultivated, and were beautifully fresh and flourishing. In the corner of each of these gardens is a little brick building of perhaps six feet square, where the garden implements are kept. These garden plots not only furnish the operatives who lease them with vegetables, but afford them means of interesting and healthy exercise.

From Birmingham to Bristol we took seats in the *second* class of cars. The company was decent and respectable. We found many who conversed freely, and asked a multitude of questions about America. All sorts of matters were discussed, from the genius of our republican institutions down to the right way of making a *corn-cake.* The last item here mentioned may seem ludicrous to an American reader. But we found everywhere in the United Kingdom much inquiry with regard to the use of *corn-meal.* The general opinion seemed to be that it made a most wretched species of bread, scarcely fit for horses. We told them what was the plain truth, that the whole difficulty was in the cookery—that our American women could make most delicious and nutritious food of Indian corn-meal in twenty different ways. To this we often saw indications of strong doubts.

At Bristol we took lodgings at "The Full Moon," a small, but rather comfortable, hotel. Arriving on Saturday evening, Aug. 1, we paid our respects to Dr. Newton, and found him very kind and cordial. He assured us that in due time we should be introduced to the conference; but advised us that such were the circumstances of that particular period of the conference, that there might be some little delay in the matter.

On the sabbath we had the happiness to hear four sermons. At 7 A. M. we listened to *Mr. Rule,* late missionary to Gibraltar. He is a short, dark-complexioned man, not remarkably fluent or ani-

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mated in manner. But he preached an instructive sermon, and one which could not fail to make a good impression. In the mean time we should not forget to mention the fact that when we reached the chapel, as it was not quite time for the commencement of the service, a prayer-meeting was in progress in the vestry. We listened to one prayer for several minutes with great delight. It was appropriate, copious, and fervent, and was responded to by many hearty *amens*, which altogether made us think of most blessed scenes we had witnessed at home, and left upon our mind a sweet conviction that the God of Wesley and Fletcher was still with the parent branch of the great Wesleyan family.

At 10 o'clock we heard *Mr. Atherton*, the president of the conference. This gentleman is between sixty and seventy years of age, hair white, and face wrinkled, of full habit, inclining to corpulency. He stands erect in the pulpit, and speaks with ease and fluency. The sermon was characterized by perspicuity of style and exactness of expression. If the preacher had exhibited anything like an effort to recollect himself, we should have supposed that the whole discourse had been written and carefully committed to memory. His positions were clearly stated and well sustained, and, as a whole, the sermon was a capital specimen of evangelical preaching. His manner was dignified, and the better sort of his hearers must have gone away to think, to pray, and to resolve upon a closer adhesion to the great fundamental doctrines of Christianity.

The whole service occupied more than two hours. Dr. Newton read the church service. A long hymn was then read by the president, all of which was read and sung at intervals, two lines at a time. Then followed a copious prayer, the whole of which seemed to proceed upon the supposition that, after *reading prayers* in relation to all possible cases and contingencies, it was then necessary to *pray* over the same things in such language as spontaneously arose. We observed the same thing whenever we heard the church service performed in the Methodist chapels; after reading the long prayers out of the book, the preacher goes directly to God, with a prayer indited by the Spirit, and coming from a full heart. Though this makes the service, to an American Methodist, tedious, it still shows, what was to us a very interesting fact, that the Wesleyan ministry in Great Britain are not likely to exchange the spirituality of worship for the mere form. Though we could very well have dispensed with the *reading*, we should not have been willing to spare the *praying*. When the Methodists shall cease to be, as our fathers were, "mighty in prayer," we hope God will grant us another revival of pure primitive Christianity.

At three, P. M., we listened to a discourse on the subject of "Christian joy," from the *Rev. Mr. Roland,* in "Mr. Wesley's chapel." Of the chapel we shall speak hereafter, only noting, at present, that it was the first chapel which Mr. Wesley built in England, and is consequently a most interesting relic of olden times. The sermon was well studied. The style was chaste, the argument clear, and the thought and illustrations often elevated. Though the congregation was a medley, and was small, the preacher seemed to lay himself out to make a deep and permanent impression, and if we could judge from the state of our own feelings, he succeeded in his object. Mr. R. is a small man, of about fifty-five, considerably marked from small-pox, of some originality, and considerable fire in the region of his sensibilities, though of a kind and unobtrusive spirit.

At night we traveled nearly across the town to hear the celebrated *Dr. Beaumont.* The large chapel was filled to suffocation. We, through the kindness of a friend, secured a seat in front of the pulpit, where, though we could hear very well, we could not see the speaker without assuming an unnatural and painful position. But, notwithstanding this, we caught many a glimpse of the orator when in his highest flights. Dr. B. is an extraordinary man—a man of genius and of a most brilliant imagination. There is about his discourses—proceeding upon the supposition that the one we heard was a fair specimen—a luxuriance of imagery which not only approaches, but actually reaches, the extravagant. His figures, his language, his gestures, are marked, strong, often violent. A stranger, however much he may be delighted with the corruscations of Dr. B.'s genius, and the power of his eloquence, is nevertheless painfully affected with his laborious utterance, violent jestures, and bodily contortions. His voice is sometimes high and sometimes low; his enunciation sometimes excessively rapid, and at others drawling. But the greatest fault in his elocution is the painful extent to which he prolongs some of his sentences, and hangs upon the last word. This is carried to such an extent in some instances, that he seems to have pumped from his lungs the last particle of air, and occasioned a collapse of the vital organs from which they will never recover. His countenance is flushed and distorted, and you have time to ask yourself, Will he ever breathe again? When, all at once, he raises himself up, draws in a long breath, shakes his head back and forth most violently, and then sets off upon another excursion.

The above were our reflections upon the first hearing we gave Dr. B. Upon subsequent information that some of the defects of

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his oratory were the consequence of a natural defect in the roof of his mouth, which is but partially remedied by artificial means, our unpleasant impressions nearly subsided.

It is said that, in the commencement of his ministerial career, Dr. B. was only moderately acceptable; but, at present, he is reputed to be one of the most popular preachers in the Wesleyan connection. He never rises in the conference without attracting attention. And we observed that everybody, as soon as his voice was heard, brightened up, and gazed as though they expected something extraordinary, and were ready to give decided tokens of approbation or displeasure. Often his thoughts and associations were so peculiar as to call forth a spontaneous burst of laughter. We cannot say we admire this gift in a speaker, especially in the grave deliberations of a conference; and yet it was difficult for us to suppress expressions of the emotions which seemed almost mechanically to rise upon his magic touch.

We shall now proceed to give an account of the Wesleyan Conference, and the impressions which the proceedings of that body, and the accompanying events, made upon our mind. We shall not be particular to mark dates, as it is not our object to treat the subject in the narrative form.

The meeting to hear the candidates for admission give a relation of their Christian experience excited much interest, and the large chapel was crowded to a perfect jam. We succeeded, with much ado, in securing a seat where we could see the young men, who were all seated in the front of the gallery. After the services were opened, Dr. Newton, the secretary of the conference, called the names of the candidates, each one rising and answering to the call. They then took their seats, and the president addressed the audience to this effect:—The Wesleyan Methodists have ever laid great stress upon the doctrine of a change of heart, and the witness of that change. They have, consequently, been exceedingly jealous lest the ministry should lose sight of this great doctrine. They have always insisted that the men who are to explain and enforce this doctrine, should themselves know what it is by experience. Hence they require a public statement of their religious experience upon the part of those who are about to enter upon the duties of the ministry, that the people may know that they have a pure and apostolic ministry, who are prepared to say to them, Follow us as we follow Christ.

The young men then rose in order, and gave an account of their conversion to God, and their call to the ministry. The relations were simple, clear, definite, and evidently original. There was no

second-hand story, nothing made up of catch phrases—no copying. Each showed out his own individuality, and seemed to give vent to a deep current of holy feeling. We remarked that, with not more than one exception, the whole number had been religiously educated, and were the children of Methodist parents. The services were long, but the attention was unabated—it was indeed a spiritual feast.

The conference examination was conducted by the president; and, that the reader may have some idea of its character and extent, we will give the questions as we minuted them down at the time. 1. What is religion? 2. What the rule of faith? 3. What the evidence that the Bible is the word of God? 4. How has God revealed himself? 5. How has he revealed his attributes? 6. Is a distinction to be made between his natural and moral perfections? 7. Has he made a revelation of the mode of his being? 8. How do you prove the plurality of persons in the Godhead? 9. What think ye of Christ? was he human or divine? Answer, Both. 10. Do you regard the relation of Father and Son as relating to the divine nature? 11. What are your views of the third person of the trinity? first, of the divinity, and, second, of the personality of the Holy Spirit? 12. Do you find in the Bible the doctrine of providence? How do you define it? What Scripture for it? 13. Whence does it appear that there is another life? 14. What the duration of the soul's existence in punishment? Here a candidate interposed the question, Is it necessary to see the reasonableness of a doctrine independent of Scripture? 15. What is the image of God in which man was created? 16. What is the present condition of man? 17. What scripture proves the universality of human depravity? 18. What is there in favor of the *totality* of this depravity? 19. What evidence that it is derived? Dr. Bunting took occasion to make some remarks upon the *original guilt* of man and its universality, and to mark the distinction between the Arminian and Pelagian theories. 20. Now as to the doctrines of grace, How do you prove that the death of Christ was restitutional? 21. What are the benefits of Christ's death? 22. What is the condition of justification? 23. What is redemption? 24. What is preparatory to justifying faith? 25. May we know that we are justified? Here Dr. Bunting, who watched the examination with great attention, noted a distinction between the evidence of consciousness and the witness of the Spirit. 26. For whom were the blessings of redemption provided? 27. How far do they extend? from all sin? 28. What particular idea do you attach to sanctification? 29. May it be so lost that the subject of it may perish? 30. How many

sacraments are there? 31. Is the sabbath of perpetual obligation? 32. What scripture proves this? 34. You have read Mr. Wesley's Sermons: can you prove these various doctrines in Mr. Wesley's words? 35. What books have you read? One said, Most of Mr. Wesley's Works, Fletcher's Works, Watson's, Prideaux's and Shuckford's Connections. Another said, The whole of Wesley and Fletcher, and Pearson on the Creed. Another, Wesley, Watson, and many scores of works of various kinds.

A peculiarity of the examination was, that the same question was proposed to each candidate, and each one was required to give a distinct and an original answer; so that there were as many answers to each question as there were candidates. This method, of course, put the candidates upon their resources—for it was only in a very few cases, where the question would admit of no variety in the answer, that any one ventured to repeat an answer which had been given before. It also protracted the examination to a tedious length.

After all this, the regular disciplinary questions were asked from Grindrod's Compendium, which were answered simultaneously. One of the questions is, "Will you drink no drams?" One of the candidates wished, before he answered this question, to propose one to the president. On gaining permission, he asked, "What are we to understand by drams?" The president promptly answered, "Undiluted spirits." Several remarks were then made by the venerable president in relation to *teetotalism*, about as far from orthodox, in our view, as his definition of *drams*. The *teetotalers* were treated with great severity, being set down as a pack of mad fanatics. Still the president laid some little restriction upon the young men in their use of wine. He advised them, in general, to avoid its general use until they were *forty years of age*, when he seemed to think it would be necessary to take a little for the stomach's sake. We were exceedingly sorry to find that the Wesleyan body in England so extensively give the sanction of their practice to the habitual use of wine. They seem not to have become sensible of the fact, that the wines in common use among them are strongly alcoholic, and, consequently, intoxicating, and that their example, in this respect, goes to paralize the nerve of the temperance reformation. We must say, much as we esteem the excellent men who compose the Wesleyan Conference, we were grieved with their course upon the temperance question. That body ought to be in the van of the temperance army. But, we are sorry to say, they are not there. If our humble voice could reach them, we would earnestly exhort the influential and leading members of the

conference to look into the subject with more care. We would say,—Venerable fathers, call us not a "*teetotal fanatic*" for urging what multitudes among you and around you think in secret—and sometimes whisper—that it is high time for you to take an advance position, at least to come up to the standard which our venerated founder set up a century ago. Your countenance, your example, your hearty co-operation, are wanted in the cause of *temperance*—which is but another name for *total abstinence from intoxicating drinks.* Are you sure that your wine, ale, beer, stout, &c., are necessary, or conducive to health? Are you certain that your example does not enhance the evils of intemperance in the kingdom? But we must forbear. What we have said is in the honesty and simplicity of our heart, and we hope will not wound the feelings of any one of our much-valued friends on the other side of the water. Thus much we feel compelled to say, and yet our feelings are far, very far, from being relieved.

The next topic which became a subject of conversation was the use of tobacco. Upon this point the president was a little more stringent than upon the use of wine, notwithstanding, as is said, and as he virtually admitted, he is himself an extravagant *smoker.* The old gentleman seemed somewhat oppressively to feel what Sir Walter Scott said of himself, that he had created a giant that he could not kill. His confessions were frank and full, and his admonitions to the young men to avoid the rock upon which he had split were strong and explicit.

The question was asked the candidates whether they had any objection to the *liturgy.* One wished to know what was to be understood by "our bishops and other clergy," and in what sense they could use this language in prayer. The president said, "You may substitute superintendents, helpers, and preachers." Dr. Bunting proposed, as a substitute, "all ministers of the gospel." We should think it would be no greater sin to reform the liturgy in several places, and have one adapted to the use of the chapels, than to change the language and alter the sense in the act of performing the service. But in this matter we would not dictate, if we could, the course to be pursued. We are so Puritanic that we could never be confined to the use of any liturgy we have yet seen.

After the examination was completed, Dr. Bunting arose and remarked, that the young men had exhibited a thorough knowledge of the topics upon which they had been questioned; and, upon the whole, he thought the examination satisfactory. He then moved, and Mr. Marsden seconded the motion, that the candidates be received. The question was taken, and passed upon the whole *en masse.*

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The ordinations were preceded by the liturgy of the Church of England, which was read by Dr. Newton, upon whom this part of the service seemed always to devolve, and who performs it with great gravity and propriety. After the liturgy was concluded, the president called to his aid Rev. Drs. Bunting, Newton, and Hannah, and the Rev. Messrs. Marsden, Stanley, and Jackson, who imposed hands in common with him. The peculiar form of words employed by the president, upon the imposition of hands, was as follows:—"Mayest thou receive the Holy Ghost for the work of the *ministry*, now committed to thee by the imposition of our hands," &c. Then, putting into the hands of the candidate a small Bible, the president said:—"Take thou authority to preach the word of God and to administer the holy sacraments in *our* congregations." The ceremony was truly impressive.

After the ordinations, *Mr. Stanley*, the ex-president, delivered the official charge, the duty devolving upon him according to usage. His address was founded upon Acts xx, 24, "But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God."

The venerable speaker *first* proceeded to speak of the apostle's *ruling desire*, as expressed in the text: 1. It had respect to his own personal salvation,—"that I might finish my course with joy." The speaker gave a sketch of St. Paul's conversion and early history: those things in which he had gloried he "counted loss for Christ,"—avoided the temptations to apostasy by looking constantly to Jesus,—"I keep my body under, and bring it into subjection, lest, by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." St. Paul was martyred in 66; but no biographer was present to tell the story of his triumphant exit, as in the case of Stephen. But a short time before he says: "I am ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight," &c.

2. Another leading object with the apostle was, *fidelity* in the ministry,—"And the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus." 1. The *origin* of the apostle's ministry was *divine*. He says, "I am an apostle, not of man, nor by man." In a qualified sense every true minister of Jesus Christ may say the same. It is not the business of the church to call, but merely to *recognize* ministers. 2. The object of his ministry was, "to testify the gospel of the grace of God." The primitive ministers of Christ had none of those temptations to assume the sacred functions which are now

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presented in some quarters. They were not offered *thousands a year;* did not vie with Jewish and pagan priests in the riches of their habiliments. The object of their call was to save sinners from hell. The gospel they were called to preach was "the gospel of the grace of God." In "grace" the plan was devised, the merit achieved, the means provided, the work begun and completed. "The head-stone" of the system will be brought forth in "shouting, Grace, grace unto it." You will never be happy or successful in your work without Christian experience. Paul saw the influence of his ministry upon many classes—Lydia and her house, the jailer and his house, and multitudes besides. The venerable Wesley once said, "I would not live to be useless."

The speaker next proceeded to speak of the apostle's *zeal.* 1. St. Paul's zeal was *enlightened.* Some expend all their zeal upon mere trifles—raise the ocean into a tempest to waft a feather or to drown a fly. 2. It was a *benevolent* zeal. Many have a cruel and murderous zeal: such is the zeal of the Papists. Paul's zeal was "love in action." 3. It was a *constant* zeal. Not like the crackling of thorns under the pot, now in the torrid and then in the frigid zone. 4. An *ardent* zeal. "The love of Christ constrained him." 5. St. Paul's zeal was *fearless.* He was never afraid of an adversary; he was a valiant moral hero. The doctrine of the cross was a most unpopular doctrine, and yet he *gloried* in it. A remarkable instance is his reproving the apostle Peter.

You will have to administer discipline. In this you must be *impartial.* There may be men of influence in the church, who have spots in their character. You must show them no favor on account of their position in society. Paul feared nothing; he was "in perils oft," but was never moved from his steadfastness.

You will have to contend with false doctrines; one which is quite common at the present time is *baptismal regeneration.* Baptism is not regeneration, nor does it regenerate. This is evident from two facts: 1. Baptized infants exhibit no signs of regeneration. They are just as peevish, fretful, and obstinate as before. 2. Paul did not baptize many—only one household, and a few besides. Now this would seem strange were baptism either regeneration or the means of it. Had he believed the doctrine of baptismal regeneration he would have baptized all he met, for certainly he would not fail to regenerate as many as he could.

My dear young brethren, "the fathers" are falling rapidly; we rejoice to see so many strong young men coming forward as their successors. May God bless you!

The address was an hour long, wanting eight minutes. It was

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a truly instructive discourse, but delivered in rather a languid tone. Nothing in it seemed to create any sensation, except the passage relating to *baptismal regeneration*, which made a considerable stir among the ministers.

Mr. Stanley is perhaps five feet eight inches high, and of fair proportions—rather full habit, and between sixty-five and seventy years old. His hair is perfectly white, and eye rather languid. He speaks with great deliberation and precision; but has contracted the unpleasant habit of drawing his breath through his nose, and screwing his mouth, first one way, then the other, at the end of almost every period.

It is a truly refreshing circumstance—one which reflects great honor on the Wesleyan Conference, a majority of which is made up of men in middle life—that *the fathers* enjoy so honorable a position in the conference, and evidently feel that they are neither under foot nor in the way. *Mr. Stanley* and *Mr. Atherton* have probably enjoyed their last conference honors. Their juniors seemed pleased with their having elevated them to the presidency just before they leave the effective ranks. This they must soon do. Their old age is green and pleasant; but they must soon bow to the fate of all mortals.

We took much pains, and made no little sacrifice, to attend the sittings of the conference, which we were permitted to do, after a formal vote of the body had been taken upon the subject, on the representations and recommendation of *Dr. Newton*. The president politely introduced us and our traveling companions to the body, and gave us seats. We had too strong a desire to see the mode of doing business in the Wesleyan Conference, and to witness the tone and spirit which characterize the body, to let anything interfere with our attention to the proceedings. The general aspect of the body was more mature than that of any American conference we ever attended. There was a greater proportion of old and middle-aged men than is usual with us. But it must not be forgotten that all the Wesleyan preachers do not attend the conference. The attendance is regulated by the district meetings. Of course those who remain at home are mostly the younger class.

The president is seated upon a platform, immediately in front of the pulpit. Dr. Newton sits at his left, a little in the rear, and the two assistant secretaries at his left. Dr. Bunting and the other ex-presidents occupy the right. There are seats upon the platform for perhaps thirty persons, which are occupied, in addition to those above mentioned, by the missionary secretaries, delegates from Ireland, superintendents of missions, and ministers from other

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countries. In the body pews, before the pulpit, sit "the hundred," who constitute the "legal conference." The seats in the rear and under the galleries seem to be occupied without regard to age, as old and young are mingled together.

The backs of the pews are surmounted with a narrow board, a little inclining, and each man has an inkstand with paper and quills before him. The whole arrangement is quite business like.

The great man of the body is *Jabez Bunting*. He is full six feet high, of full habit, rather inclined to corpulency, a fine, erect figure, flush countenance, benevolent eye, bland and prepossessing in all his manners. Shrewd and politic, discriminating and far-sighted, accustomed and trained, for many years, to business habits, and possessing an easy elocution and felicity of diction, he exhibits a combination of the rare qualifications which command universal respect and deference. He is emphatically *great in council*. Dr. Bunting is never absent from his seat during business hours. He watches with eagle eye every item of business which is transacted. He has an opinion, a mature opinion, clearly and fully made up, of everything that is enacted. And when things take a wrong turn, he is upon his feet, and commences, even in the most exciting discussions, with a smile playing upon his countenance, to lead matters in the right direction. He seldom speaks more than five or ten minutes; after producing the impression which he designed—saying just enough, and not a word too much—he takes his seat, apparently without the least concern for his cause. In one instance we saw him stave off an unwelcome subject, and defeat a powerful argument, which had been roundly applauded, by a few expressions of admiration of the elocution and talent of the speaker, and a mere concession that the subject was well worthy the attention of the appropriate committee, and yet adroitly killing the whole thing by a few *doubts*. In another case, after a man had mounted his seat, and made a strong speech against his appointment, the doctor fairly choked him down by a little management. The appointment, said the doctor, is just the thing for him. He has been rising for several years, and now he will have an opportunity to rise more rapidly than ever; then, turning most kindly toward the brother, he said to him, "Do now, R., *keep up while you are up;* what is the use of your now losing the fairest chance you will ever have to gain a high position of usefulness?" The doctor knew right well where to touch him; if his judgment was not convinced, his weak place was successfully assailed, and he kept his seat in right good humor, and let the matter pass.

In relation to his own appointment as missionary secretary, Dr.

B. remarked, that he did not know but he was about worn out; sometimes he thought he was; but then he did not wish to decline service in the church so long as he was able to do anything. He did not wish to stand in the way of any one better qualified than he was for the post which he occupied. He then made an allusion to some sort of a publication, which he called "a fly sheet, or a fly leaf," by an anonymous writer, in which he was represented as *excessively ambitious* and *greedy of power*. "The Lord rebuke thee, Satan!" ejaculated the old president, with a stern and severe tone and countenance. "But," continued Dr. B., smiling, "I doubt if this is the right way to get rid of me. It wakes up the old man, or the old *Methodist preacher*, or the old *Christian*, and rather disposes me to hold on." "But," continued the doctor, "I must soon cease to labor. I feel the approach of age and infirmities, and must, before long, give place to others." The work was done. Dr. B.'s calumniator was regarded with disgust and horror, and the old veteran cheered on in the conflict.

In free conversation we asked one what the conference would do when Dr. Bunting died. "O!" he answered, "we want the doctor to live as long as he can, and when he goes we shall perhaps be able to do without him. I don't know that we shall then need a successor. He has done the work of a generation to come in arranging our financial system, and, with the results of his labor before us, our way is clear."

Dr. Newton holds his age well, having changed but little since he was in this country. He is the same indefatigable, boundlessly popular man that he has been for many years. He speaks but little in the conference, and what he says is in a plain, matter-of-fact style, without the least rhetorical flourish.

Drs. Hannah, Jackson, and Dixon, occupy a highly respectable standing in the body. Their opinions—though, so far as we had the opportunity to observe, they were always put forth in a simple, unpretending manner—are always highly respected. They are all probably over fifty years of age, and are becoming gray.

We shall not occupy the reader's attention with remarks upon other individual members. The body, as a whole, for gravity, intelligence, and moral worth, would not suffer by a comparison with any body of divines in the United Kingdom. There are many men in the Wesleyan Conference of high literary and scientific endowments, and eminently gifted as ministers of the New Testament. They are courteous and hospitable, though not in general so free and unreserved as we Americans are, in their intercourse with strangers.

We have often been asked if we preached at the conference; and have been obliged to say to our friends that we were not invited to do so, and that our fellow-travelers were treated in the same way. As this looks to American Methodists exceedingly uncivil, we have to explain. And we now introduce the subject, not because we have the slightest sensitiveness in relation to the matter, but for the purpose of bringing out a peculiarity of English Methodism. So far as our feelings were concerned, we honestly say we were truly gratified with the fact that we were permitted to hear, and were not called upon to preach. But for the explanation. The stationing committee meet a week before the opening of the conference; and in due season the appointments are all made out, and published beforehand. We have a copy of the appointments for the Bristol Conference, which we brought away with us. This being done, it is not an easy matter to turn one of the men appointed, and published to preach, out of his place. Often the sermon is upon some set theme, and is always thoroughly elaborated. Had we and our friends been there in season, or had our coming been anticipated, we should doubtless have been upon the "plan of appointments." We, in this country, are not so stereotyped and methodical as are our brethren in Great Britain. We can preach at conference, or let it alone; and are generally quite happy to procure a substitute when we can get a good one, and indeed we are not always very careful as to the quality of the men we put into our own shoes. But a member of the Wesleyan Conference feels himself bound to fill his own appointments, come what will.

Several matters were discussed before the conference which excited much interest. The applications from the district meetings for an increase of the number of laborers, in several instances called forth considerable discussion. The application was made through the chairman of the district, who read the resolution upon the subject from the minutes of the meeting. Great vigilance was exercised by the leading members lest the supply of laborers might exceed the means of support. Some wanted "another married man," others "a newly-married man," but more "a single man."

A considerable discussion arose in relation to an application for a preacher for a chapel in Scotland, erected by a lady, who proposed to settle upon the chapel the annual interest on certain bank stocks in America, which she held, for the support of the preacher. It was asked how many members there were in society. Upon hearing that there were only some twenty-five, Dr. Bunting and

others made strong objections. Some asked, Are not these stocks upon banks in the States which have *repudiated?* Dr. Beaumont advocated the application of "this *elect lady*" with great zeal, but it failed. We said, in private conversation, that such a nucleus as that for a church and congregation in America would not be slightly passed over. The answer was, We have not the same room for expansion here that you have. This is doubtless the true state of the case. While such a beginning, in this country, almost anywhere, would soon result in a strong church, in the British Isles it might remain for years without sensible increase.

We were much interested in a discussion which commenced in relation to a new edition of Benson's Commentary, with pictorial illustrations. The discussion took a wide range, and finally fell upon the matter of *cheap* and *popular* publications. Mr. G. Osborn delivered a very eloquent speech, which had evidently cost him some considerable pains, in favor of modifying the plan of the Book-Room publications, so as to accord with the improvements of the age. He introduced several specimens of books which were published at other houses; and by a comparison with Methodist books, undertook to show that they were much cheaper. His arguments were clearly stated, and warmly urged; but did not convince *Mr. Mason*, the agent, nor *Dr. Bunting*. The former earnestly maintained that to adopt the plan of cheap publications would in all certainty end in utter bankruptcy: while the latter "was not much inclined to run after new things." The conference, he said, were certainly brought under great obligations to Mr. O. for the ability with which he had treated the subject, and the light he had shed upon it; and he hoped the book committee would "take the matter into serious consideration." There the whole subject ended.

But the matter in which we felt the deepest interest was the reading of the appointments. The rough draught is made out by the committee, who labor upon it for a week before the conference commences its session, upon data gathered from the chairmen of the districts, and communications received from the officiary of the several charges, and also from the preachers. This draught is first rapidly read by the secretary, without remarks. As the whole matter is to be sanctioned by the conference, the second reading is more deliberate, and subject to interruptions. During the first reading all is perfect stillness: the only exception is a little note-taking in several quarters. When the reading closes, there is a universal bustle, as though every man had fixed his eye upon some point in the plan which would pinch somewhere.

On the second reading, the appointments which are questioned are debated. It should be observed, however, that but comparatively few are called in question at all. When the secretary is arrested, the scene is animated; and to us it was exceedingly novel. To an American Methodist it looks strange to see a man arise, and plead his claim to a better appointment; and to hear others with equal confidence and earnestness deny that claim in his presence. But all this takes place without a rupture; and when the matter is settled, which is done by the president saying, "Let it pass," or, as is sometimes the case, by a vote, all remain quiet.

The debates in the Wesleyan Conference are more in the character of the discussions of a popular assembly, than in our conferences in this country. Feelings of approbation or displeasure are often expressed. Sometimes, "Hear, hear," and at others, "No, no," are heard in all directions; and occasionally a speaker takes his seat in the midst of thundering applause. When, as upon several occasions was the case, the scene becomes confused, the president arises upon his feet, and cries out with a strong voice, "Order, order." If the turmoil is not abated in a moment, which is usually the case, fifty voices are heard crying out, "The chair, chair, chair." This shortly restores silence and order. The American reader will wonder at all this; but he must not judge a convocation of divines in England by American rules of propriety. We make the record simply as a matter of information. At the same time we must note with emphasis, that the British Conference reach their results about as soon, and are fully as well satisfied with them, as is the case with bodies in this country who conduct their business in the most noiseless and quiet manner.

Upon the whole we were gratified, highly gratified, with our visit to the British Conference. As we have already intimated, we made some sacrifices to attend the sessions of this body. Some of our friends made interesting excursions to *Tinton Abbey, Bath, Kingswood*, &c.; and it would have been highly gratifying to us had we accompanied them; but we waived the pleasure to be able to form as correct an opinion as possible of the mode of doing business in the conference. We did wander abroad, and spend some little time in sight-seeing, before we left Bristol; but cannot now give the reader the results of our observations.

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Art. X.—CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. *Evangelical Alliance. Report of the Proceedings of the Conference held at Freemasons' Hall, London, from August 19th to September 2d, inclusive,* 1846. *Published by order of the Conference.* London: Partridge & Oakley, Paternoster-row. Octavo, pp. 607.

This is the first and the only official history which has been given to the public, in any form, of the acts and debates of the celebrated *London Conference.* The speeches are reported by the official reporter, and are presented with unusual accuracy. There is a charm about the book to one who was present, and listened to the distinguished men who gave direction to the councils of that conference, which it can have to no one else; but it furnishes a rare treat to any pious and intelligent mind. Even to those who seem determined to regard the *Evangelical Alliance* as "a great humbug," or "a splendid failure," the book cannot be without interest. We can most confidently invite the attention of all—both friends and foes of the Alliance—to this book. Few can peruse its pages without being made better; and none but incorrigible sectarians will become weary of them. The work, in addition to the acts and speeches, contains an appendix of nearly one hundred pages, composed of communications from distinguished individuals not present, and bodies of Christians, together with an alphabetical list of the members; receipts and expenditures, &c. This work may be had at the Book Room, for the low price of $1 75, without discount. We hope our preachers especially will early avail themselves of the present opportunity of procuring a copy.

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2. *A History of Rome, from the earliest Times to the Death of Commodus.* By Dr. Leonhard Schmitz. Harper and Brothers.

In his preface to this work, Dr. Schmitz remarks, with perfect justice, that, in spite of all the efforts of the most celebrated scholars of the last half century, the books on Roman history generally used in schools at the present day continue what they were fifty years ago. It was mainly to remedy this defect that the present work was undertaken; and it seems to us admirably well fitted to supply the want which has been felt so long. It imbodies all the recent discoveries of the eminent scholars referred to; and presents their conclusions, interwoven with the regular course of the narrative, in a remarkably clear and intelligible light. It is by far the best condensed history of Rome now before the public, and merits general favor. We commend it especially to the attention of all who are interested, in any way, in the cause of education.

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3. *An Essay on Church Polity: comprehending an Outline of the Controversy on Ecclesiastical Government, and a Vindication of the Ecclesiastical System of the Methodist Episcopal Church.* By Rev. ABEL STEVENS, A. M. 12mo., pp. 206. Lane & Tippett.

THIS work embraces the substance of the great controversy on church government, so far as it interests the M. E. Church and her opponents. It is a clear and very satisfactory defense of our church polity against high Churchmen and high Congregationalists. The argument is sufficiently expanded, and the authorities are sufficiently numerous, for all ordinary purposes. For those who have not the means of consulting more voluminous works, the present Essay is the best thing we have seen. On the question of "apostolical succession," it should not supersede *Powell.* But being more general in its scope and design, and adapted to the particular features of American Methodism, it meets present contingencies more fully. The method of the work is natural, the argument clear and conclusive, and the style is characteristically free and easy. We most earnestly commend this little volume both to our preachers and people; and hope it may soon be universally known and duly appreciated.

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4. *The Writings of George Washington, with a Life of the Author.* By JARED SPARKS. Harper & Brothers.

THE public has been acquainted for several years with the great value and interest of this collection. It is a monument, not less of the industry and intelligent research of the compiler, than of the peerless commander and statesman whose writings it contains. It is the most extensive and valuable magazine of materials for a history of the American Revolution yet offered to the public. WASHINGTON was from first to last the heart and soul of that great struggle; and these volumes contain the record of its rise and progress—not only in outward form, but in the spirit and temper of the people, and in the mind of their great leader. His habits of method and of consummate prudence led to the preservation of all important documents connected with it; and these have been collected and arranged by Mr. Sparks, with a care and skill peculiar to himself.

The work was originally published in thirteen elegant volumes, and sold at a high price; not so high, however, as to exclude it from the libraries of immense numbers of our people. The Harpers are now issuing a new edition, in the same number of volumes, from the same stereotype plates, and in a manner almost equally rich and sumptuous; and yet at a price—one dollar a volume—which must give it an unbounded circulation. Three volumes of this edition have been already issued. We commend it very heartily to public favor.

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5. *The Constitutional History of England, from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II.* By HENRY HALLAM. From the fifth London edition. Harper & Brothers.

FOR nearly twenty years this work has maintained its rank as the ablest and most impartial history of the state of government in England yet offered to the public. The author combines the qualifications of sound scholarship, laborious research, and a cautious yet independent judgment, to a degree seldom reached by historians. His style is clear and precise; and every doubtful or disputed point is examined with all the candor and zeal of an honest inquirer after the truth. The successive editions of the work have undergone such alterations and corrections as the progress of longer inquiry has rendered proper, and the present reprint is from the latest and best of those issued hitherto. It is published in a very handsome octavo volume, and ought to be well received. An eminent critical authority has justly and felicitously characterized the work as follows:—"Its whole spirit is that of the bench, not of the bar. He sums up with a calm, steady impartiality, turning neither to the right nor the left, glossing over nothing, exaggerating nothing, while the advocates on both sides are alternately biting their lips to hear their conflicting misstatements and sophisms exposed."

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6. *The Juvenile Speaker: comprising Elementary Rules and Exercises in Declamation, with a Selection of Pieces for Practice.* By FRANCIS T. RUSSELL, Instructor in Elocution at Princeton and Rutger's Colleges. Harper & Brothers. 1847.

NOTWITHSTANDING the number of books that have appeared on this subject, the one before us possesses merits and advantages that should commend it to public favor. The author is the son of Mr. William Russell, a gentleman extensively and favorably known in this department of education.

The object of the present work is to present the first principles of elocution, as they apply to the practice of boys in declamation; to reduce every principle to immediate practice by the introduction of appropriate exercises; to illustrate the principles of gesture; and to furnish young speakers with a supply of suitable pieces for a more extended application of the rules of elocution. From these and other excellent features of the work, we have no hesitation in recommending it strongly to teachers, as a most useful and desirable book; and we are very confident that any class of pupils that should be made thoroughly and practically acquainted with its principles would become better and more correct speakers than a majority of those who graduate from our high schools and academies.

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7. *Astronomical Maps.* By Rev. Hiram Mattison, of the Black River Conference.

These maps constitute what appears to us a successful effort at making the study of astronomy easy and pleasant, even to children. There are in the set sixteen maps, thirty-five by forty inches, embracing the different appearances of the heavens, and the phenomena of the heavenly bodies. They are suited to the use of schools, and may be advantageously employed in the instruction of private classes in the sublime science of the heavens. We most cordially recommend them to the attention of teachers; and most ardently hope that our friend, who has in his state of ministerial superannuation had the strength and perseverance to carry his plan to so high a state of perfection, may find an ample reward in the patronage of a generous public.

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8. *Ecclesiastical Polity: its Form and Philosophy.* By Rev. A. N. Filmore. 12mo., pp. 216. Rochester: Harrison & Luckey. 1847.

From the cursory examination which we have been able to give this work, we are very favorably impressed with regard to its real merits. The genius of Methodism is brought out with a strong hand, and in a clear light. Radicals will ultimately find that their true policy is *silence.* Every assault they have made upon original Methodism has resulted in a defeat. The present work is equally an antidote for *high churchism* and *radicalism;* both of which are as contrary to the Bible, as they are ruinous in their practical operations. We have no hesitation in recommending the work of brother Filmore to our readers.

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9. *History of the Discovery and Settlement of the Valley of the Mississippi, by the three great European Powers, Spain, France, and Great Britain; and the subsequent Occupation, Settlement, and Extension of Civil Government by the United States, until the Year* 1846. By John W. Monette, M. D. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

These two handsome octavo volumes are devoted to the historic records of the great Western Valley, already fast becoming the most important section of our rapidly expanding country. This valuable work is therefore a most opportune and desirable contribution to our national archives. If the work is in part void of methodical arrangement, and occasionally disfigured by inelegancies of style, yet these are but minor defects, and more than compensated by the great collection of facts and documents which the author has gathered from the existing sources at home and abroad, in many instances rare and heretofore inaccessible. Some colored maps accompany the work—one describing the French, English, and Spanish possessions in North America in the year 1745, which cannot fail at the present time to prove interesting and valuable in determining disputed points as to boundary lines between us and our Mexican neighbors. We heartily commend this highly important production of Dr. Monette to the attention and patronage of our readers generally, for it deserves a permanent place in every private collection.

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10. *Homes and Haunts of the most eminent British Poets.* By William Howitt.

The Messrs. Harper have conferred a favor on all lovers of elegant literature by their beautiful edition of this work. It is comprised in two splendid volumes, enriched by a series of nearly fifty exquisite engravings, descriptive of the "homes" of the sons of song. We are much mistaken if this work do not prove eminently successful; and sure we are that all who will take the trouble to inspect it, and read

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a few pages, will not hesitate to purchase and peruse them throughout. Mr. Howitt —himself a poet of no mean pretensions—has performed his task in a genial spirit. His scenes, gossip, anecdotes, and biographical sketches of the poets, are given with charming effect, and evince an appreciation of his subject that is truly delightful. We may add that these charming volumes include characteristic notices of these immortal men, from the times of Chaucer down to our own day: interspersed with which will be found a large fund of rich anecdote, and private elucidation of character, not to be met with elsewhere. Speaking of these volumes, we observed in the columns of an Albany paper, the other day, that they were pronounced "worth their weight in gold." This, though a designed hyperbole, is great and just praise.

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11. *The True Evangelist: or an Itinerant Ministry, particularly that of the Methodist Episcopal Church, explained, guarded, and defended.* By Rev. James Porter. With an Introduction, by Rev. Abel Stevens. 18mo., pp. 162. Boston: Waite, Peirce, & Co.

We have not been able to give this book a careful perusal; but from what we have read of it, and from the high recommendations which it has received, we have no doubt that it is emphatically *a book for the times*, and every way worthy of the confidence of the public. *Mr. Stevens*, in his introduction, says,—

"It is, as it should be, a popular discussion of the subject, in style and spirit, but proceeds on a solid theoretical substructure. The details of the discussion are there amply traced, more so than in any other work extant. I doubt not that its circulation will tend very effectually to correct the prevalent prejudice against our ecclesiastical system, and invigorate the interest of our people for it."

We hope this little book will have an extensive circulation. At this moment efforts are in progress to disaffect our people with our Scriptural itinerant plan. This work of brother Porter comes just in the right time.

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12. *Myrtis, with other Etchings and Sketchings.* By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.
Harper & Brothers.

This beautiful volume comprises a dozen fugitive pieces in prose, from the popular and instructive pen of Mrs. Sigourney. An author so well established in the good opinions of the public as the present requires little in the way of criticism or commendation. The same gentle and kindly virtues which her muse inspires, we find glowing in her more sober prose.

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13. *Christian Love: or, Charity an Essential Element of True Christian Character.* By Rev. Daniel Wise. 24mo., pp. 128. Boston: C. H. Peirce. 1847.

A refreshing little volume—full of instruction and encouragement. The theme itself is enough to secure the attention of the true disciple of Christ. In this cold world, where all is selfishness and hatred, "Christian love" is the grand *catholicon.* Whoever wishes help in the cultivation of this heaven-born principle, will be much profited by carefully and devoutly reading this manual. It is got up in an inviting style, and is just suited for a kind of pocket companion.

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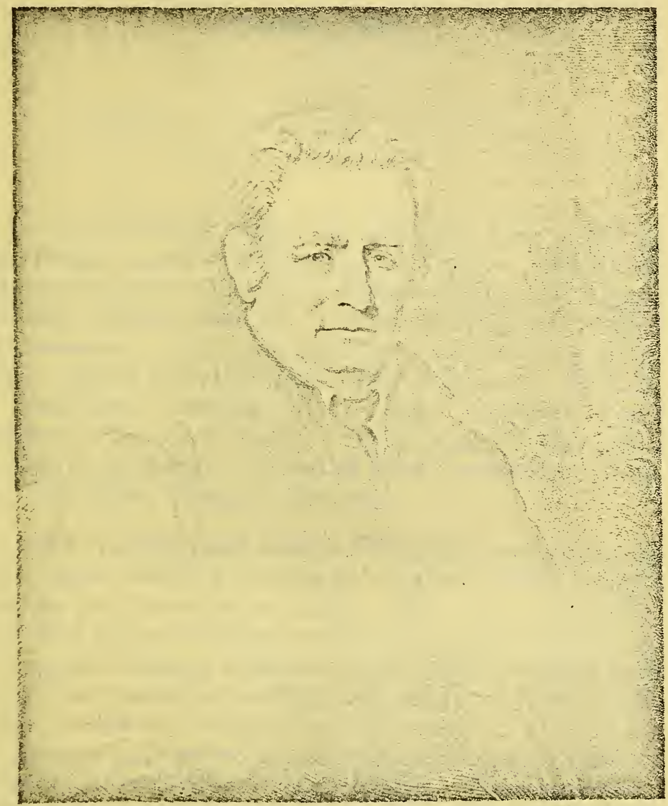

REV. JAMES B. FINLEY.

Ohio Conference.

Published at the Book Room 200 Mulberry St. N.Y.

THE

METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1847.

EDITED BY GEORGE PECK, D.D.

ART. I.—*The Pictorial History of England: being a History of the People, as well as a History of the Kingdom. Illustrated with several hundred Wood Cuts; Monumental Records; Coins; Civil and Military Costume; Domestic Buildings; Furniture and Ornaments; Cathedrals, and other Great Works of Architecture; Sports, and other Illustrations of Manners; Mechanical Inventions; Portraits of the Kings and Queens; and remarkable Historical Scenes.* By GEORGE L. CRAIK and CHARLES MACFARLANE; assisted by other contributors. 4 vols. 8vo. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

THE value of a truly good history of England issuing from the American press, attractive in form, and at a price which brings it into popular use, cannot be overrated. We care not with what other work of science, learning, or literary art, it be compared, in all its deep and enduring influences on the American mind, such production, we hesitate not to affirm, will rank *first.* Setting aside our religion, there will be found no such teacher as our own ancestral history—none whose lessons will be found so familiar or so persuasive, so practical or so much needed. There is, in short, no such mine of national wisdom for us Americans as the study of English history. Our silver and gold may have come to us from other regions, but what is better than silver and gold has come to us mainly from *old* England. Never, surely, in the past history of the world has the great problem of man and his capabilities, of society and its institutions, of religion and its influences, been so fully or so satisfactorily worked out, as in that *little* island which looks so small, and counts so great, as we cast our eyes over the terrestrial globe. With all its defects, too, the British constitution has yet been the freest and the best working which the nations of the earth, with their ten thousand experiments, (setting

aside, of course, our own,) have yet lighted upon; and we may add that, with all its drawbacks, the British character has still corresponded with its noblest institutions. Nowhere do we find more sterling virtues, more practical good sense, purer national morals, or sounder Christian faith; and nowhere out of our own land, certainly, equal industry or skill, with its corresponding national wealth and power. Now all this has been the result of a long, *long* experiment, of which a true English history (a history, we mean, of the *people* as well as of the *government*) gives us the successive steps of advancement or retardation,—an invaluable guide, therefore, to all younger nations that would tread like it the path of power. Thus much, at least, those *not* her sons may admit. To those who *are*, we commend the affectionate eulogium of their own Camden:—"O! fortunate Britannia! The masterpiece of nature, performed when she was in her best and gayest humor, which she placed as a little world by itself by the side of the greater, for the admiration of mankind; the most accurate model which she proposed to herself, by which to beautify the other parts of the universe."

Or, to put its value in a comparative light, what a blank would not the page of modern history become to us with the name of England blotted out! We could better spare the Spanish, Italian, German, and even French, combined. With the English left, we should scarce miss one moral or political lesson of history. But, under the loss of the English, what a vacuum in all political and social wisdom! All would suffer dim eclipse. For what is there, we may ask, in our whole national training that came not out of that fountain? But as inheritors of England's experience, where did we get our common law, or Bill of Rights, or writ of habeas? And where else, but as graduates in her school, did the framers of our federal constitution learn their singular wisdom? For what, in truth, is all English history but our own history; and the English language, literature, poetry, and faith, but the living rock out of which our own has been fashioned? To whatever quarter, then, we turn, we cannot, as Americans, get England and her history out of our eye, nor, what is more, out of our *heart*. Nor should we if we could. To a people of "movement," as we are, it is all important to have something in their horizon *fixed*. Afloat as we are on a restless ocean, the popular will our only rudder, it is very needful to have some clear headlands to sail by; and, with shifting pilots at the helm, to have at least a settled chart before us, from good authority, and steady beacon-lights. Under this image does English history ever present itself to our minds.

With this natural, though perhaps needless, preamble, we come at last to our true subject—the splendid work before us—and hold the country at large a debtor to the liberal and enterprising publishers who have put it forth. So much praise, at least, is due to them in advance. They have added to the public stock of interesting reading, a work well calculated to tell powerfully and permanently on the rising mind of the country. Thousands and tens of thousands will be more or less influenced by it. The heroic and thrilling story of an ancestral home cannot but work deeply on youthful feelings, and improvingly on all; and thus make the publication of this History, as before said, a national benefit. Indeed, setting aside their issue of the Bible, we know of nothing that has come forth from the prolific press of the Harpers that better entitles them to be regarded as public benefactors than the work now before us. Its novelty of form and beauty of execution make its success certain, while its contents make that success a national blessing. Of such value do we hold the volumes before us. We hail them with pleasure, too, from another cause. It is substituting "the solid bullion of the English line" in place of "French wire"—the enduring interest of a moral and true narrative for the spurious excitement of a licentious and fictitious one. It speaks well for the country that it is prepared for such exchange, and it speaks honorably for those who are willing to risk "business profits" by making it, because *un*willing to make gain of that which would bring their country loss. The present publishers are men that may safely leave "Sue" and his novels, "et hoc genus omne," to publishers who are more ready to weigh gold against religion, and private interest against the public weal. But to turn to the work itself, which has its own high claims to merit, independent of the value arising from its subject. It is "history" in a new and more instructive form. It is the novel exhibition in *literary* labor of that same principle which has brought perfection into all *material* labor, namely, "subdivision of labor;" that is, distribution of "parts," with a view to higher perfection in the "whole." This is its leading feature; a principle which, however obvious and elsewhere familiar, is yet now, we think, for the first time distinctly applied to what it is yet peculiarly applicable to—the preparation of a great national history. It is at once evident what ample room, or rather need, here exists for its application. The varied and minute knowledge demanded in the historian, the stores of the antiquarian, the research of the scholar, the learning of the jurist, the science of the economist, the attainments of the theologian, the taste and reading of the man of letters, the

heart of sympathy to conceive and the hand of power to delineate men and events, as well as the eye of the soldier to realize truly and narrate vividly what, alas! forms too large a portion of the historic page—all these and many more incongruous demands belong to the historian's task, and will be made and must be answered by him who henceforth undertakes to satisfy the public mind in a great national history. But what single individual can even pretend to bring to the task such varied qualifications? and yet which one can be dispensed with? In any one point a marked failure brings condemnation on the work, and breaks down its reputation on all points. To take an instance or two: Hume's ignorance in Saxon, Gibbon's deeper ignorance of religion, Alison's ignorance in military affairs, and Sir Walter Scott's ignorance in financial matters, have each respectively struck down the reputation of their histories even on points wherein they were competent judges. Now from these well-known examples it is clear that a thoroughly good history, more especially of such a country as England, must in its execution be an "exhaustive" work, and therefore, to be successfully treated, must be entered upon and carried out, as the work before us has been, through means of a subdivision of labor—many heads as well as many hands, each skillful in his own department, each confined to his own task, yet all working to a common end. This leads us to speak more specially of the plan of the "Pictorial History of England."

It is a republication for American readers of an English work originally issued in London, in monthly parts, by Charles Knight, the well-known publisher of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge." It bears therefore, in some degree, the stamp and seal of that association. Its authorship, however, is shared by a number of writers, though under the editorial supervision of a single head, namely, Mr. George L. Craik, "whose various works upon the literature and general antiquities of Great Britain have made him favorably known in this department." The manner of such division is as follows: English history is first divided into periods, each period forming a distinct book. The books again are subdivided into chapters, each chapter being devoted to a distinct department confined to the history of that period. Such distribution is sevenfold, each department having its own author—one specially skilled in the subject assigned to him. The departments and authors' names are as follows:—

1. "Civil and Military Transactions," by Mr. Charles Macfarlane.
2. "A History of Religion," by Mr. Thomas Thomson.

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3. "Constitution, Government, and Laws," by Mr. A. Bisset.

4. "National Industry," one chapter by Mr. Planche, all the rest by Mr. J. C. Platt.

5. "Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts," chiefly by Sir Henry Ellis.

6. "Costumes and Furniture, Manners and Customs," by Mr. Planche and Mr. Thomson.

7. "Condition of the People;" author not stated.

Such is the magnificent plan of the work, and so faithfully is it executed, that we are not surprised to learn that it "engaged the constant and unwearied labors of the several writers employed upon it for upward of seven years, and that the copyright cost the original proprietors little less than fifty thousand dollars."

Looking now again at the probable result of such literary subdivision, we have at least two noble instances in our language to guide us—one in translation and one in science. The "received translation of the Bible," in the reign of the first James, was thus made, being the united product of forty-seven of the most learned and pious scholars of England, working, first singly, and then combined on their common task. The result, we need hardly add, was such as no *one* mind or pen could possibly have effected—a work at once so vast, so varied, so rich and beautiful, and yet so simple, as to have become a "pillar" at once of our literature and of our faith;—a splendid monument of what may be effected in literary labor by bringing to bear many and varied minds, under a common impulse, to work out one harmonious whole. The other instance is one more recent, perhaps more questionable in its success, though certainly more analogous to the case before us. We allude to the series of the eight Bridgewater Treatises, looked at as what they were intended to be, harmonious parts of one great argument. Up to that time the religious argument of "design," as seen in the works of creation, had been handled by one single mind, whether the facts were drawn from the animal, vegetable, or inorganic kingdom. But it was soon evident that in the advanced state of modern physical science, such mastery of the subject could not come from the single mind; there would be either marked deficiency in part, or else general superficiality, and the argument growing out of those facts be proportionally defective. Thus Paley, however acute as a reasoner, was but a tyro in science. He studied anatomy and revised his natural philosophy only that he *might* reason upon them. His knowledge, therefore, went not beyond the needs of his argument. But not so in the subdivided treatment of the question. Take, for instance, Bell's argument in

anatomy, or Whewell's in general physics. They reasoned and wrote on these subjects *because* they understood them. Their argument, therefore, grew out of their science, and not, as with Paley, the science out of the argument. Now this is strikingly analogous to the case before us. What Hume knew of Saxon antiquities or English law arose out of the very work he was engaged in, but which, to be *well* done, demanded a *previous* acquaintance with them. His knowledge of his subject was the stock with which he *ended* his labors, instead of being, as it should have been, and as in the case, for instance, of Mr. Bisset, the lawyer, or Mr. Planche the antiquarian, in the work before us, the stock with which he *began*. This it is which gives to the history under review a character of thoroughness and completeness unattained and unattainable in a work resulting from the stores of any *single* mind. "Cuique in suâ arte credendum est." This it is that here satisfies us. We rest our faith not on vague, but specific confidence; not merely that the author is *candid*, but that he is *learned;* not only that he is above deceiving others, but also beyond being deceived himself. *That*, in history, is at least equally essential to the student's confidence. This, however, is the *strong* side of the question. We will not deny that it has also its *weak* side, and that is the danger of losing by division what in all art is the highest element of power as well as of beauty—we mean UNITY; unity of plan, of purpose, of teaching—unity, seen, felt, and understood. Now a history, the product of many minds, while it gains as a "storehouse of knowledge," will, without great care, be very apt to lose somewhat as a "teacher of wisdom." "Philosophy instructing by example" was the early, and must ever be the highest, eulogy of history. Will it continue, we ask, under its new form, to merit it? This, certainly, is a question not without its grave bearings. It is a danger not to be scorned, and one that can be met only by the watchfulness or governing weight of some one presiding intellect. In our day and land, at least, we could ill spare history as the GREAT MORAL TEACHER of the nation—next to religion, the greatest and most powerful. And since, as a people, we have already cast out religion from our government, and Christianity from our laws—since, as a nation, we repudiate the name, and make light of its precepts—what have we left, as a state, to guide us? Whose teachings are our rulers, or rather those who rule our rulers, willing to hear? Philosophy, with them, has no honor, authority no weight; they hold cheap all grave wisdom, and stand in awe only of living opinions. Still, however, they bow somewhat to the name of history. That "chronicler of the past"

is still a word of power among them. It is the last teacher which the willful, arrogant mind is ever found to cast off. Therefore, we say, should history, in all its high moral influences, be cherished among us, and strengthened and enlarged, not merely as a voluminous record of the *past*, but as a wise, prudent guide of the *present*, and a sagacious prophet of the *future*. Therefore would we watch carefully, lest in this new and enlarged scheme of history increase of knowledge be bought with decrease of wisdom, and its students learn facts and lose lessons. But there are also in it minor difficulties. How, in such a scheme, shall *repetition* be avoided—the same events, reflections, narratives, and characters, almost necessarily coming up with equal claims in different divisions? This, in the Bridgewater Treatises, is unquestionably a great source of their weariness. How, too, shall *consistency* be secured amid the independent views of independent minds, looking freely at the same fact or character? and, if not in agreement, by what scale are their differences to be weighed, and the reader's judgment guided? We state these practical difficulties plainly and strongly, because they have thus presented themselves to our mind, growing, as they do, out of the plan itself. We do not say they neutralize its advantages, but we do say they are such as demand a skillful hand to avoid them. Now, in the work before us, they have been, speaking generally, either very happily or very skillfully avoided. Occasional repetition is no doubt to be found, and here and there slight discrepancies to be detected, but not such as in any degree either to weary or embarrass the reader. Its execution has enlarged English history as a storehouse of knowledge without sensibly weakening it as a school of wisdom, and strengthened its hold on the intellect without losing it over the imagination and the heart. Now this we esteem the solution, so far as it has gone, of a great problem; and if our subsequent remarks shall somewhat modify the praise, we trust it will be laid to the account of our anxiety to give to this new form of history its highest perfection, and in our search after the ACTUAL in history not to lose sight of its loftier IDEAL. In all of man's greater works such twofold elements must combine. They constitute, in truth, man's double nature—the "utilitarian" and the "heroic;" the one looking on history but as a "congeries" of dead facts, the other as a "fountain" of living causes; the one seeing in its details little beyond the vulgar workings of self-interest or low ambition, the other the deeper current also of loftier feelings. With the one, history is but a vulgar spectacle, which man governs and time soon closes; to the other, it is a high and solemn drama, overruled by a power

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greater than man, and directed to loftier ends—a drama of which we here see but the beginning and progress; the *αναγνωϱισις* which brings all right lies not upon earth. Of such a tone, we think, must all true history partake. Under the light, or prejudice, as some may call it, of these general principles, turn we to the work before us—the great "exemplar," as we may term it, of this novel method. The first special merit we shall note in it is its "professional" learning on all points. Turn where we will, we are always in the hands of a master—one entitled to teach, and to whose judgment, therefore, the reader defers without scruple. This thoroughness of knowledge is perhaps most striking, because most easily measured, in the incidental questions that history brings up. Take, for instance, "ecclesiastical architecture," a subject to which our national taste is now so strongly and wisely turning. In the greatest of English histories hitherto, how little has been said upon this point, and of that little how much wrong, and all superficial! Here, on the contrary, the architect may both study his science and find his models—quote the work as authority, and rest safely upon its conclusions. We give an illustration at random:—

> "The perpendicular Gothic is essentially and exclusively English, 'and heartily,' says Professor Willis, 'may we congratulate ourselves upon it, when we compare it with the sister styles of France and Germany.' It sprung up in our country as a new and vigorous shoot, and flourished during a period when the continental Gothic, exhausted by excessive luxuriance, was declining irretrievably. The principal characteristic of this style, and that to which it owes its name, is the perpendicular direction of the mullions of the windows, which are carried up in straight lines till they reach the curve of the arch, the subdivisions of the head of the windows being also, for the most part, formed of lines having a similar tendency. These perpendicular lines being crossed at right angles by transoms, the whole becomes a combination of open panels. 'Paneling,' says Mr. Rickman, 'is the grand source of ornament in this style—indeed, the interior of most rich buildings is only a series of it; for example, King's College Chapel, Cambridge, is all panel except the floor; for the doors and windows are nothing but panels included in the general design, and the very roof is a series of them in different shapes.'"—P. 211, book v, ch. v.

We have said above that our national taste is "wisely" turning to this matter. We repeat it, for we have much to learn, and the study of English models is our best lesson. They will teach us the great law of REALITY and TRUTH in our religious *structures*, as well as the *devotions* to which they are consecrated. Large or small, humble or adorned, of wood, brick, or stone, the law is the same. It is for God's eye rather than man's—the best we have,

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but without the too common falsehood of pretending to be what it is not. Therefore we say, let the structure ever be governed by the material, and all ornament be but enrichment of its necessary parts. But this is too wide a subject to be thus incidentally opened.

Accompanying such artistic statements the reader has also before him drawings from the best models, such as the nave of Winchester Cathedral; Bishop's Palace, Lincoln; St. Mary's, Oxford; and King's College Chapel, Cambridge. Or, to turn to another incidental topic, yet full of historic interest, and one in which the "pictorial" value of this work shines pre-eminent—we allude to the "coins" of England, a subject in itself a minor history, and, as here exhibited to the eye, one of the surest lights of general history. Few persons, probably, are aware that coins still exist in England, of a date *anterior* to the Roman invasion, of gold, tin, and iron—confirming to the letter the precise words of Cæsar: "Utuntur aut a're aut nummo aureo aut annulis ferreis ad certum pondus examinatis pro nummo." Of these coins, the tin and iron are doubtless of native workmanship, but the gold as obviously Grecian; some incontestably so, as bearing the imprint of Philip II. of Macedon; though whether brought into the island by Phenician navigators, or as part of the booty of the Gaulish invasion of Greece, we are left to conjecture. But, however decided, it is clear that coined money was *there*, both foreign and national—a fact which goes far to show a degree of wealth and social advancement among the Britons at the time of Cæsar's landing very different from the popular notion of a race of painted and half-naked savages, by whom Cæsar was opposed, and, as is pretty clear, in spite of his own account, *worsted*. It was but a fanciful as well as an *Irish* picture of the poet, that exhibited at Rome the martial "cloaks,"

> "which from the *naked* Picts their grandsires won."

We would also refer to the Druidical history of the island, here given, as full of interesting and novel research. (See pp. 65 and seq., vol. i.) It exhibits "Druidism" as an offshoot, evidently, from an oriental stock, Brahminic in its mysticism and Egyptian in its policy. A ruling priestly "caste," their prominent doctrine the metempsychosis, their leading science astronomy, their highest duty self-immolation, all clearly point to an eastern origin. In its more general "phase" Druidism was but the natural and necessary domination of intellect over *force*, mind over body; but the conservative element, therefore, of states and empires in every stage of civilization, and without which social institutions cannot

long subsist. Viewed in this light it deserves more philosophic attention than it has hitherto received, and we are pleased to find that Mr. Thomson here thus treats it. Their fundamental doctrine was, in truth, that of a future life, of their firm belief in which the geographer Mela gives this rather dubious proof, in which not a few Christians follow them; namely, that "many put off the payment of their debts till they should meet their creditors in the shades below!!" A clearer proof of the Druids' power is seen in the fact of their utter extermination by their Roman conquerors. They were found to be the keystone of an independent state; usurped dominion could not take root till the natural dominion of religion was removed. Let America learn at least this lesson from their fate, namely, that liberty and religion stand or fall together—that there is no security for national freedom apart from national faith. But still the Roman domination brought with it the seeds of a higher civilization. Says Mr. Bisset, the able author of the constitutional portion of the work,—

> "It is interesting, to an inhabitant of Great Britain at the present day, to reflect that toward the beginning of the Christian era, more than fifteen hundred years ago, this island actually possessed, for a period of above three hundred years, nearly the whole of the Roman civilization; that, in the second and third centuries of the Christian era, the inhabitants of Britain enjoyed personal security; and, after the payment of the Roman taxes, security of property; arts and letters; elegant and commodious buildings; and roads, to which no roads they have had since could bear comparison, till the establishment of the present railways."—Vol. i, p. 80.

Among the many neglected points of early English history here ably and faithfully treated, we would especially note that of the primeval British Church, and its planting, if not by the apostles themselves, at least in apostolic times. That St. Paul himself visited the island "Ultima Thule," is an early and wide-spread tradition. That Italy was not the intended limit of his labors westward is clear from his own language. Twice he speaks of Spain as an *arranged* journey: "Whenever I take my journey into Spain," says he; and again: "I will come by you into Spain." Rom. xv, 24, 28. Now that he carried out such determinate plans, it is surely most reasonable to suppose; nor can any argument against it be drawn from the silence of Scripture, for it is clear that the narrative of St. Luke in the "Acts" terminates abruptly with the writer's personal knowledge, and leaves unaccounted for at least four years of the apostle's active life intervening between his first and second imprisonment at Rome. Or, if not personally the Britons' teacher, another very current tradition

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makes him such through his own British converts made at Rome, that city being, at the very time of St. Paul's abode there, the enforced residence of many noble British captives—like St. Paul, "bound, yet free"—and who afterward, as we know from heathen authority, returned to their native homes, *doubly* free, if, as tradition reports, they had become, through Paul's preaching, followers of that faith which alone makes free. To Christians whose faith, like ours, has descended through that island channel, it is pleasing to trace it up to this its apostolic head, and to see British princes among those Roman converts whom St. Paul speaks of as made "even in Cæsar's palace." Philip. i, 13. But apart from this its traditional origin, which would make the British Church as ancient as that of Rome itself, enough is here brought forward from *unquestioned* history to show fully and conclusively both its independent origin and its ecclesiastical freedom; and in the name of all those spiritually descended from it, would we here thank the authors and publishers of the present History for bringing forth so clearly this hinging point of our own ecclesiastical history. It comes home to many branches of the church of Christ, in the new as well as the old world—the historical exposure of that *πρωτον ψευδος* of the Church of Rome, namely, that she is "the mother and mistress of all churches." The same fact comes forth, too, in the history of the Irish Church, in which St. Patrick, its great apostle, appears as neither *from* Rome nor *under* Rome. It is pleasing to see, too, how even imperial Rome was outstripped in her conquests by these faithful soldiers of the cross. "Even those places in Britain," says Tertullian, (contra Judæos, A. D. 209,) "hitherto inaccessible to the Roman arms, have been subdued to the gospel of Christ."

But to qualify somewhat our eulogium on this religious portion of the history, we would that its author (Mr. Thomson) had brought to it a mind somewhat more disciplined, more exact in theological learning, more reverential in things sacred, and with a more catholic spirit for opinions and practices differing from his own. There is a certain high-minded, liberal philosophy, without which the history of religion cannot be truly written. To view it aright, the historian must be able to rise out of the narrow present in which he dwells. Through the power of natural sympathy he must cast himself on days gone by, take his "stand-point" there, live as they lived, feel as they felt, and thus, appreciating all their spiritual wants, feel for and with them, as man for man. Thus alone can the historian of man enter into the great brotherhood of humanity, and, coming near to its heart, speak aright its feelings. In this

spirit, we say, must all true history be written, more especially that which touches on the deeper questions of our common nature, and under this light must our estimate be formed of those who, in times past, have differed widely from us in religious opinions or practices.

These observations have been here called forth by what we cannot but deem language unworthy of grave and liberal history. Thus, in reference to the matter just spoken of, the Christianizing of Britain, he says:—

> "Some have attributed the work to St. Peter, some to James the son of Zebedee, and others to Simon Zelotes; *but, for so important an office as the apostleship of this island, the majority of writers will be contented with no less a personage than St. Paul, and they ground their assumption,*" &c.—P. 67.

The italics are our own, but the sneer is the author's, and applies to such thorough scholars as Bishops Pearson, Stillingfleet, Burgess, and Archbishop Parker, as well as to their unquestioned authorities, Clemens Romanus, Irenæus, Tertullian, Eusebius, and Theodoret. Or, to take another instance, a little later, he thus speaks of "the venerable Bede," a name associated with all the glories of Alfred, and all most venerable in Saxon piety and learning. After stating (p. 70) as an unquestioned fact, on Bede's own authority, the discomfiture, in solemn argument held, of Pelagius and his followers, (in their heretical denial of the need of divine grace,) Mr. T. goes on not only to discredit his own witness, but to cast a general slur upon his veracity, as gratuitous as it is obviously contradictory. He says,—

> "Bede was too *orthodox and too credulous to have doubted the tradition, if it had affirmed that the arguments of the Gallic bishops on this occasion struck their antagonists* DEAD *as well as dumb.*"

Now from the pen of Gibbon such language would be in place—a clever "side-thrust" at orthodoxy and religious credulity; but in a noble and ingenuous history of a noble and Christian people, we enter our solemn protest against its use; and, holding all such evidences of a sectarian spirit (of which, it is true, there are not many) as blots upon its fair page, cannot, as honest critics, pass them by without a condemnatory notice. It is surely but a shallow philosophy, as well as a spurious Christianity, that sees in the *Past* only error and darkness, and light and truth but in our own day. Let us remember that we too shall soon stand in the same category of time, in the eyes of those who come after us, and not now sanction a rule by which our own opinions shall be so summarily held up to contempt, nor say nor think that wisdom was

born with us in the nineteenth century, lest we too be counted fools in the twentieth.

Now this want of a reverential and sympathizing tone in matters of religion is, in truth, our *only serious* criticism on the execution of the great work before us. Our complaint is not of the facts stated; they are, in general, studiously accurate; but it is the absence we feel of a more loving and gentle spirit in the manner of giving them. We miss the softened light of an humble and self-judging heart, giving the inward as well as the outward picture—withholding every harsh epithet, every gratuitous imputation, and realizing the beauty and power of Christian sincerity amid many errors of doctrine and many superstitious practices of life. Of this gentle catholic tone—in itself so Christian, in its influences so favorable, and in its spirit so congenial to all high philosophy—we confess we have sometimes wondered at the want, in the perusal of these volumes; and we would that in this last and highest merit of history, a work otherwise so perfect should not be in any degree deficient.

Among its novel and unquestioned merits, and one that will not be justly appreciated till actually examined, is its *pictorial* character. We have already spoken of this as touching the coins of England; but, as is evident, *that* is but one of its numberless applications. The arts and arms of bygone days—persons and places—their dress—plays, trades, public and domestic life—what is there that the pictorial art may not be called in to illustrate and explain?—and this with a precision and clearness infinitely beyond words, limited but by the genuine remains which time has left us, whether of the things themselves or their delineation, in illuminated manuscripts, ancient tapestry, original portraits, or early drawings. This vein at least of history has never before been so thoroughly worked out, and its results add incalculably both to the value and the interest of the work. To take a single instance, showing the applicability of such documents hitherto cast aside as mere lumber. From one single piece of tapestry—that of Bayeux in Normandy—more than *twenty* different historic scenes are derived, not one of which but adds something of interest to our knowledge of the events, manners, or arts of the time. The note, p. 186, bearing on this hitherto neglected work of art, illustrates so fully our position that we give it at large.

> "The Bayeux tapestry is a roll of linen, twenty inches broad and two hundred and fourteen feet in length, on which is worked in woolen thread, in different colors, a representation, in seventy-two distinct compartments, of the whole history of the Norman Conquest of Eng-

land, from the departure of Harold for Normandy to the rout of the Saxons at the battle of Hastings. It embraces all the incidents of Harold's stay in Normandy, and has preserved some that have not been noticed by any of the chroniclers. Every compartment has a superscription in Latin, indicating its subject. A specimen of these titles is given in one of the cuts below. The Bayeux tapestry is said by tradition to have been the work of the conqueror's queen, Matilda, and to have been presented by her to the cathedral of Bayeux, of which her husband's half-brother Odo, one of those who rendered the most effective service in the invasion of England, was bishop; and the delineations, which correspond in the minutest points with what we know of the manners of that age, afford the strongest evidence that it is of this antiquity. It was preserved in the cathedral of Bayeux till 1803, having been wont to be exhibited for some days every year to the people, in the nave of the church, round which it exactly went. It is now in the hotel of the prefecture of that city, where it is kept coiled round a roller, from which it is unwound upon a table for inspection. An engraving of the whole, in sixteen plates, colored like the original, and one fourth of the original size, was published by the Society of Antiquaries, in the sixth volume of the 'Vetusta Monumenta.' The cuts we have given are reduced from these plates."—Book ii, chap. i, p. 186, note.

Here and there, indeed, these illustrations are not so rigidly historical, being copies of modern pictures and supposed scenes—as, for instance, "Boadicea haranguing the Britons," from "Stothard," p. 40; or the "Christian missionary," from Mortimer. Such, however, have still their value and their general truth. To *one*, however, of these unauthorized "illustrations" we would take direct exception, as tending only to mislead. We allude to the picture of the "Cingalese" village, (p. 30,) as illustrative of a British one—a parallel equally without proof and without probability, the one being a tropical, the other a highly inclement climate. We could also have wished a little more of delicate and artistic execution, especially in the female portraits. That of Mary, queen of Scots, for instance, rather shocks the chivalry of one who bears in his heart or memory the beauty of the original from which it is taken, seen as we saw it some forty years ago, and gazed on with tearful eyes, as it hung in that fated chamber where Rizzio fell, clinging to the robe of his traduced mistress, and where is still shown, staining the floor, the "spot of blood that will not out!" But passing by such, perhaps, unreasonable demand, we can hardly give too unqualified praise to this portion of the work. It is scarcely too much to say that it has indued the reader of history with a fresh sense and a new eye, enabling him to live in past ages, to realize their scenes and occupations as things present, and

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the actors in them as men like ourselves—flesh and blood. Henceforth they cease to be to us NAMES, they have become PERSONS; and in proportion to that change are the awakening lessons they read to us, whether of guidance or warning:—

> Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
> Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.

Such is the value of *true* pictorial illustration. Visible things are made visible, and a glance thus teaches more than pages of explanation. Among all the recent advances in education, we hold none superior to this—teaching by the eye—knowledge that belongs to the eye; and we take comfort in thinking that we early did our part in the good work, urging its adoption for the illustration of the ancient classics, as we now commend its application to modern history. It is still, however, a fountain unexhausted, and we hazard little in saying that the present work will establish its use. Henceforth no history will be deemed complete without it. But we have not yet spoken of another all-important branch of this subdivided work, and one too that merits very high encomium—we mean that "on the Constitution, Government, and Laws of England." This is executed by a barrister of the name of Bisset, to us unknown, but who evidently brings to his task not only the legal knowledge to do it justice, but the philosophy that doubles its value. He is clearly of the school of Guizot in his generalizing views, and often brings them out with great power and sharpness. Take, for instance, the picture given of the early Roman dominion in the island; (p. 70;) again of the Norman Conquest; (pp. 544 et seq.;) wherein he closely follows the lead of that great French statesmanlike reasoner. The merits as well as the interest of this portion of the work grow with the growth of the British constitution, and open to the American reader, at least, invaluable political lessons. It shows the unexampled prosperity of England as the slow but sure growth of her civil and educational institutions, and those institutions, again, as themselves the product of national character; deriving their strength and efficacy not from written, but *un*written law; not from words and phrases, but from morals and religion; from national honor, individual integrity, and sound education. Now such picture is to every people a great and valuable lesson; above all to a people like ourselves, overrating, as we unquestionably do, the securities to liberty that come from *written* constitutions, and underrating what are its only permanent safeguards—private virtue and public morals. In the calm of general prosperity, paper and parchment *seem* strong, and we think

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them the foundations on which the state rests; but in the storm and whirlwind of party they are soon torn to tatters, and nothing stands save virtue and honor—the people's virtue, based on religion, and the nation's honor, that grows out of both. The indignant lines of the poet have more than once been recalled to our thoughts in reading this portion of the work:—

"What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or labor'd mound,
Thick wall, or moated gate—
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crown'd,
Not deep and broad-arm'd ports,
Where laughing at the storm rich navies ride,
Not starr'd and spangled courts,
Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride:
But MEN—*high-minded* men—
Men who their *duties* know—"

We have spoken of Mr. B. as a worthy scholar of the great French historiographer; in one respect at least he is a safer guide,—less metaphysical, and holding closer to authorities. His mind, if a less discursive, is at least a more *legal* one, and better trained in that school which lies at the foundation of the English character as well as law, and without which no historian, however sagacious, can read aright the English constitution; we mean the school of practice—"stare in decisis." Such history, wisely given, can hardly be overrated in its happy influences over the American mind. Of that constitution ours, let us remember, is but an offshoot—ingrafted on a younger stock, and transplanted to a more vigorous soil, but still growing out of the same strong Anglo-Saxon root, nourished by the same vigorous juices, and demanding, therefore, similar culture. Let then, we say, its cultivators in the new world look well to its growth in the old, and American statesmen study out the true working elements of the Anglo-Saxon race in that little island which, under Providence, has given to that race its dominion. How far *we* have in all cases improved in deviating from the English model, in the formation of our federal constitution, is certainly an open question. We would here touch, "en passant," but upon one deviation, which certainly has *not* worked well. We allude to the exclusion from our national legislature of the "heads of departments." Their exclusion was intended as a "check" against executive influence Few will now deny that it has worked an opposite result—doubled that influence by casting over it the veil of secrecy, thus turning argument into intrigue, and by making ministers *invisible*, making them also *irresistible*.

Such have been its *direct* evils; its indirect ones are still greater. It has rendered knowledge, talent, fitness for business, needless qualifications for those high offices. Were its incumbents bound to stand, as English ministers do, openly, day after day, and night after night, in the face of the people's representatives, to answer their questions, defend their own measures, and give to every fair inquirer all needful information, how clear is it that neither ignorance nor incapacity could stand there one hour, and thus the state be saved from at least one fertile source, now open, of mismanagement and misgovernment! What better guard, indeed, has legal ingenuity ever found against abuse or unfitness in any trust, than that the agent be confronted with his principal, and the trustee be made to stand up and justify his acts in the face of those whose concerns he manages? Such, then, was the mistake of American theory correcting English practice. It was the *people's* arm of power they cut off, and not the *executive's*, and thus much they might have learned from English history. They would have there seen no English minister daring to hold his place *one day* after he had lost the confidence of the people as expressed by its house, not a single instance of it occurring (with the exception of the Duke of Wellington holding on for a few days in 1830) since the year 1688. And we might add, as a further point wherein political theory was at fault, the "*qualified* veto" of the American president turning out a tyrannic power, while the "*absolute* veto" of the sovereign of England stands as a dead letter in its constitution, and *has stood* so for at least one hundred and fifty years. Now on this count, too, of political wisdom, do we hail with pleasure a work like the present, that brings home to the American citizen the true workings of that constitution out of which his own was mainly taken.

But we have not yet spoken of that department of the history which, though now deprived of its old exclusive monopoly, still forms its largest portion. Of the "Civil and Military," Mr. Charles Macfarlane is designated as the author; a name again, through our ignorance, to us unknown, but evidently one well fitted for his task, both by thorough research and general ability. He writes like one who has mastered his subject—freely and fully. His narrative is always flowing, often highly picturesque; his estimate of character unprejudiced, and his reflections, if not deeply philosophical, at least sound. Occasionally we might have preferred a little more condensation in details, and perheps a little more of *reticence* in matters "contra bonos mores," where the great ends and moral uses of history are not subserved by it. But wholly to

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avoid the mention of what offends the moralist and the Christian is consistent neither with the facts nor object of history. The duty of the historian is fulfilled when he puts such facts in their true light—revolting, and not attractive. This, we need hardly say, Mr. Macfarlane and his coadjutors seldom fail to do; so that the work may be commended to family use as a moral and Christian history of England, as well as a highly interesting and deeply learned one. Sometimes, indeed, as already hinted, we could have wished a little more of *heart* in it, and perhaps, as touching the Church of England, a more affectionate and filial tone. We may be wrong in our judgment, but still we *do* think that no one can write *truly* the history of England who does not feel that sentiment toward the Church of England. So deeply inwoven has that church ever been in the fates and fortunes of the realm, and so conservative an element has it proved, through all its social revolutions, that we greatly doubt whether one who should look with a hostile or indifferent eye on its early or later struggles, whether against Roman domination or popular tumult, could tell the English story aright. And we are perfectly satisfied that he who can now see no beauty in her solemn services, no merit in her saintly martyrs, no reverence in her time-honored sanctuaries, and no blessings in her pious educational endowments, is to the same degree unfitted for unfolding thoroughly the true working elements of her national greatness. But we are far from charging such defect on the work before us. We only say that we sometimes miss what we think would have added to it a new grace and a deeper truth. Among the incidental marks of that to which we allude, is the habitual use, throughout the work, of the term "Catholic" as identical with the Church of Rome. Now such language is as false in theology as it is in fact. No one portion of the Christian church has a right to appropriate to itself that apostolic epithet. To yield the title to Rome is to acknowledge her claim, a surrender that has never been made by any portion of the Greek or oriental churches. In western Europe, too, the Church of England (to say nothing of other branches) has ever claimed a share in that title, as part of her primitive heritage, and daily so uses it, not in its arrogant Roman sense, but in its apostolic and Christian, as a bond of brotherhood with the universal church of Christ, from the first ages till now. In recalling it then to its true use, all sound branches of the church are equally interested with that of England. The feelings of Christendom are at length awake upon it, and we venture little in saying that the day has gone by when Roman usurpation of the term, or even careless use of it by

others, will be silently passed over. The "estray" will be reclaimed by its rightful owners, and, as one of the "notes" of the primitive church, be borne by all who hold to primitive doctrine. No matter when or where carelessly dropped, no matter how long falsely claimed or publicly worn, against the Christian's birthright there can be no "statute of limitation;" the church "catholic" is the church "universal," and the Church of Rome must be content to be described by an humbler epithet.

We may not close our notice of this magnificent History without some mention of that which comes nearest to our own labors—its "literary" portion. This, too, is a novel addition. Beyond a few brief words of conventional praise or trite criticism, what could the student of Hume or Rapin have heretofore learned of Chaucer or Spenser, or any other literary name? Now he opens the volume of history and finds it a very "ars poetica;" not the poet's name only, but his works, his special merits, his chosen models, his laws of versification, his influence on the taste and literature of the day, together with choice extracts illustrative—all these go to make this portion one of the newest and most interesting of the many additions which this work has made to English history. It fills up a "vacuum"—supplies a "desideratum," which all students felt, but few or none knew where or how to remedy. Let such turn, for instance, to the fifth chapter of the sixth book of the present work, and see how large addition will be made to their previous stores as gained from preceding historians.

But we must conclude our too extended though still imperfect sketch. Not only is the *subject* of the History too vast to be adequately examined, but even the *manner* of treating it. We have contented ourselves, therefore, with indicating some of the leading merits of this new plan, as well as pointing out what appear to us some of its inherent difficulties and dangers. That they have been altogether avoided or overcome in the work before us, we do not assert; but we do say they have been so in a very high degree, and that it has resulted in what may well be termed a magnificent work—one which distances all that has gone before it, whether we look to accumulation of materials, to thoroughness of research, to varied knowledge, to interesting narrative, or, lastly, to that which will be its most attractive feature, its unnumbered pictorial illustrations. We need not say we *wish* it success—it will *command* it; but we do say that we hail its appearance as a national benefit; for in proportion as it makes us sound English scholars, in the same proportion will it go far to make us sound American citizens.

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ART. II.—*Homes and Haunts of the most eminent British Poets.* By WILLIAM HOWITT. 2 vols. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1847.

MANY thanks to thee, friend Howitt, for these pleasant volumes. They are neither biographical nor critical, but occupy just that ground which no one is better qualified to cultivate than thyself. And there are more to come. The dramatists, with the exception of the greatest of them all, are passed by, with some dear masters of the lyre, of whose homes and haunts we have almost the promise in thy brief advertisement. Disappoint us not in this matter; and though it may cost thee thousands of miles of travel, as did the volumes before us, yet is there abundant treasure in the poetic commonwealth of England; and no other living man may follow in the vein thou hast opened; or, if he follow, may find those gems and precious things, and give them to us in the freshness of thine own simplicity and singleness of purpose. Tell us about the smooth Waller; and about Young, merry and jovial in his life, but sad and sombre in his poetry. Make us better acquainted with Akenside and Beattie, and the gentle Allan Ramsay. We would know something more, too, than the mere biographer or the professional critics tell us of our dear friends—friends they are, though we never saw them—Milman, whose heroics Byron slandered; kind Miss Mitford, and stately Mrs. Norton; Browning, a true poet, less admired than she to whom he gave his name, when he blotted from fame's fair temple—Elizabeth Barrett: tell us of them both, now that they two are one; and leave room in thy volumes for all that thou mayst glean of him, the recently departed, who caused the tear and smile so pleasingly to blend, and whose name will live while oppression riots on half-paid toil, or man wears linen. But let us turn from what we wish to what we have; and with a well-earned compliment to the publishers, who have given us these volumes in a style most befitting, in the perfection of typography, and with striking embellishments, sit we down together, gentle reader, to the feast before us.

As was most proper, the genial CHAUCER heads the list; albeit the lapse of five centuries renders it extremely difficult to track his haunts, more especially as former biographers seem to have confirmed Tyrwhitt's assertion, that just nothing of him is really known. That he was born in London, he tells us himself; but whether he was educated at Oxford or at Cambridge is uncertain. The probability seems to be that he studied at both universities.

He became in early life a courtier, and, according to Rymer, received many solid tokens of royal regard. In the thirty-ninth year of his age the king granted him an annuity of twenty marks. Seven years after, he was made controller of the custom of wools, &c., in the port of London, and had a grant for life of a pitcher of wine daily. On the accession of the second Richard he had another annuity of twenty marks, and from that sovereign, as well as from Henry IV., he received many tokens of special favor. He was, successively, envoy to Genoa and ambassador to France, where, according to Froissart, he conducted a treaty of marriage between the young prince of Wales and the French king's daughter.

But the life of the "father of our truly English poetry," as he is justly styled, was not all sunshine. Owing to his connection with the Lollards, and for other reasons not so well known, he incurred the king's displeasure, was obliged to surrender his annuities, and to flee from his native land. On his return he was imprisoned in the Tower, where he was treated with great rigor; and on his liberation, which was effected not without dishonor to himself, he wrote his "Testament of Love," in which he complains "of being berafte out of dignitie of office, in which he made a gatheringe of worldly godes." His great work, the *Canterbury Tales*, was written when he had reached his sixtieth year; remained in manuscript more than half a century after his death, which occurred in the year 1400; and was first issued from the press of the celebrated Caxton. Our author says:—

> "Spite of the rude state of the language when he wrote, the splendor of his genius beams and burns gloriously through its inadequate vehicle.... The language has gone on perfecting and polishing; a host of glorious names and glorious works have succeeded Chaucer and the Canterbury Tales, making England affluent in its literary fame as any nation on earth; but, from his distant position, the father of English poetry beams like a star of the first magnitude in the eternal hemisphere of genius.... The life and the characters he has represented to us are a portion of the far past, rescued for us from the oblivion that has overwhelmed all that age besides. To the latest ages men will read and say: 'Thus, in the days of Wiclif, of John of Gaunt, and Richard II., did men and women look, and act, and think, and feel; thus did a great poet live among them, and send them down to us, and to all posterity, ten thousand times more faithfully preserved than by all the arts of Egypt and the East.' Quaint as they are, they are the very quintessence of human nature. They can never die. They can never grow old."

But who reads Chaucer nowadays? Few, indeed, very few. The attempt is too much like working one's passage; and readers

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dislike toil, and prefer the ease of the railroad, and, if it might be, the speed of the electric telegraph. With the multitude the enjoyment and the pleasure are found not by the way, but at the journey's end; not among the jewels of the author, but at the finis of the printer. It is some sort of satisfaction to know that the loss is their own; and gratifying to transcribe, here, the joyous outburst of one who has studied his antique language and uncouth spelling, and found therein an ample recompense. *Labor ipse voluptas.*

> "There is an elastic geniality in his spirit, a buoyant music in his numbers, a soul of enjoyment in his whole nature, that mark him at once as a man of a thousand; and we feel in the charm that bears us along a strength that will outlast a thousand years. It is like that of the stream that runs, of the wind that blows, of the sun that comes up, ruddy as with youth, from the bright east on an early summer's morning. It is the strength of nature living in its own joyful life, and mingling with the life of all around in gladdening companionship. For a hundred beautiful pictures of genuine English existence and English character; for a world of persons and things that have snatched us from the present to their society; for a host of wise and experience-fraught maxims; for many a tear shed, and emotion revived; for many a happy hour and bright remembrance, we thank thee, Dan Chaucer, and just thanks shalt thou receive a thousand years hence."

A greater in the world's esteem, though scarce an equal, follows: EDMUND SPENSER, born also in London, and, like his predecessor, for many years a courtier and a dependent on the great. He took his master's degree at Cambridge in 1576; thence removing to the north, he wrote his *Shepherd's Calendar*, which he dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney, by whom, and the great earl of Leicester, he was introduced to the queen of England. Elizabeth received him graciously; and it is said, though from her known parsimony the fact is questionable, she made him a gratuity of a very large sum in those days—one hundred pounds. In 1579 he was employed on a mission to France, and in the next year was made private secretary to the lord lieutenant of Ireland. His life, however, was far from happy, and he found, to his sorrow, that to have friends at court implies having enemies also. It was enough for the prosaic Burleigh that Spenser was a "rhymer," as he called him, and the protégé of his rivals, Leicester and Sidney "All this," said the sturdy treasurer, when he received the queen's command to pay the poet a hundred pounds, "all this for a song!" To the bitter and unceasing enmity of Burleigh, and the vexations consequent thereon, the poet evidently alludes in the following expressive lines in his "Mother Hubbard's Tale:"—

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"Full little knowest thou that hast not try'd,
What hell it is in suing long to byde;
To lose good days that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To have thy prince's grace, yet want his peers';
To have the asking, yet wait many years;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
To eat thy bread with comfortless despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone."

A part of the forfeited estate of the traitor Desmond, containing some three thousand acres of land, in the county of Cork, was granted him through the influence and interest of his friends. Here, in 1590, he wrote the first parts of his master-piece, "The Fairie Queene." Six years after he published the remaining cantos. At Kilcolman—so was his estate called—he passed several of his happiest years. In the society of an affectionate wife, whom he celebrates in immortal verse, with his children growing up about him, and in the midst of scenery the most magnificent, he poured forth streams of melody, cheering and perennial. But all this happiness, and the labors and the life of the poet, came to a speedy and a mournful termination. In the memorable rebellion of Tyrone, an infuriated mob, with savage yells, burst open his dwelling at midnight, set it on fire, destroyed his property, his books, and several unpublished poems; and, keenest pang of all, his youngest child, in his cradle, perished in the flames. Distracted, he fled to London. In poverty, heart-broken, he died there in 1598. His friend, the earl of Essex, was at the expense of his funeral, "which was attended," says Camden, "by poets, and mournful elegies, and poems, with the pens that wrote them, thrown into his tomb."

"Ah! what a warning for a thoughtless man,
Could field or grove, or any spot of earth,
Show to his eye *an image of the pangs*
Which it hath witness'd; render back the echo
Of the sad steps by which it hath been trod!"

Thus touchingly moralizeth Wordsworth, in sad contrast with the poet's own description of what Kilcolman was in the bright sunshine of his prosperity:—

"Beside the same a dainty place there lay,
Planted with myrtle-trees and laurels green,
In which the *birds sung many a lively lay*

Of God's high praise, and of their sweet loves' teene,
As it an earthly paradise had been."

In no mood for penning a panegyric, or for the needless task of dwelling upon the beauties of his verse, let us simply say that, as a poet, he accomplished his great mission:—"to breathe lofty and unselfish thoughts into the souls of men; to make truth, purity, and high principle, the objects of desire."

Of SHAKSPEARE, the great and peerless, whose statue, "in the Walhalla of British poetry, must be first admitted and placed in the centre, before gradations and classifications are thought of," our author has gleaned but little that is new. His homes and haunts in London have disappeared before the march of improvement. The theatres, at the doors of which, on his first appearance in London, he held horses, and where afterward he enacted his own inimitable characters; the house at Bankside where he resided when in London; Paris Garden, where the queen, her nobles, and ladies, were wont to amuse themselves at bear-baits, while Willy looked on and studied human nature; the Mermaid Tavern in Cheapside, where, on club nights, he met the choice spirits of the age—are gone, all gone. "If the fame of men depended on bricks and mortar, what reputations would have been extinguished within the last two centuries in London!" Not so, however, with the quiet village of Stratford upon Avon. The house in which the poet was born is still standing; and "there"—we quote our author—

> —"there stands the house in which he wooed his Ann Hathaway, and the old garden in which he walked with her. There, only a few miles distant, is the stately hall of Charlecote, whither the youthful poacher of Parnassus was carried before the unlucky knight. There stands his tomb, to which the great, and the wise, and the gifted, from all regions of the world, have made pilgrimage, followed by millions who would be thought so, the frivolous and the empty; but all paying homage, by the force of reason, or the force of fashion, vanity, and imitation, to the universal interpreter of humanity. It is well that the slow change of a country town has permitted the spirit of veneration to alight there, and cast its protecting wings over the earthly traces of that existence which diffused itself as a second life through all the realms of intellect. There is nothing missing of Shakspeare's there but the house which he built, and the mulberry-tree which he planted. The tree was hewn down; the house was pulled down and dispersed piecemeal by the infamous parson Gastrell, who thus 'damned himself to eternal fame' more thoroughly than the fool who fired the temple of Diana."

In his habits Shakspeare was abstemious and moral. A lover of home, and devotedly attached to his domestic hearth, he annu-

ally retired from the dissipated company of the witty and the gay, to spend all the time in his power in the peaceful place of his birth and the purity of his wedded home. Of his prudence and economical habits no better evidence is needed, than that he who came to London in his twenty-third year, poor, friendless, and glad to seize upon any employment that might give him honest bread, had laid by, before forty, a fortune calculated to be equal to a thousand pounds a year at the present day. Passing by the pages in which our author dwells, dolefully, on the fact that some of the descendants of the poet are still living in but moderate circumstances; and the well-merited castigation which he gives to those "who annually turn Stratford and their club into a regular 'Eatonswill,' on pretense of honoring Shakspeare;" and excusing the insertion of a long account of his visit to Stratford, made and first published some seven years ago,—another evidence of an author's partiality for his own offspring,—we must say that the want of something better was a poor excuse for their insertion in the present volumes. When a man has nothing to say, it is always best to say nothing; and certainly no honor is done by devoting pages of commonplace thought to him of whom John Milton gloriously asks:—

"What needs my Shakspeare for his honor'd bones
The labor of an age in piled stones?
Or that his hallow'd relics should be hid
Under a stary-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame!
What need'st thou *such weak witness of thy name?*
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a long-lived monument."

In a kind of parenthesis between the writer of these lines and him of whom they were written,—a miserable mud cottage between two gorgeous palaces,—we have *Abraham Cowley.* It would puzzle thee, Howitt, to give what to thyself shall seem a good reason for placing *him* among the "most eminent British poets." True, he had his admirers in his lifetime, and at his death was buried in Westminster Abbey. His body lies in close proximity to those of Chaucer and Spenser, but by thine own confession he was a mere constructer of toys and gewgaws; a dealer in artifices, conceits, and fustian. As says the old gastronome:—

"Unless some sweetness in the bottom lie,
Who cares for all the crinkling of the pie?"

And Cowley is nothing but crinkling: a mere dealer in "fricasseed snow." The house in which, in 1608, the great MILTON

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first saw the light was destroyed by the memorable fire; else had it been, to this day, a shrine for as many pilgrimages as the bard of Avon's modest dwelling. His father was in easy circumstances, and early discovered the budding genius of his son, whose delight in books was so intense, even from infancy, that he seldom left them till after midnight. Over the pages of Spenser, whom he calls his master, the youthful Milton was wont to bend with intense enthusiasm; and, encouraged and urged on by parental smiles in his boyhood, he drank deeply at the Pierian spring. Our author laments, as others have done before him, and as we do, though lamentation is useless, that more restraint was not placed on the studies of the lad. Perchance, if it had been so, he had not lost his sight; and then, again, perchance the Paradise Lost had not been written, and to this day there had been no real epic in the English language. At Christ's College, Cambridge, which he entered in his seventeenth year, he wrote, as is well known, elegies in Latin verse, unsurpassed, if equaled, by any that have been produced since the Augustan age. On leaving his alma mater, where, the cynical Johnson tells us, though he says he is ashamed to tell it, "he received the indignity of corporal correction," meaning that his tutor whipped him, he went to reside at Horton, in the county of Buckingham. Here, besides thoroughly reading the Greek and Latin authors, he made himself so well acquainted with the Italian, as to be enabled to speak and write the language with such fluency as to astonish the most learned natives. On his tour through that country he was honorably received by the most distinguished men of the age, spent some of his happiest hours, and made preparations for his great poem, the scheme of which he had already conceived. Hearing, however, of the national troubles in his own land, "instead of proceeding forward," we quote the eloquent Warton, "to feast his fancy with the contemplation of scenes familiar to Theocritus and Homer, the fires of Etna and the porticoes of Pericles, he abruptly changed his course, and hastily returned home to plead the cause of ideal liberty." He came back, and engaged in the humble but honorable task of teaching school; and here, says our author—

"We encounter one of the most disgraceful pieces of chuckling over his lowly fate, to be found in that most disgraceful Life of our great poet and patriot, by Dr. Johnson. On Milton's head, Johnson poured all the volume of his collected bile. Take this one passage as a specimen of the whole:—'Let not our veneration for Milton forbid us to look with some degree of merriment on great promises and small performances; on the man who hastens home because his countrymen are

contending for their liberty, and, when he reaches the scene of action, vapors away his patriotism in a private boarding-school.' The passage is as false as it is malicious. Milton did not promise to come home and put himself at the head of armies or senates. He knew where his strength lay, and he came to use it, and did use it most effectually. He did not say, 'I will be another Cromwell,' but he became the Cromwell of the pen. He did not make great promises and show small performances; he did not vapor away his patriotism in a private boarding-school. He took to a school, because he must live; but he soon showed that every moment not required for teaching his private pupils was ardently and unceasingly devoted to teaching the nation and the world. His pen was worth a thousand swords; his thoughts flew about and slew faster than bullets or cannon-balls. Shame to the old bigoted lexicographer! must every true son of his country and lover of truth exclaim, when he reads what Milton wrote and what he did. To say nothing of his Tractate of Education and other works; to say nothing of his Paradise Lost, and all his other noble poems, all breathing the most lofty and godlike sentiments—those sentiments which create souls of fire, of strength, and truth, in every age as it arises—what are his *Areopagitica?* his Tenure of Kings and Magistrates? his *Eiconoclastes?* his *Defensio Populi?* his *Defensio Secunda?* his Treatise on the Means of removing Hirelings out of the Church? his Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Cases? Are these nothing? If ever there was a magnificent monument of human genius, of intellectual power, and glorious patriotism, built up by one man, it exists in these immortal works. Vapored away his patriotism in a private boarding-school!... The poor schoolmaster, who on the plains of Italy heard the cry of his country for help, flew to her rescue as confidently as if he had been a prince, with fleets and armies at his command. In a poor hired dwelling he prepared his missiles and warlike machines. Men, like Johnson, in the bigotry of despotism, might despise him and them; for they were but a few quires of paper and a gray goose quill; but he soon shot that quill higher against the towers of royalty, deeper into the ranks of the oppressors, than ever the bullets of Cromwell and Fairfax could pierce. His papers flew abroad and unfurled the banners of liberty, before which kings trembled, and the stoutest myrmidons dropped their arms. His Tenure of Kings and Magistrates vindicated, in unanswerable eloquence, the right of nations to call their monarchs to account for their offenses against the laws. His defense of the people from the accursed charges of the hireling Salmasius flew through Europe, and struck kings and servile senates dumb. By the side of Cromwell the visage of the blind old man was seen with awe and wonder; the learned and the wise, from distant realms, came to gaze upon the unequaled twain; and when the inspired secretary exclaimed—

'Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,'

the guilty persecutors shrunk aghast, for they knew that where the voice of Milton could reach, the arm of Cromwell could reach too.

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Who shall say how much of the renown of England at that day sprung from the pen and soul of John Milton! how much he inspired of that which Cromwell did! and how much of the grand march of political and social renovation, which is now going on throughout the world, originated in the vaporings of the poor schoolmaster! Before his fame how pales that of him who has dared thus to revile him! What are all the works of Johnson, and we are inclined to give them their fullest due, when compared with those of Milton, and their consequences? Before him

> 'Whose soul was like a star, and dwelt apart,'

it became the man who so worthily chastised the meanness of a Chesterfield, to have bowed with humility and reverential love."

This is not more spirited than well deserved. With as great severity might be handled Johnson's frigid criticisms on the poetry of the blind bard, but it is needless. The world differs from the critic when he says of "Lycidas," that the diction is harsh and the numbers unpleasing; when he says of "Comus," that almost all the speeches are too long; and of his sonnets, that "of the best it can only be said that they are not bad." It savors, indeed, strongly of the ridiculous, that the author of "Irene" should venture to criticise and censure the style, the measure, or the melody of verse, that will be embalmed in thousands of hearts when the fact that he himself attempted poetry is forgotten. For several interesting incidents in the domestic life of Milton we must refer to the volumes before us. He died in November, 1674, was buried in the church of St. Giles; and it seems probable, from the statements of our author, though, for the credit of humanity, we could wish that the fact might be disproved, that his coffin has been disinterred and opened, and his bones carried off by sacrilegious relic-hunters. But the spirit lives; and though in his lifetime, and afterward, his name was loaded with obloquy and reproach, a halo of increasing glory now surrounds it, and it cannot die. As a British poet, by those who do not place him first, he is esteemed second only to Shakspeare; and as a man, a more ardent and sincere lover of liberty and virtue, a more zealous and indefatigable champion of the right, one who brought to his great task more learning or a greater genius, has never been permitted to bless our world. He was, indeed, "the noblest model of a devoted patriot and true Englishman; and the study of his works is the most certain means of perpetuating to his country spirits worthy of her greatness."

Of Butler, the witty author of Hudibras, little is known, save that during life he struggled with adverse fortune, and after his death was honored with a monument in Westminster Abbey. His

name, Johnson says, and Howitt agrees with him, can only perish with the English language. If we mistake not, his poem is little read at the present day; and, if doomed never to be forgotten, he is, what amounts to nearly the same thing, very much neglected. In succession, our author gives us Dryden and Addison, alike in that both married ladies who, priding themselves on their birth, rendered the houses of the poets unhappy; and unlike in the fact, that while the latter was fortunate in the acquisition of this world's goods, and honored with high office, the former, through life, grappled with poverty, and was substantially neglected by those who fawned upon him and fed him with cheap flattery. Dryden had also to contend with the malignity of envious rivals; and what was perhaps the bitterest ingredient in his cup, the laureateship, which he held for a season, was taken from him, and, with its emoluments, bestowed on his unworthy rival, Shadwell. For no better reason than the hope of mending his fortune, he abjured Puritanism and embraced Popery; but in this he was also disappointed, and was even less successful as a Papist than as a Protestant. "Poor Dryden! with the cross wife, and the barren blaze of aristocracy around him, the poorest coal-heaver need not have envied him." His rank as a poet is well ascertained, and his fame will live when his faults and misfortunes are forgotten. Expressive is the inscription on his monument in Westminster Abbey; it is one word—Dryden. Not near his equal as a poet, though popular in his day, and praised by all parties as the author of *Cato*, Addison's is a life upon which it is far more agreeable to dwell. It was he who first sounded forth the glory of Milton, who turned the attention of England back to her earlier poets, and who did more than all others to make periodical literature what it is. As a prose writer, he to this day continues to deserve Johnson's eulogium:—"Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." Somewhat dissipated in his earlier life, he has left, in his "*Defense of the Christian Religion*," ample evidence that he had theoretically studied the great truths of divine revelation, the power of which upon his own heart he practically exemplified in his last moments, when, aware that the lamp was flickering in the socket, he called for the licentious Lord Warwick, and, with great tenderness, desiring him to listen to his last admonitions, said: "I have sent for you that you may see how a Christian can die."

Gay, never eminent, and rarely successful in his poetic productions, has left behind him some verses worth more than all his tra-

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gedies, comedies, operas, and fables. In the following lines, little known because of the rubbish by which they are surrounded, he reaches an elevation that he seldom gained, and held but for a season:—

> "O could the muse in loftier strains rehearse
> The glorious Author of the universe,
> Who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,
> And circumscribes the flaming worlds their rounds;
> My soul should overflow in songs of praise,
> And my Creator's name inspire my lays!"

And again, at the close of his poem called "A Contemplation on Night:"—

> "When the pure soul is from the body flown,
> No more shall night's alternate reign be known;
> The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
> But from th' Almighty streams of glory flow.
> O! may some nobler thought my soul employ,
> Than transient, empty, sublunary joy.
> The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame,
> But thou, O God! for ever shine the same."

Better known, perhaps, than any of his contemporaries or predecessors, and, except Shakspeare, more frequently quoted, it needs not that we dwell at any length on that greatest master of English versification—ALEXANDER POPE. Born in London, inheriting a feeble constitution and a deformed body, he lisped in numbers from his childhood. All the instruction that he received was finished when he reached his twelfth year, at which age he wrote his "Ode on Solitude." From that period he was his own teacher; and delighting in books, he made himself master of Latin, Greek, and French, and was one of the very rare instances of a "genius at once precocious and enduring." In his twenty-third year, he gave to the world his "Essay on Criticism," and soon after, his "Rape of the Lock," which at once secured him fame and filled his purse. Four years after he issued the first volume of his Homer, which had been preceded by several of his smaller works, among which was that wonderful triumph over the harshness of our "crabbed English," the "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day." He himself gives a humorous account of the celebrity he had already attained, when he says, in a letter to Martha Blount, describing his journey to the celebrated university:—"About a mile before I reached Oxford, all the bells rang out in different notes, the clocks of every college answered one another, and sounded forth, some in deeper, some in softer tones, that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill prepa-

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ration to the life I have since led among these old walls, memorable galleries, stone porticoes, students' walks, and solitary scenes. I wanted nothing but a black gown and a salary to be as mere a book-worm as any there. I conformed myself to college hours, was rolled up in books, lay in the most dusky parts of the university, and was as dead to the world as any hermit of the desert. If anything was alive or awake in me, it was a little vanity, such as even those good men used to entertain when the monks of their own order extolled their piety and abstraction; for I found myself received with a sort of respect which the idle part of mankind, the learned, pay to their own species; who are as considerable here as the busy, the gay, and the ambitious, are in your world. Indeed, I was treated in such a manner, that I could not but sometimes ask myself what college I was founder of, or what library I had built. Methinks I do very ill to return to the world again—to leave the only place where I make a figure; and from seeing myself seated with dignity in the conspicuous shelves of a library, put myself into the abject posture of lying at a lady's feet in St. James's Square."

Flattered and caressed on every side, and—would it had not been so!—seduced into the company of the profligate and licentious, he plunged into excesses which charity would fain cover from every eye. One lovely trait, however, shines forth in his character. It was that of filial affection. At Twickenham, whither he retired, reluctantly, from the maddening scenes of London, which were undermining his constitution and hurrying him to the grave, his parents were the cherished objects of his kindest regard. Swift called him the most dutiful son he had ever heard of. Over the grave of his mother, who lived to see her ninety-third birthday, he placed this simple and touching inscription:—

Ah! Editha,
Matrum optima,
Mulierum amantissima,
Vale!

After many pleasant reminiscences of the poets' homes and haunts, which we may not even glance at, our author concludes with adverting to the disgraceful fact, that, as in the case of Milton, and even worse, his grave has been rifled, and "the skull of Pope is now in the private collection of a phrenologist."

Of SWIFT, two biographical sketches have been given to the world; differing from each other in their estimate of his character, perhaps, as much as it was possible for two men to differ with the same facts before them. Johnson paints him with a pencil dipped

in gall, guided, apparently, by personal pique; while Scott disguises the worst features of his character, and applies unsparingly the friendly varnish. Our author evidently aims to do him justice; but, after all, is constrained to admit, that in intense selfishness he was seldom equaled, in his treatment of the fair sex a fit subject for the indignant contempt of every honorable mind, and that many of his writings, "wonderful as is his talent, and admirable as is his wit, are dreadfully defiled by his coarseness and filthiness of ideas."

The transition from such a character to the pride of Scotia, Thomson, Jemmy Thomson, as he was called, is pleasant. While the world would have been none the worse had Swift never lived, and certainly the better if his wit, with its indecent drapery, had been buried with him, of Thomson it may be truly said, that he wrote

"No line which, dying, he could wish to blot."

An ardent lover of nature, many of his descriptions, in "The Seasons," his most admired production, are admitted and felt to be wonderfully true, and on every page is evidence that he was continually looking from nature up to nature's God. With a heart apparently swelling with gratitude to the Giver of all good, the poet instills into his reader the most ennobling sentiments, and closes the poem with a magnificent burst of adoration which has no superior in the language, and is equaled only by the morning hymn put by Milton into the lips of our first parents. We have called "The Seasons" his most admired production. It is so; but his "Castle of Indolence" is unquestionably a finer poem. The former abounds in harsh passages and strangely inverted sentences; is unequal, and often prosaic. The latter is harmonious in diction, well sustained throughout, and everywhere pervaded by a tone of manly and invigorating thought. "Such a stanza as this," says Howitt, "is the seed of independence to the minds of thousands:—

"I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
  You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
  Through which Aurora shows her bright'ning face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
  The woods and lawns, by living streams, at eve;
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
  And I these toys to the great children leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave."

A peculiar trait in his character, which, from a perusal of his

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writings, none would have guessed, was—indolence, a love of ease and self-indulgence. These were his "besetting sins." It is hard to believe what Quin says of him who so gorgeously describes the ushering in of day, that he never saw the sun rise in his life; yet is there no doubt of the fact, that to a friend, who, finding him in bed at noon, and asking why he did not rise earlier, he replied, listlessly, that "he had nae motive." How, in such spirit-stirring lines as these—and he has many more such—does the sluggard rebuke himself:—

> "It was not by vile loitering in ease
> That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm of art;
> That soft, yet ardent Athens learn'd to please,
> To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,
> In all supreme, complete in every part!
> It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
> And o'er the nations shook her conqu'ring dart:
> *For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;*
> *Renown is not the child of indolent repose.*"

To his self-indulgence, and the effeminacy and susceptibility consequent thereon, is attributed his premature death, by a cold, caught on the Thames, in the forty-eighth year of his age. He was buried in the church at Richmond, and on a brass tablet above his grave is an inscription closing with the following well-known lines from his own "Winter:"—

> "Father of light and life, thou Good Supreme!
> O teach me what is good; teach me myself!
> Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
> From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
> With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
> Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss."

Passing Shenstone, whose poems no one pretends to praise, and few to read, and even whose taste in landscape gardening our author questions, we come to that most wonderful instance of precocious genius, Chatterton. His history is more like romance than reality, and the truth in his case is indeed stranger than fiction. Fatherless, and his widowed mother pinched with poverty, he had, necessarily, few advantages of early education. Until six and a half years of age he gave no evidence of intellect, and his poor mother began to think him an absolute fool. Suddenly and unexpectedly the hidden spark of genius burst forth; and, says Cumberland, as quoted by our author:—

"He grew thoughtful and reserved. He was silent and gloomy for long intervals together, speaking to no one, and appearing angry when

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noticed or disturbed. He would break out into sudden fits of weeping, for which no reason could be assigned; would shut himself in some chamber, and suffer no one to approach him, nor allow himself to be enticed from his seclusion. Often he would go to the length of absenting himself from home altogether, for the space, sometimes, of many hours; and his sister remembered him being most severely chastised for a long absence, at which, however, he did not shed one tear, but merely said, 'It is hard, indeed, to be whipped for reading.' His money, all that he could procure, went to get the perusal of books; and on Sundays, and holydays, and half-holydays, he was either wandering solitarily in the fields, sitting beside the tomb of Canynge in the church, or was shut up in a little room at his mother's, attending to no mealtimes, and only issuing out, when he did appear, begrimed with ochre, charcoal, and black lead. From twelve to seven, each Saturday, he was always at home; returning a few minutes after the clock had struck, to get to his little room, and to shut himself up. In this room he always had by him a great piece of ochre, in a brown pan; pounce-bag full of charcoal dust, which he had from a neighbor; also a bottle of black lead powder, which they once took to clean the stove with, and made him very angry. Every holyday, almost, he passed at home; and often, having been denied the key when he wanted it, because they thought he hurt his health and made himself dirty, he would come to Mrs. Edkins, and kiss her cheek, and coax her to get it for him, using the most persuasive expressions to effect his end; so that this eagerness of his to be in this room so much alone, the apparatus, the parchments, both plain as well as written on, and the begrimed figure he always presented when he came down at tea-time, his face exhibiting many stains of black and yellow, all these circumstances began to alarm them."

Very far were they from conjecturing the real nature of the lad's employment. Plentifully supplied with parchment which he found in the old church of St. Mary Radcliffe, with his ochre, and charcoal, and black lead, he was imitating antique manuscripts, and clothing in the drapery of bygone years his own strange fancies. He produced, to the utter astonishment of all who saw them, pedigrees of different individuals, with coats of arms, elaborately painted; histories of old bridges and churches; castles and palaces in strange styles of architecture, beautifully drawn and elaborately described. He was looked upon as a lucky boy, by those who gazed upon the treasures dragged by him, as they thought, from the clutches of dim antiquity. The dark ages seemed to grow bright, as one trophy after another of his imaginary heroes, and architects, and painters, was presented for the study of the antiquarian; and, what is most strange, no one suspected the imposition. To this day, in the history of Bristol, by the learned Barrett, may be seen copies of the wonders palmed upon him by this wonderful stripling: an ancient castle, in a style

of architecture never seen before nor since; unique towers, fanciful battlements, the coinage of his own brain, all passing through the hands of scholars and philosophers as veritable gold. And all this by a child of eleven or twelve years of age! Says our author:—

> "And now a new world had dawned before his inner vision; the sensibilities of the poet were quivering in every nerve; mysterious shapes moved around him, which one day he must report to the world —shapes, the offspring of that old church, and its tombs and monuments, and traceries and emblazonments, mingled with the spirit of his solitary readings in history, divinity, and antiquities; and that melancholy foreboding, that *Ahnung* of the future, as the Germans term it, which like a present angel of prophecy, unseen, but felt, hangs on the heart of youthful genius with an overpowering sadness, was spread over him like a heavenly cloud, which made the physical face of life dreary and insipid to him."

And he wrote poetry, but with strange perverseness still continued the use of his parchment, and black lead, and ochre; and attributed his own productions to men long dead and mostly forgotten. It was fame enough for him to be deemed the fortunate finder of these treasures, the productions, as he averred, of no less than eleven different authors, among whom the most celebrated were John à Iscam, Maister Canynge, and Thomas Rowley; and truly, had these men written the verses thus fathered upon them, their names had been inscribed high up on fame's enduring temple. But alas for Chatterton! His ingenuity was too great; his success ruined him. The critics, the knowing ones, were taken in; and when the fraud was at length detected, when the wonder was a thousandfold increased by the discovery that the boy was himself the author, why then, instead of clasping him to their hearts, and offering their friendly guidance, they spurned him as a base impostor, turned him off to penury and beggary, to starvation, to death by his own hand, to a grave among paupers, unnoticed and unknown. "It was a new kind of crime, this endowment of the republic of literature with enormous accessions of wealth; and, what was more extraordinary, the endowers were not only denounced as thieves, but as thieves from themselves! Macpherson and Chatterton did not assert that *they* had written new and great poems, which the acute critics proved to be stolen from the ancients, Ossian and Rowley; *that*, and their virtuous indignation, we might have comprehended; but, on the contrary, while the critics protested that Chatterton and Macpherson *themselves* were the actual poets, and had only put on *the masks* of ancients, they treated them, not as clever maskers, joining in the witty conceit,

and laughing over it in good-natured triumph, but they denounced them in savage terms, as base thieves, false coiners, damnable impostors! O, glorious thieves! glorious coiners! admirable impostors! would that a thousand other such would appear, to fill the hemisphere of England with fresh stars of renown!" . . . "Not thus was execrated and chased out of the regions of popularity, and even into a self-dug grave 'the great Unknown,' 'the author of Waverley.' He wore his mask in all peace and honor for thirteen years, and not a soul dreamed of denouncing Sir Walter Scott, because he had endeavored to palm off his productions as those of Peter Pattison or Jedediah Cleishbotham."

That the youth who thus perished by his own hand, in his seventeenth year, had many faults, and grievous ones, it were useless to deny; equally vain to dwell, in imagination, upon what he might have been, had he found upon this broad earth one friend to sympathize with him, and foster in his soul those aspirations which he breathed forth in the following lines—lines full of trust in divine goodness, over which, alas! despair triumphed:—

"O God, whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom globe surveys,
To thee, my only rock, I fly;
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

"The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill;
But what th' Eternal acts is right.

"O teach me, in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy power,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

"If in this bosom aught but Thee,
Encroaching, sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And mercy look the cause away.

"Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
Why, drooping, seek the dark recess?—
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

"But ah! my breast is human still;
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

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"But yet, with fortitude resign'd,
I thank th' inflictor of the blow;
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

"*The gloomy mantle of the night,*
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light
Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals."

Of Gray, whose fame rests securely on one unequaled elegy, familiar to every reader of the English language, our author has gleaned but little of interest; while of Goldsmith, the true-hearted Irishman, than whom

"No mortal ever left this world of sin
More like the infant that he enter'd in;"

and of Burns, whose verse, like an electric shock, thrills the heart, and kindles the eye of the Scotsman wherever he wanders, he gives us many details of great interest, on which it were pleasant to linger; but we pass to spend a few moments with the bard of Olney, the timid, melancholy, yet joyous and buoyant Cowper. Contradictory as are these epithets, they are applicable, all, to him whose iron creed drove, almost, if not quite, to madness that same mind, which bursts forth frequently in loftiest strains of trust, and confidence, and rapturous thanksgiving; is seen unbending itself in sportive letters of the most childlike simplicity; and, as in the journey of the world-renowned John Gilpin, delighted, at times, to revel in the fun of the broadest farce. Unfortunate was it, for the poet and for the world, that he ever saw John Newton, and imbibed from him, in all their chilliness, the gloomy dogmas of hyper-Calvinism. The perusal of his correspondence with that well-meaning but rigid predestinarian, contrasted with his letters to his other friends, and more especially to the Unwins, reveals, to some extent, the secret of that withering blight that preyed so long and so grievously upon him. His heart told him of God's impartial love, and echoed back, responsively, the blessed assurance that "whosoever will may take of the water of life freely." Then pours he forth strains of gladness worthy of an angel's lyre, and soars aloft, carrying his reader with him to listen, while

"One song employs *all nations*, and *all cry*,
'Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us!'
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
Shout to each other, and the mountain-tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy;

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Till nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round."

But soon, fearfully, his creed, interpreted after the fashion of the straitest sect of Calvin's followers, throws a dark cloud over all this goodly prospect, and hides the sunshine of the poet's soul in dark eclipse. He gropes, in wandering mazes lost. Election, with its fearful counterpart, haunts him like the demon of despair. He concludes, as every man not mantled with self-complacency must conclude, that if there be reprobates, *he ought* to be one; and, in many of his letters, more than intimates his firm conviction that in this respect what ought to be, *is.* This feeling sometimes tinges his verse, though not often, with hues of saddest melancholy, as in the poem beginning—

"O! happy shades, to me unblest!
Friendly *to peace, but not to me!*
How ill the scene that offers rest,
And heart, that cannot rest, agree."

The incidents of his life are familiar, and his fame, as a painter of nature, and as a poet inspiring the loftiest sentiments, is too well established ever to be shaken. How full of solemn dignity and trustful assurance are the lines which it will do thee good yet once again to read:—

"He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There 's not a chain
That hellish foes, confederate for his harm,
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of Nature, and though poor, perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, 'My Father made them all!'
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of interest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holiest joy,
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
That plann'd, and built, and still upholds, a world
So clothed with beauty for rebellious man?

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He is indeed a freeman: free by birth
Of no mean city, plann'd or e'er the hills
Were built, the fountains open'd, or the sea,
With all his roaring multitude of waves."

Very scurvily was our enthusiastic tracker of the haunts of the British poets treated by the surviving relatives of the gifted Mrs. Tighe, and in right good earnest does he lash their contemptible arrogance. Our author overrates her poetry. Her "Psyche," with the profits of which she built an asylum for orphans, contains, amid much incongruity, some pleasing poetry. The victim of hereditary consumption, a vein of sadness runs through her verse, and, lovely and beloved, she found an early grave. It is of her that Mrs. Hemans, a congenial spirit, while musing upon her early departure, pensively sings:—

"Thou hast left sorrow in thy song,
A voice not loud, but deep!—
The glorious bowers of earth among,
How often didst thou weep!

"Where couldst thou fix, on mortal ground,
Thy tender thoughts and high?—
Now peace the woman's heart hath found,
And joy the poet's eye!"

Still sadder is our author's strain, and far higher his admiration, when discoursing of the youthful Keats, who died at Rome when he had scarcely passed the age of twenty-four. During the three years in which he penned all his poems, he had the consciousness that his disease, the slow-wasting consumption, was incurable; and it had pleased us better had he left more evidence of the truth of the latter part of the line applied to him by our author:—

"He sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven."

Perhaps as favorable a specimen as we can give, in a short space, of one whose nature, in the rather hyperbolic language of our author, was "one pure mass of the living light of poetry," is his sonnet "On first looking into Chapman's Homer:"—

"Much have I travel'd in the land of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen,
Round many western islands have I been,
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold;
Oft of one wide expanse have I been told,
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet I did never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold—
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies

When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortes, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and his men
Look'd at each other in a wild surprise,
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

Of course we have no fault to find with our author's tracery of the haunts of Shelley and of Byron, nor with his estimate of their poetry, whatever be our opinion of his unsuccessful attempts to palliate their vices, and to apologize for the evils resulting from their precepts and their example. He deplores the fact that the former was in early life the avowed champion of atheism, "yet was he honest;" he throws the blame of his expulsion entirely on the heads of the college, making his hero a perfect martyr; and appears to deem it an ample atonement for his brutality toward his first wife, which resulted in her suicide, that she was of humble station, of uncongenial mind, and that he bitterly lamented "the catastrophe of her death." So of Byron, bringing into bold relief every good trait in his character, he speaks tenderly, as though his unquestioned genius, and the harsh treatment he received from the world, accounted for, if they did not justify, his skepticism, his utter selfishness, and even his avowed licentiousness. In many respects the two poets were alike. Both of noble family, and both unhappy in their matrimonial connections; both haters with the intensity of bitterness of what they deemed the cant of Christianity, and both self-exiled from their native land. Shelley was drowned by the sinking of his boat in the Gulf of Spezia, at the age of thirty; and Byron, who had been intimately familiar with him during their residence in Italy, expired on the classic shores of Greece.

Far inferior as a poet, yet infinitely more pleasing is the perusal of the pages dedicated to the pious Crabbe, of whose life and writings an extended notice may be found in a former volume of this Review. Many interesting facts which were unknown to his biographer are brought to light by the indefatigable researches of our author; but lack of space forbids us to linger. In the same unceremonious manner too must we pass over the "haunts" of that pleasing egotist, that rarest specimen of self-esteem—James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. His poetry is not of a high order, nor is it doomed to immortality. Some of his imitations of contemporaneous poets, and especially those attributed to Wordsworth, are, in the language of our author, "admirably grave quizzes;" and he copies, as a specimen—

"A boy came from the mountains, tripping light,
With basket on his arm,—and it appear'd
That there was butter there, for the white cloth
That over it was spread, not unobserved,
In tiny ridges gently rose and fell,
Like graves of children cover'd o'er with snow;
And by one clumsy fold the traveler spied
One roll of yellow treasure, all as pure
As *primrose bud reflected in the lake.*
'Boy,' said the stranger, 'wilt thou hold my steed,
Till I walk round the corner of that mere?
When I return I will repay thee well.'"

The boy holds the horse, but the stranger returns not. Frightened by a thunder-storm, the steed breaks away, and the boy begins to be alarmed about his butter, thus exposed to the hot sun of a long summer's day. He gently lifts the white cloth, to feel,

"With his left hand, how it affected was
By the long day and burning sun of heaven.
It was all firm and flat—no ridges rose
Like graves of children—basket, butter, cloth,
Were all one piece, coherent. To his home
The boy return'd, right sad, and sore aghast."

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the youngest of thirteen children, was born of pious parents, in Devonshire, October 21, 1772. Delicate, and of a timid disposition, he found no associates among boys of his own age. "I never," says he, "thought as a child, never had the language of a child." Solitary, and without play-fellows, he spent his early years in reading and meditation. "I never played," he says, "except by myself, and then only acting over what I had been reading or fancying, or half one, half the other, with a stick cutting down weeds and nettles, as one of 'the Seven Champions of Christendom.'" At the age of ten he was sent to a public school in London, where he was roughly treated, flogged, and half starved. "There"—we quote again his own language, and would that it might meet the eye of some parent, just now casting about in his mind for an economical place of banishment for his boy—"there I felt myself alone among six hundred playmates. O, the cruelty of separating a poor lad from his early homestead! the yearnings which I used to have toward it in those unfledged years! How in my dreams would my native town, far in the west, come back, with its churches, and trees, and faces!" Here, too, he was frequently and severely beaten; and the pedagogue, at the end of a flogging, generally gave him an extra cut,

"for," said he, "you are such an ugly fellow!" At this school were laid the foundations of those bodily sufferings which made his after life one scene of torture, and drove him to the excessive use of opium. From the school, after an unsuccessful effort on his part to be apprenticed to a shoemaker, he was sent, at the age of nineteen, to Jesus College, Cambridge, where his scholarship gained him many honors, but which he soon left, embarrassed with debt, and on his way to London enlisted as a common soldier. One of the most amusing episodes in the life of any literary character is the account given by our author of this strange enlistment; of his awkwardness with his armor, and especially with his horse; of his meditations upon Cæsar and Leonidas, by which he tried to render the severity of his daily drills endurable, and to bear the taunts of his officers, who never ventured to advance him out of the awkward squad; of his employment as letter-writer for the regiment, to the wives and sweethearts of the soldiers, who, availing themselves of his ability and good-nature, nevertheless deemed him a "natural," because of his inability to learn his exercise; of his venturing to correct the Greek quotations of his officers as he stood sentinel at the door; and most especially of his services, faithful and unrequited, as nurse to his sick fellow-soldiers in the hospital—

> "One of whom he had volunteered to attend during a most malignant attack of small-pox, when all others deserted him, and had waited on him and watched him for six weeks. To prevent contagion, the patient and his noble-hearted nurse were put into an outhouse, where Coleridge continued all that time, night and day, administering medicine, guarding him from himself during violent delirium, and, when again capable of listening, sitting by his bed and reading to him. In the annals of humanity, that act must stand as one of the truest heroism."

At length, released from his irksome situation through the interposition of friends, he married a sister of the wife of his friend Southey; and under a contract to write a volume of poems for thirty guineas, he removed to the neighborhood of Bristol, where, with his bride, in a little half-furnished cottage, he commenced the cares of housekeeping. In his younger days he had embraced infidel principles, which he abandoned after his marriage, and became for a while a Unitarian preacher. For a while he floundered through the mazes of Berkeley, Spinoza, Hartley, and Kant; until, wearied and sick at heart, he abandoned them all, and sought and found rest in the bosom of the Established Church.

Following "the brooding poet with the heavenly eyes," our author introduces us successively to the lovely and enthusiastic

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Mrs. Hemans, the victim of an unhappy marriage; and to Miss Landon, better known as L. E. L., whose life was imbittered and cut short by calumny the most atrocious. Mrs. Hemans was born in Liverpool; married at an early age; and, deserted by her husband, she was left to grapple single-handed with the world, and to provide for and educate her five sons. How touching is her allusion to this fact, and what noble sentiments are revealed in the following extract from one of the last letters she ever wrote:—

—"It has ever been one of my regrets, that the constant necessity of providing sums of money, to meet the exigencies of the boys' education, has obliged me to waste my mind in what I consider mere desultory effusions—

Pouring myself away,
As a wild bird, amid the foliage, tunes
That which within him thrills, and beats, and burns,
Into a fleeting lay.

"My wish ever was to concentrate all my mental energy in the production of some more noble and complete work; something of pure and holy excellence, which might permanently take its place as the work of a British poetess. I have always hitherto written as if in the breaking-times of storms and billows.... A greater freedom from these cares, of which I have been obliged to bear up under the whole responsibility, may do much to restore me; and though my spirits are greatly subdued by long sickness, I feel the powers of my mind in full maturity."

Bravely did she bear up under all her troubles; and, pouring forth lays of sweetness, if the wish of her heart to produce some one great poem were ungratified, she succeeded in winning for herself a name, and in meeting, by her single pen, "the exigencies of the boys' education." Some of her most admired verses were written during her last illness; and but a little while before her death she wrote that "soul-full effusion," "Despondency and Aspiration." She died in Dublin, May 16, 1835, and over her grave is a simple inscription, with the verses:—

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now;
Even while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust to its narrow house beneath,
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death
No more will fear to die."

More wonderful than even the wildest of his own romances is the life of "the great wizard of the North," Sir Walter Scott.

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On his unequaled success in the sterile plains of Parnassus, whence he drew with his gray goosequill the astounding sum of half a million sterling, our author dwells with garrulous wonder; and with sadness amounting almost to tears gives the history of his reverses, when the "thunderbolt of fate had fallen on the great magician," whom he styles the "Job of modern times." For ourselves, we love to view him best in the days of his adversity, when, by the mismanagement of others, his riches, so suddenly amassed, had taken wings and fled away. Patient, industrious, and honest, with honor untarnished, he needed not the pity of his friends, while he spent the remaining strength of his latter years in the toilsome drudgery of authorship, that he might pay off claims which the laws of the land would have sustained him had he refused to meet, or the friendly bankrupt act would have wiped out, had he permitted it, with a wet sponge. Our author traces his homes and haunts from the house in which he was born, through his various residences in Edinburgh; dwells, delighted, on the room in Castle-street, No. 39, where he wrote most of his earlier productions—the house now occupied by Professor Napier, the editor of the Edinburgh Review; and with minute particularity describes his world-renowned residence at Abbotsford. In quick succession, after his pecuniary losses, other sorrows fell upon him. His wife could not bear up under her reverses, and soon died; a son and daughter were prostrated on the couch of lingering sickness; his great publisher and dear friend "died too, of the fatal malady of ruined hopes." As in the history of most men of eminent genius, there is none to inherit his name, and, says his son-in-law, Lockhart, "the hope of founding a family died with him."

Another bard of Scotia follows—Campbell, author of "The Pleasures of Hope," by which designation he will continue to be, as he was in his life, best known; so much so, that he is said to have felt toward it as the Athenian did, who was tired of hearing Aristides called "the Just." His poems, "Gertrude of Wyoming," "O'Connor's Child," and numerous others, some of which first appeared in the New Monthly Magazine, of which he became editor in 1820, are also well known and properly appreciated. He was not treated with remarkable liberality by his publishers; and it is related that at a dinner-party, where were assembled many of the craft, he startled them, when called on for a toast, by replying, with mock gravity—"Gentlemen, I give you Napoleon; he was a fine fellow—he shot a bookseller." He was of an amiable disposition, kind-hearted, frank, generous. In his latter years he had an accumulation of domestic afflictions. He died in 1844,

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and was buried in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey. In tracing his haunts in the city of the poet's birth, our author relates "one of the most curious things" that he ever met with. It seems that, accompanied by a friend, he called on a cousin of the recently departed poet, at whose house Campbell had been wont to make his home. After an introduction to Mr. Gray, a "tall, gray man,"

—"And on my asking if he could oblige me by informing me where Campbell was born, to our great astonishment he replied that he really did not know. 'And, indeed,' said he, very gravely, 'what may be your object in making this inquiry?' Being informed, the tall, gray man reared himself to an extraordinary height, and looked very blank, as though it was a sort of business very singular to him, and quite out of his line. Had my name been that of a silver merchant, no doubt it would have been instantly recognized; as it was, it was just as much known to him as if it had been Diggery Mustapha, the ambassador of the Grand Turk himself. He shook his head, looked very solemn, and could 'really say nothing to it.' 'What!' I exclaimed, 'not know where your celebrated cousin was born?' 'Well,' he had an 'idea that he had some time heard that it was in High-street.' 'In what house?' 'Could not say—thought it had been pulled down.' 'Could he tell us of any other part of the city where Campbell had lived?' You might just as well have asked the tallest coffee-pot in his shop. He put on a very forbidding air: 'Gentlemen, you will excuse me—I have business to attend to. Good morning.' Away went Mr. Gray, and away we retreated as precipitately."

Still pursuing his researches, the gentle Quaker

—"called on the secretaries of the *Campbell* Club, but they, like the tall Mr. Gray, knew nothing of Campbell. On returning, we met another Mr. Gray, a brother of the former one. We accosted him with the question, but he shook his head, and 'really did not know.' This was rather too much for my gravity, and I observed that I supposed the fact was, that Campbell was not known at Glasgow at all. This remark seemed not quite lost. He replied, gravely, 'they *had* heard of him.'"

The laureate SOUTHEY does not appear to have been, as a poet, one of our author's favorites; he says nothing of his prose, unequaled, especially in biography, by any writer of his day; and on his course as a man he pours vials of unmingled scorn. We have given specimens of his laudatory strains; the reader shall have a spice of his vein when his bile is stirred:—

"The contrast between the beginning and the end of his (Southey's) career, the glorious and high path entered upon, and so soon and suddenly quitted for the pay of the placeman and the bitterness of the bigot, cling to his memory with a lamentable effect.... For a man whose heart and intellect were full of the inspiration of great sentiments on the freedom of man in all his relations as a subject and a citizen, on

peace, on religion, and on the oppressions of the poor, to go round at once to the system and the doctrines of the opposite character, and to resolve to support that machinery of violence and oppression which originates all these evils, is so unaccountable as to tempt the most charitable to hard thoughts. Nothing is so easy of vindication as a man's honesty, when he changes to his own worldly disadvantage, and to a more free mode of thinking; but when the contrary happens, suspicion will lie in spite of all argument.... What a metamorphosis that was! The man who set out in a career that augured the life of a second Milton, ending as the most thorough, though probably unconscious, tool of tyranny and state corruption! The writer of "Wat Tyler" lauding George IV. and Castlereagh! The author of the "Battle of Blenheim" singing hymns to the allied sovereigns, and hosannas over the most horrible war and carnage, and for the worst purposes in history!... And last, and worst, the man who justly lashed Lord Byron for his licentious pen, being subjected to the necessity of slurring over the debaucheries of such a monster as George IV., and singing his praises as a wise, and just, and virtuous prince!... No greater dishonor could have befallen a man of Southey's private character than to have *so fully justified* the scarifying strictures of his aristocratic satirist:—

"He said—I only give the heads—he said
He meant no harm in scribbling; 'twas his way
Upon all topics; 'twas, besides, his bread,
Of which he butter'd both sides; 'twould delay
Too long the assembly he was pleased to dread,
And take up rather more time than a day,
To name his works—he would but cite a few—
Wat Tyler—Rhymes on Blenheim—Waterloo.

"He had written *praises of a regicide;*
He had written *praises of all kings whatever;*
He had written *for republics* far and wide,
And then *against* them bitterer than ever:
For pantisocracy he once had cried
Aloud, a scheme less moral than 'twas clever;
Then grew a hearty anti-jacobin—
Had turn'd his coat—and *would have turn'd his skin.*

"He had sung against all battles, and again
In their high praise and glory; he had call'd
Reviewing the '*ungentle craft,*' and then
Become as base a *critic* as e'er crawl'd—
Fed, paid, and pamper'd by the very men
By whom his muse and morals had been maul'd.
He had written much blank verse, and blanker prose,
And more of both than anybody knows." BYRON.

This is sufficiently severe, but he lays it on still more heavily, and declares that, "spite of the indecencies of Byron's muse, and

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the orthodox character of Southey's, it must be confessed that the former is much less mischievous than the latter;" and then goes on to argue that, bad as Byron was, reckless, licentious, Southey, by his poems, and especially by his conduct, has done infinitely more harm to the cause of truth and justice. Most ludicrous, indeed, is the account, given by Lockhart, of the indignant rejection of the offer of the laureateship—a *piece of court plaster*—by Scott, and its ready acceptance by the double-dyed radical who wrote "Wat Tyler" and the "Botany Bay Eclogues;" and our author contends, with great plausibility, that the sudden change in his sentiments had a peculiar effect on his poetry; in which, though many beauties are to be found, he "never seems to be at home." His verses are specimens of beautiful manufacture, rather than a part of himself. He was, however, one of the most industrious of men, prudent, and, in all his domestic relations, faultless. Late in life he married a second wife, the sweet poetess, Caroline Bowles, who tended him with untiring assiduity during the tedious years of mental imbecility into which he fell soon after their marriage. He died March 26, 1843, "in good esteem with the powers that be, and worth £12,000."

After a few pages devoted to the graceful Joanna Baillie, in her quiet retreat at Hampstead, our author passes to *Rydal Mount*, the home, for more than thirty years, of his most especial favorite, Wordsworth. Serene in his old age, the friend of Coleridge and of Southey, and, indeed, of all the writers of note of the last generation, the poet is passing away amid all the blessings of life, and in the enjoyment of all the honors that his fellow-men can confer. Tourists and travelers from all parts of the world call upon him, eager to see him and to take him by the hand. "My last remaining wish," was the message sent in by a visitor, who, it seems, called at an untimely hour, "is to shake hands with Mr. Wordsworth." Poetry has been his business all through life, and he has gone on, heedless alike of frowns and flattery, erecting for himself an enduring monument, from the top of which it is amusing to look down upon the snarling curs that yelped at him in his progress. "This will never do," said the man who "did the slashing" for the Edinburgh Quarterly, as he introduced to his readers the "Excursion," in which he declared there was neither poetry nor common sense, "from the hour that the driveler squatted himself down in the sun, to the end of his preaching." To the pages of the same erudite journal was the world indebted for a mathematical demonstration of the absolute impossibility of crossing the Atlantic by steam; and there too may still be read witty sarcasms on the pro-

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ject of traveling by railroads, and the ex cathedra denunciation of Grey, the author of the railway system, as a madman worthy of Bedlam. It is possible that the critic has since been whirled along the land by the power of steam; that he may have been told that the same agent is every day transporting thousands across the deep blue sea; and in his garret may have heard the taunt flung back upon him from universal Christendom—"This *will* do!"

In succession, our indefatigable tracker of poetic haunts introduces to our more familiar acquaintance MONTGOMERY; the fortunate and accurate LANDOR, whose prose is better than his poetry; LEIGH HUNT, the friend of Byron and of Shelley, and for a long time the caustic editor of the "Examiner;" ROGERS, rich alike in fancy and in purse; MOORE, felicitous in his management of rhythm, but who, we are glad to know, would give "a great portion of his fame to be able to cancel for ever" many of his earlier poems, and who, at the age of sixty-six, still sits at his desk and works for honest bread; ELLIOTT, from whose poems our author quotes largely; JOHN WILSON, the professor, prose-writer, poet, critic, from whom it was unnecessary to quote; PROCTOR, better known by his *nom de guerre*, Barry Cornwall; and TENNYSON, who moves on his way through life, "heard, but by the public unseen," and of whose whereabouts our author is obliged to confess that he knows little; but having already exceeded our intended limit, we must close with a brief sketch of the bard of Sheffield.

JAMES MONTGOMERY was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, November 4, 1771. His father was the minister of the Moravian Brethren in that place, in the simple faith of which devoted people the son was educated, and to which he has adhered through the changing scenes of life to the present hour. In his sixth year his parents were sent as missionaries to the slaves in the West Indies, where in a little while they both died, while their son was a student at the seminary of the Brethren in Yorkshire. He wrote verses when but ten years of age; and an ardent desire to distinguish himself as a poet interfered with the studies to which his friends had devoted him, and thwarted the plan of the Brethren to send him in the footsteps of his father as a missionary of the cross. Leaving the seminary, he was placed in a retail shop, near Wakefield; whence, although he had been treated with kindness, he privately absconded with an almost empty pocket in quest of fame and fortune. Through many discouragements and trials he at length found his way to London, the great object of his youthful ambition, where, to his utmost consternation, he was advised by a respectable publisher, to whom he showed a volume of his manu-

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scripts, not to print them. He then turned his hand to prose, and, seeking another bookseller, presented for his acceptance an eastern tale. The man of trade did not deign to read a line beyond the title, but, counting the pages, and the lines on a page, civilly returned the copy, with the heart-appalling words, "It won't do." At length the gay vision which had haunted his imagination began to grow dim, and, after a series of disappointments and mortifications, he gladly accepted a situation which promised him bread, if not fame, in the office of a newspaper at Sheffield. After two years in this service, a gentleman, to whom he was personally almost an entire stranger, but who seems to have formed a just estimate of his talents, enabled the poet to become himself the publisher of the "Sheffield Iris." He entered upon this office in tempestuous times, and when England, and indeed all Europe, were mad with political excitement. Twice in the course of a few years he was fined and imprisoned for what were strangely enough deemed libels. The first was the publication of some verses written by an Irish clergyman, in which the judge succeeded in persuading the jury that there was a libel on the war then raging between France and England, although, on the trial, it was proved that the poetry in question was written nine months before the war began. His other "libel" was a too truthful account of the butchery of his fellow-citizens by the soldiery, who were called out to quell a riot in the streets of Sheffield. Three months' imprisonment and a fine of £20 was his punishment for the former; for the latter, six months' imprisonment and £30. Howitt, in the preparation of the volumes before us, visited the cell in which the poet was confined, and where, in his hours of loneliness, he penned some of his sweetest verses. He describes it, as was right, with the same minuteness he does the other "haunts"—cottages, gardens, palaces—of England's gifted sons. Fearless in the discharge of his duties, zealous for what he deemed the right, neat and nervous in his editorials, and not seldom enriching the columns of his paper with poetry of a high order, it is not wonderful that his patronage increased, and that in his later years the poet has realized, in a good degree, the visions of his boyhood.

His poetry, at times indignantly severe, as in his fearful delineations of the horrors of slavery and the slave trade in "*The West Indies;*" glowing with patriotism and love of liberty, as in the "*Wanderer of Switzerland;*" soaring on imagination's loftiest wing, as in the "*Pelican Island;*" or devoted to the unappreciated but unparalleled missionary heroism of his own beloved Moravians, in "*Greenland,*" is everywhere imbued with the

sentiments and doctrines of a pure Christianity. In all his poems is perceptible that spirit of consecration which he breathes forth in his stanzas on the death of Thomas Spencer:—

"I will not sing a mortal's praise:—
To Thee I consecrate my lays,
To whom my powers belong;
Those gifts upon thine altar thrown,
O God! accept;—accept thine own:
My gifts are thine—be thine alone
The glory of my song.

* * * * * *

"I worship not the sun at noon,
The wandering stars, the changing moon,
The wind, the flood, the flame;
I will not bow the votive knee
To Wisdom, Virtue, Liberty;
'There is no God but God,' for me—
Jehovah is his name."

To Montgomery was ever present a higher motive, a holier purpose, than the amusement of his readers. He aims to make them wiser, better, happier. In him, after all, was fulfilled the fondest wish of his parents. He *is* a minister of God, a herald of glad tidings; not indeed as they hoped, to one tribe or to one congregation, for the brief day allotted to those who thus labor in the Lord's vineyard, but to untold myriads in either hemisphere, who, charmed by the music of his verse, and imbibing from it lessons of benevolence and love, shall be thereby attracted to its central glory—the cross of Christ. F.

Art. III.—*Lectures on Temperance.* By Eliphalet Nott, D.D., LL.D., President of Union College. With an Introduction by Edward C. Delavan, Esq. Albany: E. H. Pease & Co. 1847.

Perhaps few men in our whole country have done more to promote the cause of temperance than Edward C. Delavan, Esq., of Albany, N.Y. He has not only consecrated a large portion of his large estate to that cause, but has devoted his personal efforts to the furtherance of it, with a zeal and perseverance as rare as they are truly praiseworthy. Among the many good things he has done in this way, his publication of the "Inquirer" deserves special consideration. Though some of the numbers may have con-

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tained sentiments to which all of the friends of temperance could hardly feel free to subscribe, yet the tendency of the whole has been eminently salutary. The number containing ten lectures by the venerable president of Union College, and largely circulated among the professional men of our country, can hardly be spoken of in terms of too high commendation. It is, doubtless, one of the very best publications on the subject that has, from first to last, been issued from the American press. Thus appreciating these Lectures, it gives us great satisfaction to know that the learned and excellent author has added another valuable lecture to those before published, and that Mr. Delavan has given the whole to the public, in the form of a neat little volume, embracing an appropriate Introduction from his own pen.

Though Dr. Nott is "old and well-stricken in years," he still writes with all the strength and all the vivacity of a young man. His reputation for eloquence, as well as elocution, has long been established. In pulpit oratory, especially, he has few equals in our own country, or, indeed, any other. But however elevated his former reputation, the Lectures under review must raise it still higher. They not only evince uncommon powers of ratiocination, but abound in passages of great force and genuine beauty. Though delivered (at Schenectady, N. Y.) in 1838–9, they are well suited to the existing posture of the temperance question; and the author deserves special thanks for consenting to their publication.

Had the venerable president attempted a systematic essay on the several topics introduced into these Lectures, greater unity of design and execution would, doubtless, have been apparent in the performance. But what might have been gained in this way, would have been lost in another. The rigidly literary taste might have been better pleased, but the popular effect would have been much less salutary. Indeed, these Lectures—sometimes diffuse, excursive, and elegantly redundant, but always terse and to the point—are admirably adapted at once to enlighten the public mind and move the public heart.

Nor should we do justice to this very timely and very able performance were we to omit to say, that, though it makes no pretensions in that direction, it *is* truly a learned one. Nothing but the most patient and untiring research, as well as the most intimate acquaintance with the classical history of intoxicating liquors, could have enabled Dr. Nott to bring such a mass of singularly pertinent facts to bear upon the subject under consideration.

It is deeply to be regretted that the cause of temperance has sometimes been advocated in a tone and spirit, adapted rather to

repel and exasperate, than to convince and invite. Too little allowance has been made for the infirmities of human nature, and too little patience has been exercised under the tardy operations of the human understanding. There is, however, nothing of this in Dr. Nott. Full of kindness, he deals in argument, not invective. Mild and insinuating, he draws the line of circumvallation around the positon of the enemy with so much skill and adroitness, that he is taken captive almost before he is aware of it. Thus conquered, he is as well pleased with the victor as he is with himself; and better pleased with the discovery of truth than he is with either. We give the following specimen from the lecturer, and the rather as it embraces most edifying historical matter:—

"*Are then intoxicating liquors, of the kind and quality generally in use among us, deleterious as a beverage, or are they not?* This is the real question; and not whether, being deleterious, they ought to be avoided? That pure alcohol is poison; that every beverage containing alcohol contains an element of poison; and that other elements of poison are often, if not usually, contained in intoxicating liquors, are known and admitted facts. That these elements of poison, however, usually exist in such liquors, in sufficient intensity to disturb the healthy action of the system, by the production of crime, insanity, disease, or death, is not to be taken for granted, nor to be decided by reasoning *a priori*.

"The same article may be healthful to plants and injurious to animals; healthful to animals and injurious to men; healthful to one man and injurious to another; healthful to some men at one time and one degree, and injurious at another time and in another degree; or healthful in occasional, and injurious in habitual, use. Now how it is with the several kinds of intoxicating liquors in use among us, are questions of fact, to be determined not by clamor or dogmatism, but observation and experiment. To furnish data for such determination, however, no new experiments are required to be performed;—a series of experiments, reaching through more than forty centuries, having been already furnished—experiments tried first in Asia on the top of Ararat, where the ark rested; and since tried in Europe, in Africa, in America, and in the islands of the sea. We have only to collect and collate these scattered results, to enable us to arrive at a knowledge of the truth.

"Hear Moses speak:—'And Noah began to be a husbandman, and he planted a vineyard, and he drank of the wine.' What next?—'and he was drunken.' I need not repeat the residue of the afflictive and humiliating details. Nor need I repeat the still more afflictive and humiliating details of drunkenness and incest, which the use of wine occasioned in the family of Lot, after their departure from the vale of Sodom.

"Hear Solomon speak:—'Who hath wo? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babblings? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself

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aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.' Neither here need I repeat the residue of the afflictive and humiliating details.

"Hear Isaiah speak:—'But they have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment. For all tables are full of vomit and filthiness, so that there is no place clean.'

"But this, it is objected, is the testimony of sacred writers only. It is so. Would that of profane writers be deemed more conclusive?

"Hear, then, Pliny the Younger speak; Pliny, than whom a purer patriot or a profounder sage lived not, out of Palestine, among the nations:—'If we examine closely, we shall find there is nothing on which more pains are bestowed by mankind, than on wine. As though nature had not liberally furnished water, with which all other animals are content: we even force our horses to drink wine,* and we purchase, at great pains and expense, a liquor which deprives man of the use of his reason, renders him furious, and is the cause of an infinite variety of crimes.

"'It is true it is so delicious that multitudes know no pleasure in life but that of drinking it. Yea, that we may drink the more, we weaken this liquor by passing it through the straining bag,† and we invent other methods to stimulate our thirst; we go so far as to employ poisons. Some persons before drinking use hemlock,‡ that the fear of death may compel them to drink. Others swallow the powder of pumice-stone, and many other things which I should blush to name.

"'The most prudent facilitate the digestion of vinous crudities by resorting to sweating rooms, whence they are sometimes carried forth half dead. Some cannot even wait to reach their couch, on the first quitting of the bath, nor even to put on their tunic: but, naked and panting as they are, rush eagerly on great pitchers of wine, which they drain to the bottom, as if to exhibit the strength of their stomachs. They next vomit § and drink anew, renewing the like career twice and

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* The custom of giving wine to horses was known to Homer.—Vide Iliad, viii, li. 88. Philip de Comines says, that "at the close of a battle, having made his war-horse, who was much exhausted and very old, drink wine, it appeared to renew and rejuvenate him." The practice is common enough among all our cavaliers.

Columella, chap. iii, book 3d, recommends giving wine to cattle worried and overheated with labor.

† Columella, book ix, chap. 15.—The Greeks were acquainted with the custom of passing wine through the saccus.

[Vide Theophrastus de Causes, vi, chap. 9.] The Romans use to pass through the saccus old and too heavy wines.—Vide Martial, lib, xi, epig. 40: also xii, 61.

‡ Wine is a remedy for the poison of hemlock, according to Pliny, lib. xxii, sec. 17.

§ See on this custom Cicero.—Pro Dejotaro. Also Martial, book iii, ep. 82. Suetonius, Life of Vitellius xiii, and of Claudius, chap. xiii.

three times, as though born only to waste wine; as though men were under obligation to be the channel by which wine should return to the earth. Others borrow from the barbarians most extraordinary exercises, to show that they are constituted genuine wine-bibbers. They tumble in the mire, where they affect to lay the head, flat on the back, and to display a broad and muscular chest. All this they shamefully practice, because these violent acts cause them to drink with increased avidity.

"'And now what shall we say to the infamous representations upon the drinking-cups and vessels for wine, which would seem as though drunkenness alone were insufficient to excite men to lewdness? Thus they drink, as if prostitution and drunkenness, ye gods, were invited and even bribed with a reward! Some receive a certain sum of money, on condition of eating as much as they drink; while others expend in wine what they obtain in games of chance. Thus the eyes of the husband become heavy; while those of the wife are wide open, and employed in full liberty. It is then the most secret thoughts are revealed. Some at such times disclose the contents of their last wills; others throw out expressions, which, in the common phrase, they will thereafter be forced to eat. How many perish in consequence of words uttered in a state of inebriety; so that it has passed into a proverb, that "wine brings truth to light."

"'Such men, at best, see not the rising sun,* and thus abridge their lives. Thence proceed their pendulous cheeks, their ulcerated eyes, their trembling hands, incapable of holding the full glass without spilling a portion of its contents. Thence those furious transports which disturb their slumbers, and that inquietude—just punishment of their intemperance—in which their nights are passed. The highest reward of their drunkenness is the creation of a monstrous passion, and a pleasure which nature and decency forbid. On the morrow their breath is still infected with the odor of wine. They experience, as it were, a death of memory, and almost total oblivion of the past. Those who live after this sort, call their conduct the art of making time and enjoying life; though the day of their debauch and the subsequent day are equally lost. In the reign of Tiberius Claudius, about forty years ago, it became the custom at Rome to drink wine in the morning with empty stomachs, and to take no food till after drinking. This was of foreign derivation, and was introduced by certain physicians, who wished to commend themselves to the public favor by the introduction of some novelty.

"'To drink is, by the Parthians, considered highly honorable. Among the Greeks, Alcibiades has thus distinguished himself; among the Latins, Marcellius Torquatus, of Milan, who had been prætor and proconsul, has obtained the surname Tricongious, by drinking at once three congii of wine† in the presence, and to the great astonishment, of the emperor Tiberius, who, in his old age, became severe, and even

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* Vide Seneca, Epig. 122. Athenæus, lib. vi, p. 273; also some of the Preface of Columella.

† Three gallons, one quart, and one pint.

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cruel, but in his youth was much addicted to drinking. It is believed, moreover, that Lucius Piso obtained from him the prefectship of Rome, for having remained at table two days and two nights in succession with this prince, who had even then mounted the throne. It is said, also, that in nothing did Drusus Cæsar more closely resemble his father, Tiberius, than in the quality of a deep drinker.

"'Torquatus, of whom we have spoken above, had no equal in his exact observance of the Bacchanal laws; for the art of drinking has also its laws. Whatever quantity of wine he drank, he never stuttered or vomited. The morning found him still at his potations. He swallowed a great quantity of wine at one draught; and if a small cup was poured out to him, he never failed to demand the remainder. While he drank he never took breath nor spat, and he never left in his glass any heel-taps which could produce sound when thrown on the pavement; in which he diligently observed the rules for the prevention of trick in drinking.

"'Tergilla reproached M. T. Cicero, that he drank two congii at a single draught, and that one day, being intoxicated, he threw a glass at the head of Marcus Agrippa. Truly these are the works of drunkenness. But, doubtless, Cicero, the son, wished to take from Mark Antony, the murderer of his father, the palm of drunkenness; for it is well known that, before him, Antony had been very jealous of the title of a first-rate drinker, and even published a treatise on his drunkenness, in which he dares to apologize for that vice. But this treatise persuades me only, that the drunkenness of Antony was the cause of all the evils with which he has afflicted the earth. He vomited forth his work a short time before the battle of Actium; as if to show he was already intoxicated with the blood of the citizens, and thirsted only the more for it. For this necessity accompanies the vice of drunkenness, that drinking augments thirst; and every one knows the "*bon mot*" of the Scythian ambassador, that the more the Parthians drank, the more they thirsted.

"'The western nations have also peculiar intoxicating drinks. The Gauls and Spaniards composed them of grain steeped in divers manners. The Spaniards give them various names. There is a method of rendering them susceptible of long preservation. Similar drinks are also made in Egypt from grain. There is no part of the world where inebriation is not practiced; for they drink such liquors pure, that is, without diluting them like wine. The earth seemed to produce grain for the nourishment of man; but, by Hercules, how industrious is vice; we have found a method to make even water intoxicate us!

"'Two liquors are furnished by trees—both very pleasant—wine for inward, and oil for outward, application. Oil, however, is the most useful, and men have been industrious in their efforts to procure it; but they have been infinitely more diligent in regard to wine, having invented ninety-five different kinds; perhaps double the number, on full examination, might be reckoned: and so few of oil!'

"If, then, the use of intoxicating wine, deemed to be the least deleterious of the intoxicating liquors, required, even in countries suited to the vine, so much caution, was attended with so much hazard, and

led, even occasionally, to such lamentable results,—what was to be expected from those other and baser fabrications, which the brewer's and distiller's arts have subsequently palmed on the world?—What?—Precisely what has taken place,—*a mighty and gratuitous increase both of guilt and misery*."—Pp. 16–24.

The increase of intemperance and its consequent evils, since the art of distillation was first discovered, is indeed truly astonishing. If the world, before such discovery, had been greatly *injured* by alcoholic drinks in a diluted and comparatively innocent state, it has been absolutely *cursed* by them, since the process of separating the intoxicating principle has come to be generally known. The evil has been enhanced in several ways. In the first place, intoxication is now much more easily produced than formerly. The drinker has not to gorge a gallon or two, as did those of ancient times who drank the weaker liquid, in order to bring on the appropriate paroxysm: a much smaller quantity will do the deed of degradation quite as effectually. The single glass will make the man as much of a brute now, as the gallon would then. Besides, the intoxicating principle has been greatly multiplied by the art of distillation. Anciently this principle existed, almost exclusively, in vinous liquids: at least, it existed then in much the larger proportion. Of course, the field of its production was comparatively limited. Large portions of the earth are quite too cold for the growth of the vine. And where it does grow, only a very small part of the fruit of it is allowed (perhaps we should rather say was anciently allowed) to pass through the process of fermentation;—a process indispensable in order to its acquiring the intoxicating principle.

It must be seen, then, that, but for the art in question, the means of intoxication would have been comparatively beyond the reach of large portions of the species: so that, if men did not abstain from principle, they must have done so from a kind of necessity; for the plain and obvious reason, that the baleful potation could not be commanded. But the distillery has effected a most disastrous revolution. It has done what was slanderously imputed to the apostles—"turned the world upside down." In its dreadfully malign influences we have a practical realization of the opening of Pandora's box. It has almost forced into our very lips the poisonous liquid. Go, it must—such is human depravity—at all times; even in times of the greatest scarcity! Breadstuffs and nutritious roots are converted by it into burning founts of fire-water, and sent forth in a thousand streams, spreading desolation, and death, and putrefaction, throughout the four quarters of the globe! By the aid

of this mighty engine of death, alcohol has acquired a sort of ubiquity, being everywhere to be found; one might almost say,

"In the void waste, as in the city full."

Go where we will, in any and every part of the civilized world,(?) and the means of inebriation are at hand. And especially is this the case since the brewery has sprung up as a kind of adjunct to the distillery; a faithful ally in the work of death!

Community being thus everywhere brought into such close proximity to the dangerous and ensnaring liquid, and tempted by so many artifices to partake of it, it is not at all strange that the vice of intemperance should have been constantly on the increase, the wide world over, till within the last few years. With the exception of Ireland and the United States, it is perhaps still on the increase. Indeed, the statistics of different lands place this humiliating fact beyond all question. Even Protestant Europe seems disposed, "in the length of it and in the breadth of it," to pay fealty to "King Alcohol." However cruel his mandates, or oppressive his exactions, the inclination to acknowledge his authority is, indeed, strangely prevalent in almost all parts of this sin-stricken and distracted orb. The ravages of famine, and pestilence, and war, are often subjects of eloquent declamation; but all three together have probably done much less injury to the human race than has the single vice of intemperance. Of all the avenues to death, this is the broadest, steepest, most frequented. But though on this point our author dwells largely and most eloquently, we cannot now notice his painfully interesting details further than simply to transcribe one single incident, which may serve as a sort of index to the whole dire tragedy.

"Among these cases of moral desolation, I remember one of peculiar aggravation: it was that of a gifted and aspiring individual, and a professed Christian. Crossed and humbled by domestic affliction, he sought, as many still seek, relief in alcohol. His friends foresaw the danger and warned him of it—that warning he derided: he even denied the existence of a propensity, which, by indulgence, was soon thereafter rendered uncontrollable; when suddenly, shrinking from the society of men, he shut himself up in his chamber and endeavored to drown his cares in perpetual inebriation.

"His abused constitution soon gave way, and the death-scene followed. But O! what a death-scene! As if quickened by the presence of the king of terrors, and the proximity of the world of spirits, his reason suddenly lighted up, and all his suspended faculties returned in their strength. But they returned only to give to retribution a severer aspect, and render the final catastrophe more instructive and more terrible. For though at intervals he seemed to pour out his soul in con-

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fession, and to implore forgiveness in the most thrilling accents,—shame, remorse, and despair, were predominant; and there was, at times, an awfulness in the paroxysms of agony which no words can describe, and which can be realized by those only who witnessed it. 'There,' said he, pointing to his bottle and his glass, which he caused to be placed beside his death-bed, 'there is the cause of all my misery; that cup is the cup of wretchedness: and yet—fool that I have been!—I have drank, drank it voluntarily, even to its very dregs. O, tell those miserable men, once my companions, who dream of finding in inebriation oblivion to their miseries, as I have dreamed of this; tell them,—but it were vain to tell them—O! that they were present, that they might see in me the dreadful sequel, and witness, in anticipation, the unutterable horror of a drunkard's death.' Here his voice faltered, his eye fell upon the abhorred cup, and, as his spirit fled, a curse, half articulated, died away upon his quivering lip!"—Pp. 28, 29.

It were eminently a work of supererogation *now* to furnish the proof that alcohol is a poison. For, after so many startling facts, demonstrative of the position, have been spread before the public, who, in his sober senses, can doubt it? The conclusions reached by the late Dr. Thomas Sewall, whose opinion alone is worth that of any conceivable number of our would-be philosophers, have been so abundantly supported by reiterated experiments, that, really, there is no room left for honest and discriminating unbelief. If any fact within the whole range of physiological science has been established, this certainly has been. Alcohol, "pure alcohol, coagulates all the animal fluids except the urine, and hardens the solid parts. It instantly contracts the extremities of the nerves it touches, and deprives them of sense and motion. If received into the stomach, it produces the same effects. If the quantity be considerable, a palsy or apoplexy follows, ending in death." Used constantly and in smaller quantities, it always produces inflammation,—inflammation more or less active in this delicate organ. "The disease is insidious, and invariably advances, thickening and indurating the walls of the stomach, producing sometimes scirrhus and sometimes cancer;—the orifices become occasionally indurated and contracted, and when this is the case, death soon puts an end to the sufferings of the wretched victim."

The lecturer justly and forcibly remarks:—

"It should seem that such an article—an article not contained in rye, or barley, or grapes, or apples; not the product of the vineyard, or the orchard, or the harvest field, as is usually supposed, but the product of putrefaction;—it should seem that such an article, an article at once the product of death and the element of death;—it should seem that such an article contained enough of vengeance in it to satisfy the

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avarice of dealers and the appetite of drinkers, without the addition of other and more deadly ingredients. But such is not the fact!"—Pp. 48, 49.

Bad as pure alcohol is in itself, it has been rendered still worse by poisonous admixtures. This fact, too, has been placed beyond all reasonable doubt. It is demonstrated not only by the testimony of those who are acquainted with the *modus operandi* of the whole guilty business, but by actual chemical analysis. But for the singularly conclusive and unimpeachable character of the evidence, we should be tempted to question whether some mistake had not been committed, and the matter represented in a light which truth would hardly warrant. The case, however, admits of no question. Let every lover of French brandies, therefore, take it for granted, that, whenever he indulges himself, he is taking into his stomach either lapis infernalis, or potash, or aqua fortis, or oil of vitriol, or spirits of nitre, or essence of ambergris, and the like, or all of them together. French wines, so called, are no better. Most wines that go under that designation are, doubtless, made in this country. But, wherever manufactured, they are so utterly vitiated by the addition of poisonous and other substances, that no rational human being who wishes to preserve his life and health can choose to drink them. With malt liquors it is, if possible, still worse. To make what would be called by connoisseurs a good article, without the addition of substances known as among the most deadly poisons, would, we suppose, be quite impossible. Hence henbane, nux vomica, coculus indicus, sulphuric acid, and other abominations too numerous to mention, enter largely into the composition of this class of beverage.

The rigid friends of the temperance cause are generally pious people; people having a high regard for the sacred writings. It is not wonderful, then, that nothing has been more perplexing to them than those objections to total abstinence which have been professedly deduced from the inspired volume. These objections, it is not to be denied, have, in some instances at least, the appearance of great plausibility. We think, however, it is only in *appearance;* and that nothing contained in the Holy Bible, when fairly interpreted and rightly understood, furnishes any authority whatever for using alcoholic liquors as a beverage. But the point deserves examination.

The two Hebrew words which are most commonly used for wine, and which are, perhaps, always so translated, are יַיִן and תִּירוֹשׁ. Both of these terms are, clearly and beyond all question, generic. The former comprehends wine of all kinds; the latter,

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the fruit of the vine, in the cluster, in the press, or in the vat; either in the solid form of grapes, or of grape-juice. When applied to the unpressed grape, it is of course so applied by a frequent Scripture metonymy; the container being put for the contained. Besides these two words, there are some half a dozen others which are used in the Hebrew Scriptures to designate particular kinds of wine; as inspissated wine; mixed wine, whether with water, or with drugs; sweet drink from the palm and other trees, but not from the vine; unmingled wine; wine red, thick, turbid; and the like. As, however, the import of these words has little connection with our present argument, we cannot now spend time to examine them. The point which we propose to establish, is simply this:—*That when wine is spoken of approvingly in the Old Testament Scriptures, we have not the slightest reason to suppose that alcoholic wine is intended, but exactly the reverse.* The following passages may serve as an example:—

"Thou mayest not eat within thy gate the tithe of thy corn, or of thy wine," (תִּירוֹשׁ, sweet, unfermented, unintoxicating wine,) "or of thy oil, or the firstlings of thy herds or of thy flocks, nor any of thy vows which thou vowest, nor thy free-will offerings, or heave-offering of thine hand: but thou mayest eat them before the Lord in the place which the Lord thy God shall choose," &c. Deut. xii, 17, 18. "Yea, the Lord will answer and say unto his people, Behold I will send you corn, and wine, (תִּירוֹשׁ,) and oil, and ye shall be satisfied therewith." Joel ii, 19. "Therefore they shall come and sing in the light of Zion, and shall flow together for the goodness of the Lord, for wheat, and for wine, (תִּירוֹשׁ,) and for oil, and for the young of the flock, and of the herd." Jer. xxxi, 12. "For the children of Israel, and the children of Levi, shall bring the offering of the corn, of the *new wine*," (תִּירוֹשׁ—the same word,) "and the oil, unto the chambers, where are the vessels of the sanctuary," &c. Nehemiah x, 3. This word, תִּירוֹשׁ, occurs some forty or fifty times in the original of the Old Testament; and in only one solitary instance with disapprobation, and not even then as producing intoxication.

The other word, יַיִן, is more ample in its signification, embracing wine of all kinds; as well in its natural and *un*intoxicating, as in its artificial and *in*toxicating, state. A few examples will sufficiently indicate this.

"For their vine is of the vine of Sodom, and of the fields of Gomorrah; their grapes are the grapes of gall, their clusters are bitter: their wine (יַיִן) is the poison of dragons, and the cruel venom of asps." Deut. xxxii, 32, 33. "Who hath wo? who hath sor-

row? . . . . They that tarry long at the wine, (יַיִן) they that go to seek mixed wine," (מֶסֶךְ, spiced, drugged, eminently intoxicating wine.) Prov. xxiii, 29, 30. "In the hand of the Lord there is a cup, and the wine (יַיִן) is red; it is full of mixture,"—referring most probably to superadded poisonous drugs,—"and he poureth out the same: but the dregs thereof, all the wicked of the earth shall wring them out and drink them." Psa. lxxv, 8. The above passages evidently refer to fermented and intoxicating wines: those which follow, as evidently refer to wines in their original and innocent state. "And wine (יַיִן) that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart." Psa. civ, 15. "Wisdom hath killed her beasts; she hath mingled her (יַיִן) wine; she hath also furnished her table. . . . Come eat of my bread, and drink of the wine (יַיִן) which I have mingled." Prov. ix, 2–5. "I have eaten my honey-comb with my honey: I have drunk my wine (יַיִן) with my milk: eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." Cant. v, 1.

From the preceding examples it seems that the Hebrews used the word יַיִן much as we use the word *cider;* embracing the specified liquor in all its forms and stages, fermented and unfermented, intoxicating and unintoxicating. The inference to which we come, and the one which seems to be abundantly established by all the facts in the case, is, that, whenever wine is spoken of approvingly, as a blessing, and as an emblem of the mercy of God in Christ, the pure, original, unfermented, unintoxicating juice of the grape is intended; and that to attach any other meaning to the sacred text involves not only a high reflection on the wisdom and benignity of the Deity, but the word of inspiration in most palpable contradictions and inconsistencies. For if the use of wine is permitted in the Hebrew Scriptures, it is also most positively interdicted in the Hebrew Scriptures. Take a single instance: "Look not thou upon the wine (יַיִן) when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last, it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Prov. xxiii, 31, 32. The article here intended must certainly be a very different one from that which is put into the same category with "corn," and "oil," and "dew," and "honey." This is rendered unquestionable, not only by the effects which are attributed to it, but by the specific characteristics under which the inspired author points it out. Its "giving its color in the cup," and "moving itself aright," are graphic and unmistakable descriptions of the process and results of vinous fermentation. Now, that the use of such an article, as a beverage, should have been approved and recommended by the

God of the Bible, we hold to be utterly incredible. The reason why any candid person has ever so imagined, must be found in the fact, that the term *wine*, when used in the Holy Scriptures, has been supposed to indicate precisely the same article which now, in our own country, and others similarly situated, goes under that designation; a supposition wholly unwarranted by any just principle of Biblical exegesis, and most incontestably at war with the facts in the case.

The view here taken of ancient wines, such wines as were used in the days of the patriarchs and prophets, is abundantly supported by heathen writers who flourished at a very early day. Horace, one of the first Latin poets, says,—we give only the English translation,—

> "Aufidius first, most injudicious, quaff'd
> Strong wine and honey for his morning draught:—
> With lenient beverage fill your empty veins,
> For lenient *must* will better cleanse the veins."

Thus clearly discriminating between intoxicating and unintoxicating wines. Again, elsewhere,—

> "Hic innocentis pocula Lesbii,
> Duces sub umbra; nec Semelius
> Cum marte confundet Thyoneus
> Prælia."

He tells his friend Mecænas, that he might drink a "hundred glasses of this innocent Lesbian," without any danger to his head or senses. In the Delphian edition of Horace, we are told that the "Lesbian wine could injure no one; that, as it would neither affect the head nor inflame the passions, there was no fear that those who drank it would become quarrelsome." It is added, that "there is no wine sweeter to drink than Lesbian; that it was like nectar, and more resembled ambrosia than wine; that it was perfectly harmless, and would not produce intoxication." To other wines a similar character is given. Pliny says, "*Surrentinæ vina caput non tenent*"—"Surrentine wine does not affect the head." Speaking of the weak wines of Greece, Columella says,—"Those small Greek vines, as the Mareotic, Thasian, Psythian, Sophortian, though they have a tolerably good taste, yet, in our climate, they yield but little wine, from the thinness of their clusters, and the smallnes of their berries. Nevertheless, the black Inerticula, (the sluggish vine,) which some of the Greeks call Amethyston, may be placed, as it were, in the second tribe, because it both yields a good wine and is harmless: from which also it took its name; because it is reckoned dull, and not to have spirit enough to affect the nerves, though it is not dull and flat to the taste." Book iii, c. 2.

Pliny says, lib. xiv, cap. 2, that there was a Spanish wine called "*Inerticulam justius, sobriam, viribus innoxiam, siquidem temulentiam sola non facit*:"—"a wine that would not intoxicate." Speaking of the unfermented juice of the grape, Aristotle says, Meteor., lib. iv, cap. 9, "*οἰνος ϑ', ὁ μεν γλυκυς, δίο καὶ οὐ μεϑυσκει*:"—"that sweet wine would not intoxicate."

But we have not space for further enlargement on this topic, and must refer the reader to the work under review; where he will be sure to find the most ample and satisfactory information respecting every material point connected with it. The author's general conclusion should, however, be given in his own words:—

> "From the foregoing examination, it is apparent that the fruit of the vine, in the state in which it exists in the vat, the vineyard, and the cluster, is called in the original by the sacred writers of the Old Testament, *tirosh*, *yayin*, *ausis*, &c.; that in the Greek translation of these terms by the Seventy it is called, *oinon;* in the Latin translation, *vinum;* and in the English, *wine*. And it is further apparent that the fruit of the vine, in the same state, is called by the same name by profane writers: hence we meet in Aristotle with (*oinon*) wine of the vat; in Livy, with (*vinum*) wine of the field; and in Cato, as well as Isaiah, with (*vinum pendens*) wine of the cluster: and hence, also, when we do so meet with these terms, though the presumption will be that they refer to the fruit of the vine in some state, it can only be determined in which by considering the attendant circumstances; and for the obvious reason, that the terms, *yayin*, *oinos*, and *vinum*, are generic terms, and embrace, in their comprehensive meaning, the fruit of the vine, or pure blood of the grape, in all the states in which it exists.
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> "But whatever question may be raised about the quality of other kinds of wine, there can be no question about this pendent wine of Cato; for it is the wine of the cluster of Isaiah. This wine must be good wine, for it is wine approved by God; and there was, as we have seen, a time when it was approved of man also: and however it may now be spoken against, we believe it still to be not the less worthy of commendation on that account, because we believe it still to be, what it then was, (in the sense in which we use the terms,) unintoxicating wines. Not that we affirm the pure blood of the grape, as expressed from the ripened cluster, to have been always absolutely unaffected by fermentation, but only slightly and insensibly affected by it. In olden time wine, as we believe, was appreciated not as now according to its strength, but according to its weakness.
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> "I am aware that there are those who consider the question of fermentation in wine, *a question not of degree, but of totality*. Pure alcohol, say they, is poison; and because it is so, every beverage in which alcohol is contained, how minute soever the quantity, must be poison also. This, though plausible, is not conclusive; and were it so, the water we drink, nay the very air we breathe, would be poison; for oxygen and nitrogen, of which it is composed, are so; and so is every mixture of the two in any other proportion than the proportion in which the God of nature

has united them in the vital air; and yet, when so united, they are breathed not only with impunity, but of necessity, as an essential element of life. In like manner, though alcohol be poison, and though every mixture of it in any greater proportions than that in which God has united it with those other elements in the '*pure blood of the grape*,' may also be poison, it does not follow, if so united, it must be so. On the contrary, the beverage thus formed may be not only innocuous, but nutritious and renovating; as the noble Canaro found when he drank the fresh new wine of the recent vintage: and yet this same beverage, so bland and healthful while its original elemental proportions are maintained, may increase in potency as its contained alcohol is increased by progressive fermentation, till changed in its nature, it becomes, what the Bible significantly calls it, '*a mocker;*' executing on those who drink it a vengeance which the Bible no less significantly describes, by comparing it to the bite of the serpent and the sting of the adder. . . . . Who ever thought, because bread and milk are sanctioned in the Bible, that therefore bread must be eaten after it had become moldy by age, or milk after it had become sour by fermentation? From the moment the animal is slain, the herb gathered, or the cluster of the vine plucked, the process of decay commences, which, unless arrested, is rendered unfit for use by progressive fermentation. With wines, as with herbs and meats, some were originally comparatively good, and some comparatively bad; and some which were originally good became bad through mistaken treatment, the progressive process of fermentation, or some other incidental process through which they may have passed. Meats recently slaughtered, herbs recently gathered, and wines recently expressed from the cluster, are usually the most healthful, nutritious, and refreshing. And though wine perfectly free from alcohol may not be obtainable, and though its most perfect state be the state in which it is expressed from the cluster, still it may be more or less objectionable as it deviates more or less from that state, till it becomes positively deleterious and intoxicating. Though God's grant to man covers wine among other good things, it designates no particular kind, it gives no directions as to the mode of preparation, or the time when it is most fit for use. These and similar instructions are to be looked for, not in the book of revelation, but of nature. Man is a rational creature, and God treats him as such. The great storehouse of nature is flung open before him, and permission is given him to slay, or gather, and eat; not indeed inconsiderately and indiscriminately, but of such, and such only, as are suited to his nature, and as are good for food. In the selection and preparation of the articles, reason is to be exercised, experience consulted, the good distinguished from the bad, the precious from the vile."—Pp. 120, 121, 122–128, 129.

But we have not done with the supposed Scripture authority for drinking alcoholic wines. Three instances are, not unfrequently, adduced from the New Testament to show that the use of such wines, as a beverage, is sanctioned by Christ and his apostles, namely, the paschal supper, the marriage at Cana of Galilee, and St. Paul's advice to Timothy, 1st Epist. v, 23.

With respect to the paschal supper, however difficult it may be to prove a negative, we think it may be made to appear very probable, to say the least, that alcoholic wine was not used on the occasion.

1. Wine formed no part of the original institution, as may be seen from the thirteenth chapter of the Book of Exodus.

2. At whatever time wine was introduced in the celebration of the paschal supper, the presumption is that the kind selected was in keeping with the solemnity of the occasion. But who can imagine that stimulating, exciting, intoxicating drinks would at all consist with the institution, as characterized in the Holy Scriptures?

3. The wine used at the passover was uniformly diluted with water. This is evident from the Talmud and the Christian fathers. See the point stated at large in Horne's Introduction. Indeed, the practice of diluting the sacramental wine obtained in the Christian church till a comparatively recent day. Among the changes effected in the Episcopal Book of Common Prayer, express mention is made of "omitting the rubric that ordained water to be mixed with the wine" at the eucharist. But does not this very circumstance, the adding of water to the paschal and sacramental wine, prove that the wine used on those occasions was intoxicating wine? By no means. The dilution was effected, not with a view to diminish the intoxicating properties of the wine used, but to bring it as nearly as possible to the state in which it existed when first expressed from the grape. The unintoxicating wines of antiquity were thick and ropy, rendered so by the various processes adopted to prevent fermentation, and the dilution was needful in order to their convenient, and perhaps even pleasurable, use. It is, we suppose, well known that many of our American churches, in order to avoid the use of alcoholic wine at the holy communion, import what may be called a *vinous sirup* from France, or some other vinous country. The sirup thus imported is made by boiling some four or five—more or less—quarts of the unfermented juice of the grape into one, so as entirely to prevent fermentation. But when it is used in this country at the table of the Lord, it is always restored, by dilution, as nearly as possible to its original state. This fact indicates the bearing of our present argument.

4. The divine enactment touching the passover utterly prohibits the use of anything and everything "leavened," during the time of its celebration. It reads as follows: "Unleavened bread shall be eaten seven days: and there shall be no leavened bread seen with thee; neither shall there be leaven seen with thee in all thy

quarters." Exod. xiii, 7. Now Gesenius, than whom no one in matters of this sort is better authority, declares that the word שְׂאֹר, which our translators have rendered *leaven*, applies to wine as well as bread. In this he is corroborated by Mr. Herschell, a converted Jew, whose opinion seems entitled to great consideration.

5. Finally, we urge the present opinion and practice of the Jews as conclusive on the point. The Hon. Mordecai Mănasseh Noah, of New-York, says, in a recent publication, "Unfermented liquor, or wine free from alcohol, was alone used in those times, as it is used at the present day at the passover." This "judge in Israel" is corroborated by the Rev. C. F. Frey, another converted Jew, who affirms that during the passover his former brethren "dared not to drink any liquor made from grain, or any that had passed through the process of fermentation."

In view of all these considerations, we doubt whether any ingenuous mind will be disposed to urge the paschal supper as a precedent for the ordinary use of alcoholic wine.

The argument drawn from the use of the wine miraculously produced at the wedding in Cana of Galilee, (vide John ii, 1–11,) we deem equally irrelevant and inconclusive. To assume that the article supplied on that occasion was intoxicating wine, is a most palpable *petitio principii;* for it is the very thing to be proved. As wine *may* exist, and in the days of our Saviour certainly *did* exist, in an unintoxicating state, what right has any one to assert, in the absence of all evidence, that this hymeneal beverage, furnished by Him whose whole life was one of abstinence as well as beneficence, was poisonous and intoxicating? The presumption, certainly, lies wholly in the opposite direction. He who "went about doing good," could not so far identify himself with the prince of darkness as to join in making what the pen of inspiration has elsewhere designated as the "mocker," the "serpent," the "adder." No—no! Such a character must not be imputed to the Son of God. Innocence and love could do no such thing.

The article supplied by him on this festal occasion was pronounced by "the ruler of the feast" to be "good wine." But what kind of wine is "*good* wine?" Why, most obviously, that kind which is "good" to the unperverted taste, and whose effects upon the health and happiness of man are "good." But this cannot be truly predicated of alcoholic wine. So far from it, that, to the unperverted taste of the whole species it is as grossly offensive, as, in its actual effects upon both body and mind, it is indubitably deleterious. If "the ruler of the feast" judged as would have

done Pliny, Columella, Theophrastus, and other ancient sages—some of whom were cotemporary with the apostles—had they been present on the occasion, then there is no difficulty whatever in determining the specific character of the wine in question; for these men have set in judgment on the quality of wines, and pronounced the weaker, unintoxicating wines, the better wines.

It remains that we notice, in this connection, St. Paul's advice to Timothy: "Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities." Now though the winebibber should demonstrate, by "proof as strong as holy writ," that St. Paul here recommends to Timothy the use of alcoholic wine, it would avail him nothing, for the obvious reason that it was prescribed medicinally. Timothy was sick, and needed medicine; and his senior in years and office, who took a fatherly interest in all that concerned his physical health and ministerial prosperity, recommended to him the use of a "little" wine. But though a little alcoholic wine were required by the peculiar state of Timothy's stomach, it would be a singular sort of logic to conclude from hence that men, women, and children, in good health, may with safety and propriety use a *little* of the same article—not to say a good deal of it! Suppose St. Paul, in view of Timothy's infirmities, had recommended to him the use of a little ipecacuanha or emetic tartar, is it probable that any man in his sober senses would have thought of pleading apostolic advice or precedent for the habitual and ordinary use of those potent medicines?

But we deny in toto, and challenge the proof, that St. Paul recommended to Timothy the use of alcoholic wine. To say nothing of his being divinely inspired, he was certainly a man of good common sense, and would never recommend to this young minister what, so far from benefiting his diseased stomach, must, in the very nature of things, have aggravated his complaint. We have already seen something of the effects of alcohol upon the human stomach. The post-mortem examinations of the late Dr. Sewall are most decisive and awfully edifying. It is, however, not by post-mortem examinations only that the direful effects of alcohol upon the human stomach have been made apparent. As if Providence would *force* a conviction of the dreadful reality upon the public mind, these effects, *while in actual progress*, have been subjected to the tests of ocular demonstration. If, with such facts before us, we do not believe, neither would we be persuaded though one rose from the dead. The remarkable case in view has been reported in several of our medical and temperance journals, and is substantially given by Dr. Nott in his fifth lecture.

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As it is not only admirably suited to our present purpose, but contains most curious and desirable information, we transcribe the chief part of it from the lecturer:—

> "A young Canadian, St. Martin by name, was wounded by a cannon ball, which, in its passage, opened an orifice in his stomach; which orifice, though the wound healed, was never closed. Hence it became necessary, in order to prevent the escape of food, to cover that orifice with a pad. Dr. Beaumont, the army surgeon, who effected the cure, being impressed with a sense of the importance of the opportunity thus furnished for investigating the process of digestion, received the young man into his family, and instituted a series of experiments, which were continued two or three years. During these experiments he found, that whenever St. Martin drank fermented liquor, 'the mucous membrane of the stomach was covered with inflammatory and ulcerous patches, the secretions were vitiated, and the gastric juice diminished in quantity, and was of an unnatural viscidity; and yet he described himself as perfectly well, and complained of nothing. Two days subsequent to this, the inner membrane of the stomach was unusually morbid, the inflammatory appearance more extensive, and the spots more livid than usual; from the surface of some of them exuded small drops of grumous blood; the ulcerous patches were larger and more numerous; the mucous covering thicker than usual, and the gastric secretions much more vitiated. The gastric fluids extracted were mixed with a large proportion of thick, ropy mucus, and a considerable muco-purulent discharge, slightly tinged with blood, resembling discharges from the bowels in some cases of dysentery. Notwithstanding this diseased appearance of the stomach, no very essential aberration of its functions was manifested. St. Martin complained of no symptoms indicating any general derangement of the system, except an uneasy sensation and tenderness at the pit of the stomach, and some vertigo, with dimness and yellowness of vision on stooping down and rising up again.' Dr. Beaumont further observed, that 'the free use of ardent spirits, wine, beer, or any other intoxicating liquor, when continued for some days, has invariably produced these changes.'"—Pp. 146, 147.

Such being the indisputable effect of alcoholic wine, it seems utterly preposterous to suppose that St. Paul would recommend it to Timothy as a specific for his diseased stomach and other "often infirmities." Wines there were that would make an excellent prescription for a feeble stomach; and to these, doubtless, the patient would understand the apostle as referring. Of the innocent, healthful, invigorating article here intended, we have already spoken with sufficient explicitness, and therefore deem it unnecessary, in this place, to add anything further. Though, to prevent all mistake, it may perhaps be well enough simply to say, that, in cases of extreme vital prostration, such prostration as sometimes follows long-continued and violent sickness, alcoholic stimulants may

answer an excellent purpose. But Timothy was in no such condition, and consequently needed no such prescription.

With respect to the New Testament, then, as with respect to the Old, our conclusion is, that, when rightly understood and fairly interpreted, it furnishes no authority whatever, either by formal permission or divinely sanctioned example, for the habitual use of intoxicating liquors. So far from it, that, if it do not contain specific inhibitions, it lays down principles which are utterly inconsistent with the practice. No man, therefore, who forms his character upon the model of a pure and elevated Christianity, will indulge himself in exciting potations.

But to return to the work under review. Though Dr. Nott has considered, candidly and thoroughly, the bearings of the sacred volume on the general question of total abstinence, and has, in our opinion, done much more than any of his predecessors in this department of Biblical criticism, to show that alcohol drinking has no sanction from the word of God; yet, alas for the imperfection of the human understanding! even this splendid effort has failed to give satisfaction to *all* the friends of the temperance cause. While the great majority of those that love that cause have hailed the publication of these Lectures as almost forming an epoch in the temperance reformation, certainly as being likely to contribute largely to a most blissful consummation, a few seem disposed to receive this publication with much both of abatement and reserve. Nay, some of the lecturer's positions have been openly, we had almost said violently, assailed. This opposition, too, has come from a quarter where it might have been least expected. The Rev. John Marsh, editor of the Journal of the American Temperance Society, has deemed it his duty to put the public on their guard against some of Dr. Nott's views. Did not Christian charity forbid the supposition, we might be almost tempted to think that there is something *personal* at the bottom of these criticisms. Certainly it seems strange that courteous and gentlemanly explanations, explanations deemed to be essential to a right understanding of matters at issue, should have been denied a place in the columns of the Temperance Journal! nor hardly less strange that the editor of that Journal should have judged it proper to treat such men as the venerable Dr. Nott and the philanthropic Delavan with so much apparent coolness! Probably, however, the whole should be attributed to an absorbing zeal for the interests of the temperance cause.

But what is there new or startling in the positions of the lecturer? So far as we are able to perceive, just nothing at all. True to a chemical fact, Dr. Nott admits that an infinitesimal quantum of

alcohol exists in the newly expressed juice of the grape; nay, often even in the perfectly ripe grape itself; and yet maintains that "the fruit of the vine," in such a state, is both innocent and healthful. Combined as the alcohol is with other elements, and modified by them as it is in the ripe grape and the recently expressed juice, he alledges it to be utterly insufficient to produce intoxication. Nor is this mere speculation; it is matter of fact. No one was ever known to be inebriated by eating ripe grapes, or drinking wine as it ran from the press. Dr. Nott asserts this fact; and hence maintains that the Bible, in sanctioning the use of wine—sweet, original, unfermented wine—does not sanction the use of intoxicating liquors, in the strict and proper sense of that phrase. Here, then, everything is plain—everything consistent. The position eminently "justifies the ways of God to man;" instead of resolving, as Mr. Marsh seems inclined to do, the Bible permission to drink wine—assuming it to be intoxicating wine—into the sovereignty of God!

But the lecturer by no means leaves the matter here. He maintains that, on the ground of expediency, even *un*alcoholic wines, could we obtain them, should not *now* be used as a beverage. For the same reason that St. Paul was willing to abstain from "meat," —the reason that eating it might cause his brother to "offend," that is, stumble or fall,—Dr. Nott thinks all who wish well to their fellow-men should wholly refraim from drinking wine, however innocent the practice in itself, or however free the article consumed from the intoxicating principle. The practice might be of dangerous tendency. Our weak brother would possibly be offended. Under cover of our example, and failing to discriminate between what is innocent and what is otherwise, he might "stumble" and ruin himself for ever.

Thus we understand Dr. Nott; and, so understanding him, we cannot sympathize in the fears expressed by the American Temperance Journal. We believe them to be utterly groundless. They are justified by no sound reasons, either of philosophy or ethics. The editor assails what he can never demolish. These Lectures will remain a monument of the learning, the eloquence, and the truly Christian philanthropy of their venerable author, long, long after he is gathered to his fathers. Destined to no ephemeral existence, they will be read and admired by generations yet unborn. Their extensive publication at this day cannot fail to do an incalculable amount of good; and if Mr. Delavan accomplishes but half what he has undertaken in this way, the friends of the temperance cause will be under infinite obligations to him. We are the more certain in this estimate of the Lectures under review, as

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it is supported by the published opinions of gentlemen whose intelligence and devotion to the interests of temperance entitle them to the greatest confidence. Chancelor Walworth, in a letter to the editor of the Temperance Journal, says, "I think you have unintentionally erred in supposing that there is any abandonment of correct temperance principles in Dr. Nott's Lectures, or that they are not calculated greatly to aid us in persuading others to abstain totally from the use, as a beverage, of anything that can intoxicate. ....He has succeeded in showing that the pen of inspiration, under the dictation of the unerring wisdom of the Most High, only commends as good the pure and unintoxicating blood of the grape, before the vinous fermentation has progressed so far as to render it inebriating and absolutely hurtful to man. And he also shows that the same unerring wisdom has denounced all intoxicating wine, or other inebriating drinks, as a curse instead of a blessing to mankind.

"In a case," continues the chancelor, "which recently came before the court of dernier resort for decision, I had occasion to examine the question, and expressed the opinion that a beverage cannot properly be considered as a strong or inebriating liquor, if none of those who use it ever get intoxicated by such use, or when it is impossible for any one to drink a sufficient quantity to produce such an effect..... Taking them together,"—Dr. Nott's Lectures, —"it will be seen that he has done much to rescue the language of inspired wisdom from the unhallowed uses to which many had attempted to pervert it, for the purpose of vindicating the drinking usages of society. He has also done much to relieve the minds of sincere Christians from error, who had been taught to believe their Saviour had sanctioned the use of intoxicating wine as a beverage. And I think his Lectures will be found not to contain anything to encourage the use of wines, or of any liquor produced by fermentation, as a common drink, in any stages of their fermentation."

These views of Chancelor Walworth are indorsed by the "New-York Central Temperance Committee," which committee is composed of gentlemen of the highest distinction, both for mental discrimination and ardent zeal for the temperance cause. The Executive Committee of the New-York State Temperance Society, composed of gentlemen equally well known and equally distinguished, say, in an address "To the Executive Committee of the American Temperance Union:" "We have regretted to perceive, in several late numbers of the Journal of Temperance, that your editor disapproves of Dr. Nott's teaching, and Mr. Delavan's circulating, the opinion that wine is rightfully distinguished into *intoxicating* and *unintoxicating* beverage, and that the former

is the wine styled the 'mocker,' and condemned in the Bible, and the latter (the pure blood of the grape) the wine pronounced a blessing, and granted to Jacob for a beverage. We are led to address you by reason of the distinction taken and the doctrines taught in these Lectures, being the same which have been taken and taught in works sanctioned and published by ourselves, and because we firmly believe this distinction to be intelligible and sound, and the only one which avoids a conflict with the unyielding laws of nature or the infallible word of God. Considering these Lectures as a pre-eminently able and convincing argument against the use of all intoxicating liquors, especially against the use of wine of every sort as a beverage, among the more wealthy and fashionable classes of community, we cannot but approve of the course Mr. Delavan has taken, and hope he will persevere in his endeavors to give them a wide circulation And we take the liberty of soliciting your careful attention to these Lectures,—to their richness in scientific and historical facts and illustrations, their kindness, force, candor, and eloquence of argument, and their peculiar fitness to disabuse the mind of the Christian public of those perversions of Scripture, from which the cause of temperance has suffered so much in times past."

To the preceding we will only add the approval of one of the most distinguished Biblical critics of the age. Professor Moses Stewart, writing to Mr. Delavan, says:—"I have read the discourses," (of Dr. Nott,) "and have no hesitation in saying that they are powerful, eloquent, argumentative, candid, and kind, without exaggeration, and without any timid shrinking from a full-length portrait. If Dr. Nott had been raised up for nothing else, it would have been a great end to be accomplished, to write these discourses. My compliments and my earnest congratulations to him on the ground of his complete success in his noble and benevolent undertaking. *Sero in cœlum redeat*, even a sober heathen would say to him; that is, *Late may he return to glory!* or, in other words, *Long may he live!* The criticisms that I should have to make in the way of *calling in question*, would be 'few and far between.' I deem them unnecessary—my meed of praise is in full measure, 'heaped up and running over.' Yes, give as many wings as you can to such a messenger, and let him visit the whole English world. God has given you an opportunity to do more good than many kings and princes have: use it to your utmost, and then ascribe all the glory to him."

We have adduced the preceding commendations, both to show the estimate in which these Lectures are held by the clearest heads

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and purest hearts of our country, and to aid, as far as possible, in giving them circulation. It will have been seen that we have confined our remarks, chiefly, to those parts of the book under review which relate to the Scripture bearings of the question of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. If we have not noticed other parts of it, it was simply because it did not fall within our design to do so, and not because we do not deem them exceedingly valuable and interesting. The volume is worthy of the serious perusal and careful study of all classes, and is especially commended to the attention of those who, by an incorrect generalization, have fallen into either of the two opposite errors upon "the wine question." They will in this case, as in most others, find that the truth lies between the two extremes. P.

Art. IV.—1. *Methodist Quarterly Review for April*, 1847. *Art. I. Phrenology and Revelation. A Review of Fowler on Religion.* By Rev. D. W. Clark.

2. *The British Quarterly Review: Phrenology tested. A Review of Contributions to the Mathematics of Phrenology.* By James Stratton. Also, *The Brain and its Physiology; a Critical Disquisition on the Methods of determining the Relations between the Structure and Functions of the Encephalon.* By Daniel Noble, M. R. C. S. Eng. London, 1846. *Eclectic Magazine*, February, 1847.

Superficial men often find their favorite hypotheses, which they have dignified by the name of science, in direct contact with the most ancient and thoroughly established truths. The history of one such Utopian reformer is the history of all. He never infers the probable error of his own scheme, but decides at once that the time-honored system is unsound merely because it is opposed to his! Regardless alike of the teachings of experience in relation to the fate of such men, and of the importance of the truths he attempts to overthrow, he proceeds forthwith to proclaim the baselessness of these venerable principles, and to show how clearly this discovery follows from his own demonstrable science. With no very special regard to the graces or forms of modesty, he proceeds immediately to prefer his claims to the gratitude and respect of mankind as their deliverer from the thraldom of custom, and from the delusion of happiness in the enjoyment of their holiest institutions. The very extent and apparent impracticability of the

revolutions he proposes, rather encourage than alarm him. There is something so flattering to natural vanity in the idea of standing out before the world as the fearless opposer of what even general experience has found to be true; something so noble and manly in being, de facto, in the place of "Athanasius contra mundum," that he throws himself, with the most reckless daring and enthusiasm, against even the impregnable walls of truth; and such is his delirium of joy in these assaults, that he really seems not to know when he has dashed out his own brains! At the very moment in which he has just succeeded in drawing sufficient attention to himself to expose the ridiculousness of his attempts, and provoke a smile at their folly, he is waiting, with suppressed breath and "erectis oribis," to catch the universal acclamations of praise and eternal obligation for the glorious deliverances he has wrought out for oppressed humanity.

In no instance is the truth of these remarks more evident than in the history of phrenological discoverers. Having caught a glimpse of a supposed relation between craniology and psychology, they have jumped at once into the broad daylight of the science of phrenology! They have discovered a universal law by noticing a few slight or striking coincidences, which may, however, be easily accounted for without the existence of any such law. They have generalized without competent facts, and been content with conjecture and assumption nearly endless, as the basis of *a splendid science.*

But phrenology assumed as true, and what follows? Why, the established principles of metaphysical philosophy are all false. Locke, Reid, Stewart, and Brown, are all wrong in asserting the indivisible unity of mind. The clearest distinctions are confounded. The ablest philosophers are treated with contempt, and men are kindly notified to beware of such blind guides, and to rely upon phrenologists as the true wonder-working spirits in the philosophy of mind. From them we must receive the key of metaphysical knowledge, and the pure principles of that philosophy which shows, plainly enough, all philosophy to be not merely false, but simply ridiculous.

The Christian religion, too, is directly in the way of this furious science. But it *must* go through, and *will.* No use to remonstrate. And what then, but to run over, trample down, and stamp into the earth, this old, and, no doubt, superannuated system? Consolation to our doting hearts if then we can gather up so much as a fragment, as a relic of its former greatness and power! Ten years—not more than ten years, certainly, will be ample to esta-

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blish the new theory of man! Universal nature, its own restorer, stands out beautified and adorned, with only one God (the genius of phrenology) to adore, and the immortal discoverer, the high priest of a regenerated world.

That true science and religion are in no *permanent* danger from such empiricism as this, is quite certain. The experience of centuries has abundantly shown their ability to resist all such strengthless assaults, however furious they may be. These fictitious schemes of radicalism and folly evidently have no power to uproot the great principles of inductive philosophy or of revealed religion; and yet they do harm. They unsettle the weak, delude the romantic and visionary, and encourage the morbid sensitiveness of the masses. They divert the attention of multitudes from reliable sources of improvement, and become fatal by inducing dependence upon false remedies for the ills of nature, until it is too late for the true. He, therefore, who points out the errors of such schemes, and throws insuperable obstacles in the way of their progress, however plausible or contemptible they may be, does a good and essential service to the cause of truth, and deserves well of his country and his race.

Such a service, to some good extent, has, as I conceive, been rendered by the reviewer of "Fowler on Religion," whose article is introduced at the head of this. He has shown conclusively the falseness of many of Mr. Fowler's infidel doctrines. In the style of its argument his paper is clear, caustic, and popular; and it seems to be, on the whole, a good execution of his design.

We cannot, however, resist the conviction that his design was such as to leave room for an article of a different character, calculated to promote the same general ends. Indeed, the doubts of the reviewer, as to how much was due to phrenology as a system, and his evident inclination to admit that it might be entitled to the rank of a science, necessarily very much modified his plan, and, we think, deprived him of his very best weapons in the conflict upon which he had entered. The doctrines of his author in regard to religion he denies, nay, utterly abhors. He must, therefore, either reject his premises, or deny that his conclusions are legitimate. He prefers the latter, and hence commits himself to the pledge of sundering the irreligious theology of Mr. Fowler from the doctrines of phrenology. For ourselves, we could wish that he had more formally and distinctly addressed himself to this important point. If, by a clear statement of the premises and conclusions of Mr. F., he could have shown that they were not legitimately connected, he would have spoiled the book, and then he could easily have exhibited the

incorrectness of the doctrines, and left phrenology to take care of itself. That his readers had some reason to expect such a course, we think is evident from the following:—

> "Let us premise, however, that we wage no war against phrenology—none against the science proper—kept within its legitimate bounds. We may even assent to many of its general principles—many of the results to which the experiments and researches of scientific men seem to have led them. But our author must pardon us if our credulity fails when we attempt to follow him through some of the varied applications he has sought to give it."

Again:—

> "We will, however, endeavor to point out some of the gross absurdities involved in our author's theory of the relations existing between phrenology and revelation; and also to show that that theory is illegitimate, even if the truth of phrenology, as a science, were admitted."

We regret, therefore, that the reviewer did not make a point-blank issue with his author upon the infidel tendencies of phrenology; for as religious as Mr. Fowler believes his philosophy to be, Mr. Clark evidently and truly considers it unvarnished infidelity. Objectors to the system have charged these results upon it as legitimate and necessary, and Mr. Fowler has fully conceded the ground. But our reviewer, as I understand him, denies it, and hence upon the question, Do the principles of phrenology tend to infidelity? he takes the negative. As we consider this view of the subject far from being established, we should have been pleased to see a close and thorough argument in its favor from so able a pen as the reviewer's. Evidently, however, this was not his design. He meant to exhibit the philosophy and not the philosophizing of his author, and in this he has succeeded. He is a candid and amiable writer; and hence, while he treats with deserved severity the erroneous doctrines of Mr. F., he gives him credit for "much that is good," for "many sound principles." "He has," says Dr. Bond, in effect, "done much, but much more remains to be done."

To contribute what we can in so small a compass to what "remains to be done," is our sole purpose. We by no means appear as the opponent of our esteemed friend the reviewer, but merely ask permission to take our place by his side, as a co-laborer in the field of truth. We do not, it is true, agree with him in regard to phrenological tendencies, but upon this point we feel ourselves occupying a ground of argument which he has seen proper mainly to omit.

Says the writer of "Phrenology tested," mentioned at the head of this article—

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"Half a century has elapsed since Dr. Gall first announced to the world the elements of that system of phrenology. This science, if science it may be called, has long since run the gauntlet of public opinion; it has outlived the first ardor of its supporters and the early virulence of its foes. Fifty years have been afforded for its establishment or refutation. In every enlightened country it has supported, during a long period, its public lecturers and periodicals; it has been made the subject alike of metaphysical and physiological investigations; the lights of science have been brought to bear upon it; anatomy, human and comparative, pathology, experiments upon living animals, and numerous other sources, more or less direct, have been assiduously ransacked for evidence of its truth or falsehood. And now, when a critical inquiry into the functions of the brain, by a member of the medical profession, who is favorably known as a contributor to the medical periodicals of the day, has been offered to the public, claiming for phrenology the rank of an inductive science, we are surely in a favorable position calmly to review the evidence which has been accumulated in favor of phrenology, and whether or not it affords a correct physiology of the brain, and a true picture of the human mind."

If it should be admitted that the argument has been exhausted, and that the grace of novelty is entirely gone, this fact we must be allowed to regard as rather favorable than otherwise to a dispassionate and successful review of the discussion. It is certain that, after all that has been written, pro and con, and though the champions of both parties have laid aside their weapons, each claiming the victory with perfect assurance, much uncertainty upon the subject still rests upon the public mind; and, if we have not mistaken the facts, while the opponents of phrenology have been resting in confidence that enough has been done to secure its destruction, it has been artfully and insidiously gaining ground among the speculative, the indifferent, and the credulous parts of the community. With these views, we shall need no apology for attempting a contribution to the truth, in opposition to it; and we start with the proposition, that

PHRENOLOGY IS CONTRARY TO FACT, AND THEREFORE UNTRUE.

To prevent mistake, we must at this point define what is meant by phrenology. It is not those general indications of countenance, gesture, and bearing, by which all men are accustomed to conjecture, sometimes with shrewd accuracy, and sometimes with palpable incorrectness, something of the characters of individuals. Perhaps even this may be said more frequently to amuse than instruct mankind. But whether there be much or little in these general means of interpreting character, in fundamental phrenology, craniology alone is the index to mind. No dependence whatever is to be placed upon the adjustment of muscles, the cast of

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the eye, the movement of the limbs, the tone of the voice, or the action of the subject. Nothing is to be relied upon, as an indication of character, but what can be touched upon the head; and hence phrenological practitioners often propose to perform their experiments blindfolded, and yet tell the character of a perfect stranger with infallible accuracy. The influence of temperaments is only a seeming exception to this remark; for whatever may be their effect in supplying the material, and graduating the power of the faculties, if phrenology be true, the brain is the sole organ, and the cranium the sole index of mind.

Nor is it any individual article of a phrenological creed that we single out to oppose, for any such article, however true or false, would not be phrenology.

Nor the teachings of any particular author or lecturer, for these are so numerous and contradictory, that to attempt their refutation would be equal to the madness of Don Quixote in his chivalrous war with windmills, sheep, and winesacks.

There are, however, certain fundamental principles which constitute the system. These are prominent and unmistakable, and with them the scheme either stands or falls. They may be briefly expressed as follows:—

"THE MIND MANIFESTS A PLURALITY OF FACULTIES." THESE FACULTIES OPERATE THROUGH SEPARATE PORTIONS OF THE BRAIN AS THEIR PECULIAR AND APPROPRIATE ORGANS, EACH PRODUCING ITS DISTINCT DEVELOPMENT UPON THE EXTERIOR SURFACE OF THE CRANIUM. THESE DEVELOPMENTS HAVE BEEN ASCERTAINED AND SEPARATELY IDENTIFIED, AND THEIR METAPHYSICAL CAUSES SO ACCURATELY MARKED AS TO CONSTITUTE A NEW, CLEAR, AND THE ONLY SYSTEM OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF MAN—THE SCIENCE OF PHRENOLOGY.

This summary does not, of course, attempt to include everything that phrenology asserts. It is believed, however, that it will be acknowledged as a fair and accurate statement of the fundamental elements of the system. Here, then, the issue is made. If each and all these positions shall be found to be contrary to fact, it will follow that there is no such thing as *the science* of phrenology.

We shall examine them first in the light of established psychological facts.

In observing his own phenomena, man must have been early led to the discovery of mind. Matter, the entity everywhere present to his senses, furnished no solution to the mysteries of thought, and feeling, and volition, which he could not fail to observe pervading his being. The Creator had so constituted him, that he

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could not long remain in possession of a treasure so vast in value, and not be aware of it. The *idea* of mind was an easy, a natural, and a necessary inference, from the *action* of mind; and to its wonderful powers were referred gradually, but necessarily, all those mysterious developments in anthropology which it was seen matter could in nowise account for. The earliest philosophical efforts of mind struggle with the idea of pure spirituality, spurn the gross dogmas of materialism, and show how hard it is to annihilate in man the principles which God has revealed. The idea has been modified, obscured, and degraded, in ten thousand ways, but the history of philosophy shows that the Creator has furnished its evidence so universally and clearly, that it must and will have the ascendency. Man can no more lose it than he can lose himself. The very efforts by which he would argue it out of existence prove it invariably present, and sufficiently rebuke the folly of skepticism. Between the extremes of materialism and spirituality, as the subject of thought, feeling, and volition, there can be no medium. If it have one attribute of matter, it is not mind; and if no law of matter enter into the explanation of mental phenomena, then mind is wholly spiritual in its essence, and immaterial in the mode of its action.

The mind of man acts like an indivisible whole. It does nothing in parts. Its phenomena present to the mind's consciousness a continuous, successive activity, as a sole and individual subject ought to do. A narrow inspection of its most rapid movements will show the order of time in all its distinct actions, and dissipate the dream of a multiplicity of separate faculties. But a failure to detect succession is no evidence that it does not exist. Even in matter it is often so rapid as to be totally imperceptible. The boy who draws his bird upon one side of a card and his cage on the other, and, by strings at the ends, turns it in such a manner as clearly, to visual perception, to throw the bird into the cage, knows very well that he is not there; and that, actually, after one is seen, the card must make half a revolution before the other can be. He tells you it moves so fast you cannot see it, a fact which, simple as it is, shows conclusively that we are never safe in denying physical succession upon the evidence of our senses. The whole universe is in motion; but our knowledge of the fact, evident and necessary as it is, is only an inference. If, then, the rapidity of material succession can prevent its recognition by the senses, certainly that of mental succession may prevent its recognition by consciousness. The speed of lightning is not comparable to that of thought. What folly, then, to suppose that when our attention

fails to keep up with its velocity, mind has no succession; especially as, by retarding the progress of our most rapid mentalities, careful observation will detect the succession of those thoughts which seem to be simultaneous. Mind is therefore a unit—a distinct, indivisible whole. In this spiritual nature it presents itself in its varied states when their several conditions occur. Thought is the mind thinking; sensibility, the mind feeling; and will, the mind determining; otherwise the subject of these phenomena is nothing but divisible matter.

God has taken up this spirit, and treated it as a distinct individuality, defining its responsibilities as a unit, holding no particular part or faculty responsible for its delinquencies, or excusing or rewarding others for the correctness of their action. But as a spiritual whole, an indivisible and indestructible essence, he has brought it into opening activity in a world of probation, charged it with its momentous responsibilities, and revealed its deathless rewards in a world of retribution. Philosophers have caught the spirit of its phenomena and declared it to be *mind*—mind in its total and eternal distinction from matter—and asserted its phenomena to be utterly incompatible with any and every law of matter, organic and inorganic. This must be regarded as the first great fact of psychology, to which phrenology is uncompromisingly opposed, namely, the existence of mind as a pure spiritual essence, without body or parts, known as mind by the complete distinctness of all its phenomena from everything we know of matter, and by the entireness and perfect individuality of each one of its acts.

To this established fact phrenology opposes the doctrine of separate coexisting and coacting faculties. Upon the radical divisibility of the original essence of mind, there is a verbal disagreement among phrenologists. But this is of no consequence, inasmuch as it is impossible to conceive of a coexisting distinct class of faculties inhering in one original subjective entity, so as to take on local, uniform, simultaneous action, in more than seventy different departments of the brain, without regarding that subject as a physical, substantive existence. These faculties must be either qualities of the same nature as their subject, which must hence necessarily be divisible, or they are themselves the divided whole of the mind's essence. Either alternative admitted, and mind, in its distinctive, essential character, is annihilated, and the whole of its phenomena are utterly and for ever unaccountable. For however frequently the effort may be made, man will wholly refuse to accept any explanation of these phenomena, upon material principles.

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To enable us to judge further of phrenology, as a metaphysical system, we inquire after its *method.* So far as it can be said to have any, it is exceedingly physical and incorrect. Material developments are made the indices of mental condition and capacity. We charge no inconsistency upon the system here. It is certainly reasonable that a scheme tending inevitably to materialism, should judge of mind by the physical state; and to such a scheme there can be nothing in the way of making the soul of man wholly dependent upon the body, and subject to its control.

But let us examine this method narrowly, and see what reliance can be placed upon it, as a mode of studying mind. It is observed that certain men and lower animals are fond of certain things. It is hence inferred that God has provided them with special faculties, corresponding with these preferences. For instance, some are petulant and quarrelsome. Now how could this be, if they had not been furnished by their Creator with an original tendency to fight? From this it is supposed to follow, that combativeness is a primary and ultimate faculty of mind; and henceforth, all whose heads are prominent at the posterior inferior angle of the parietal bones, behind the ear and above the mastoid process, are expected, cæteris paribus, to exhibit a strong tendency to war. The state of the cranium at this particular locality is regarded as the certain index to the habit of the mind. Man sometimes takes life, and hence it is forthwith inferred that destructiveness is one of the original faculties of the human soul. He takes care of his offspring, hence the primary faculty, philoprogenitiveness. Sometimes he stays at home, sometimes he prefers any other place to home; he must therefore be primarily endowed with inhabitiveness. Sometimes he sings; not always, it is true; for while some are amateurs in music, others have no relish for it under any circumstances; nevertheless, *tune* is one of the original faculties of the human mind.

Now is it possible to ascertain, with any kind of accuracy, the primary laws of mind in this way? Ought not the merest tyro in the study of man to know, that all these external developments are the result of various complex mentalities, which must be carefully analyzed to ascertain the primary laws which they involve? And in analysis, it is evident, phrenologists are the most palpably deficient of any class of pretended philosophers. To test this point, let us try the power of analysis upon some of these asserted original faculties. Take alimentiveness, for instance. This is a desire for food or drink. But has the soul an original ultimate faculty, with its appropriate organ, for eating and drinking? Then we

shall be liable to appetite in another life, and some kind of aliment must be provided for our accommodation there! for I am in no danger of being disputed when I say, that every primary original faculty of the soul is necessarily indestructible. Now, upon critical examination, is this faculty of alimentiveness anything more than a desirous sensibility, made to take on the character of appetite, by the occasional bodily condition? What then was needed, in the original mental constitution, to meet the physical necessity for aliment in this life? An original eating and drinking faculty, says the phrenologist, inherent, and hence, necessarily, an eternally indestructible part of mind! The philosopher would say, simply a susceptibility of desire, capable of taking on this peculiar condition, when the occasional nervous irritability takes place which produces what we denominate appetite.

Take another, destructiveness. What can this mean but a propensity to destroy? And it is natural to inquire, what could have been the need, in the original formation of mind, of a propensity to destroy? If Scripture history were of any authority with phrenology, it might be relevant to inquire, what were the uses of this faculty of destructiveness in a perfect and sinless state? Was it needed in paradise? And will it be needed in heaven? But just look at the variety of circumstances and motives under which this killing occurs, and you will see with what consummate folly destructiveness is claimed to be a simple, original faculty. The butcher kills with a simple desire for food and love of gain. The hunter kills with a paramount love of sport. The sheriff kills with a mere feeling of responsibility to government. The assassin kills with a feeling of revenge, or to reach some other selfish end. And the warrior kills to prevent being killed, or to gratify a feeling of patriotism, or revenge, or love of glory. But here is this merely physical act, caused by so many completely distinct mentalities, under the auspices of phrenology, taking the rank of a primary, simple, and ultimate mental power! a part of the mind itself!

Take another at random, locality. "This faculty conceives and remembers the situations and the relative localities of external objects." It is certainly true that men note localities, but what philosophical mind would suppose that this is done by a single mental faculty? What, again I ask, could have been the occasion for the creation of a separate faculty for the recognition of place, when the power of sensation and voluntary concentration of mind upon a given cause, with the power of comparison, would provide for it? Precisely the same of configuration, size, weight, coloring, and order: what further mentality is or can be involved in any or all

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these mere perceptions, than a simple sensation, with sufficient attention to connect the sensation with its cause? What unmitigated nonsense this phrenological creation of so many distinct original faculties for doing the work of simple perception!

But we must stop. The further prosecution of the metaphysical argument is, we believe, wholly unnecessary. Having commenced the analysis of phrenological simple faculties, the reader can carry it on at his leisure. He will find that nearly all these faculties are complex, and that the physical terms by which they are designated are gross misnomers. Of the whole thirty-seven simple faculties of Spurzheim, we verily believe there is *but one* that will not admit of analysis—but one (namely, comparison) that has received a name appropriate to an original mental power.

We therefore dismiss the psychological discussion of the subject by simply desiring the reader to observe, that so far from there being a cranial indication of these thirty-seven different faculties, there are no such faculties to be indicated. The application of a little accurate analysis annihilates the whole superstructure.

We come now to inquire how far the anatomy and physiology of the encephalon agree with the fundamental principles of phrenology. "The brain is the organ of the mind," is one of the most common assertions of phrenologists. And yet, understood in a phrenological sense, it is certainly untrue. To allow that any one part of neurine matter is *the* organ of the mind, is to exclude every other part. That the brain, with every part of the nervous system, is a medium of connection between the external and internal world, is highly probable. That part of the system technically denominated the sensorium is undoubtedly an instrument of sensation and volition, but in what way, it is wholly impossible to know. To understand, however, the phrenological sense of this expression, "the brain is the organ of the mind," it is necessary to observe, that it is claimed absolutely, that each one of the thirty-seven or more distinct faculties has its peculiar and uniform local organ in each hemisphere of the cerebrum, and each side of the cerebellum; that two portions of the brain, which have been ascertained, bounded, and identified, in distinction from every other portion, are known to be set apart for the exclusive use of each separate faculty. This is what is meant by claiming that "the brain is the organ of the mind."

Now the great question that a plain man, and especially a Yankee, will naturally ask, in view of these wonderful revelations, is, "How do you know?" and I insist upon it as a reasonable question. In what manner has it been ascertained that these dif-

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ferent faculties of the mind inhabit different and peculiar organs? And how is it now proved that the soul uses these local organs for the reception and development of its thoughts, feelings, and purposes? Our honest friend will no doubt be amused to be told that there is not the slightest indication, from the conformation of the brain, or any part of it, that any such organs exist. Take up a specimen of the brain, and commence a search for the phrenological divisions which are asserted with so much confidence. In the upper portion you see the two hemispheres of the cerebrum, connected by transverse commissures. In the lower and posterior portion you see the cerebellum, or little brain. And these are all the divisions, above the medulla-oblongata, which you can see. Studying the cerebrum more minutely, you will recognize the anterior, posterior, and middle lobes of each hemisphere, indicated only at its base, and various other inferior portions, not one of which is capable of phrenological dissection. In the cerebrum there is a perfectly homogeneous mass of white neurine, constituting the foundation of this portion of the brain. Outside of this is a continuous mass of gray neurine, supposed to be the seat of nervous influence. The convolutions forming these portions are distinctly marked, and extend, without division, over the entire hemisphere of the cerebrum. So far, then, is this portion of the brain from being capable of phrenological dissection, that you cannot get out a single organ of the whole without making a perfectly arbitrary incision through the gray and white neurine. And we defy any man living to show, so far as the structure of the brain is concerned, why the boundaries and partitions of these organs may not as well be made in one place as another. In the cerebellum there is a complete intermixture of the gray and white neurine, so that in attempting to dissect out the organs of the animal propensities, it would be necessary to cut them both indiscriminately, and it is out of the question to show why this should be done in any one place instead of another. The undeniable truth is, that this mapping out of the brain is a thing of the imagination, for the accommodation of phrenology, without the slightest foundation in fact.

But we shall here be told that the location of the organs is wholly the result of observation upon the external surface of the cranium, in connection with character; and that the whole theory of the phrenological division of the brain is an inference from the fact, that certain cranial developments are connected with certain traits of mind; and hence it has been ascertained that the portions of the

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brain lying directly under these external protuberances are the organs of the faculties indicated.

This brings us to the discussion of phrenological craniology, the only possible theory of which must be, that the uniform action of a particular mental faculty, through a particular organ, pushes out, or produces the enlargement of, the cranium at that point. If the action be slight, the elevation will be slight; but if it be violent and long-continued, we shall have a large development upon the cranium. Size, too, is the measure of power. The more mind we have in any one place, or acting in any particular organ, the larger that organ will be; and hence, of course, the larger the organ, other things being equal, the stronger and more active the faculty.

With the view of settling, beyond the possibility of a doubt, the questions of fact involved in this theory, we shall take up three points of comparison, each of which must be completely decisive.

The first is between the external conformation of the brain, and the internal surface of the skull. If the active power of the cerebral organs is so marked and distinct as to leave its indications upon the external cranium, so that the latter are the invariable indices of the former, it certainly is not too much to claim that the exact external form of the brain will be imprinted upon the inner plate of the skull. This form ought, it is true, to be precisely that of the seventy-four or more phrenological organs. But, whatever it may be, it is absolutely essential to the doctrine of cranial developments by cerebral action, that the exact form of the brain should impress itself upon the inner plate of the skull. Can anything be clearer? Now take the brain in one hand and the cranium in the other, and make the comparison for yourself, and you will see plainly that no such thing is the fact. There are various irregularities of the inner plate, bearing a general agreement to the form of the cerebrum and the cerebellum. But look at the deep furrows and regular oval elevations made by the convolutions of the cerebrum, and see if they have produced their perfect impress upon the cranial plate. Nothing of the kind. Those deep, regular, transverse furrows which such an impression would produce, we affirm, cannot be found in any skull in the world. But if cerebral action does not make its exact impress upon the skull, there can be no telling anything about the character, locality, or extent of such action by the condition of the cranium; for if the bolder forms of cerebral convolutions are not delineated upon the inside of the skull, it must be impossible that those which are so faint

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that nobody can either see or feel them should exhibit themselves upon the outside.

We cannot withhold our surprise that any man, claiming to have a competent knowledge of the anatomy and physiology of the encephalon, should believe or allow for a moment that the specific form of the cranium is produced by that of the brain. Just look at the tissues and fluids which intervene between the brain and the skull, for the express purpose of protecting the brain from what would be the inevitably fatal effects of collision between its soft and delicate fibres and the hard bone that covers it. Adhering closely to the inner surface of the skull is a strong fibrous membrane called dura mater, (hard mother.) Next to this is the arachnoid, a smooth and polished serous membrane, composed of two layers, the parietal and visceral. The parietal lines the dura mater; the visceral covers the brain without dipping down into the sulci, between the convolutions. Beneath the arachnoid, in connection with the pia mater, is the sub-arachnoid fluid, varying in quantity in different heads. The pia mater (soft mother) is a delicate cellular membrane, the fine vascular network of which supplies the surface of the brain with blood. It adheres to its convolutions, dipping down into and lining the furrows between them. Now these membranes and the sub-arachnoid fluid fill up the irregular space between the brain and the skull, making any such action and developments as phrenology requires absolutely impracticable. If the delicate distinctions which are supposed to be delineated upon the surface of the brain, marking the form and outlines of the several organs, existed at all, they could only impress themselves upon the yielding matter between them and the cranium, and produce no definable modifications even of the inside of the skull.

The next point of comparison we introduce is between the inner and outer surfaces of the skull. The theory we are examining requires that these should exactly correspond. It could not be reasonable to suppose that the action of any power within the cranium would produce a convex exterior, without a concave interior surface exactly agreeing with it. Not only ought the substance of the brain to show the distinct action of these faculties, with elevations and boundary-lines agreeing perfectly with the external developments, but the interior of the skull ought to show, most distinctly, the marks of that internal pressure which produces the external elevation.

Now it so happens that no such correspondence exists. Let any man, educated or uneducated, take a human skull, and compare the inner with the outer surface, and he may convince himself,

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beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the external developments, claimed by phrenologists as indications of organs and faculties, were never produced by the action of the brain. He will find, it is true, a general correspondence, sufficient to indicate that the skull was intended to inclose and protect the brain in all its parts, but he will see that the two plates of the cranium are only generally parallel. They are never perfectly so, as they ought to be, to make phrenology possible. Hence, though we succeed in finding an external elevation, we are by no means certain of finding an internal cavity beneath it. In some instances this may chance to be so; but in others a convex portion of the outer plate is underlaid by a convex portion of the inner, whereas the action of the faculty through the organ should have indented the inner surface and pushed out the protuberance. Let us examine a few special organs, and see what cranial indications of their existence we can find.

Benevolence is situated on the upper and middle part of the frontal bone, on either side of the longitudinal sinus, in the mesial line of the head. Reverence (veneration) is situated in the middle of the sincipital region, at the place which corresponds with the fontanel in children. Next comes firmness, in the middle of the upper and posterior part of the sincipital region. We have introduced these, because their location may be easily ascertained by persons not familiar with phrenology. Take a skull and place the two fingers upon the middle line of the crown, near the upper point of the forehead, and pass them directly over the crown beyond the highest point, and you will have passed over these prominent organs. You find a general fullness, probably, as you ought to, at the top of a well-constructed arch. Now examine the inner surface at the same points, and you find no indication, in a single instance, that these elevations have been produced by internal action of any kind. You may find a concavity, but it will in no respect resemble the size and form of the pretended organ. You will find a perfectly smooth inner, opposed to an irregular outer, surface, or, just as likely, two convex surfaces directly opposite.

Examine some of the intellectual organs. Individuality is behind the root of the nose, between the eyebrows; form, in the internal angle of the orbit of the eye—if large, it pushes the eyeball outward and downward; size, in the internal angle of the orbit, above configuration or form, and on both sides of individuality; weight, in the vicinity of size, in the ridge of the eyebrows; coloring, (color,) in the middle of the eyebrows. Order lies externally of coloring. Calculation (number) is placed at the external angle of the

orbit. Now by comparing a skull and a phrenological chart, you will perceive that these organs are all located upon a ridge forming the upper and outer portion of the orbit of the eye, produced by the frontal sinus and the zygomatic process before the ear, the distance from the brain varying from the fourth of an inch to an inch, and the inner surface showing no signs of internal action to produce such enlargement. Language is situated in the lower and back part of the anterior lobe of the brain, and lies transversely upon the orbitory plate of the frontal bone. This portion of the bone, so far from indicating any internal action, producing a special external development, is found, upon examination, to be slightly concave outside, and quite convex inside.

Alimentiveness lies before the ear, behind and above the zygomatic process. Here, besides the high elevation produced by this process, we have the temporal muscle, filling the temporal fossa, and thus aiding in the production of a celebrated cranial organ!

Further particular description is unnecessary. Any person who will may examine for himself, and be perfectly convinced that there is no such special correspondence between the outer and inner condition of the cranium as phrenology requires.

A reason, which deserves high consideration, why the two tables of the skull do not perfectly agree in form, and hence the external developments cannot be relied upon as indices of internal action, is found in the diploe. This is the spungy cellular bone between the two plates. In infancy it is very soft and vascular, but as age increases it is removed, either by absorption, and the approximation of the two tables to each other, or by the deposition of a solid ossific matter in the cells. The thickness of the diploe differs in different crania, and in different portions of the same cranium; and hence the irregularity of the two tables of the skull, in reference to each other. No phrenologist, however shrewd, can possibly tell whether his cranial organs are produced by the enlargement of the diploe or by some other cause.

Besides, there is a very uncertain difference in the thickness of the cranial tables. In some parts of the head an enlargement of the bones occurs, perhaps to three times their natural thickness, and this accumulation may take place on the inner or outer table, so little is the dependence to be placed upon the prominences of the external cranium.

But it will here be said, that though the cranium before the writer may give no internal signs of mental local action, to produce phrenological indications externally, yet others might; for in phrenology nothing can be told of one head from the examination of

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another. A single remark upon this point cannot fail to show the weakness of the system. We are examining original necessary faculties—those which constitute the whole of the mental structure. With any kind of regard to philosophical accuracy, we must claim them all for every mind, and find their cranial indications in every skull. If they belong to the collective psychology, no mind can exist without them; and if phrenology be true, no head can be found which does not indicate them. It is saying nothing at all, to say that there are external developments enough, in different parts of different heads, to make out the whole number. There must be in every head such a correspondence between the internal and external cranium, as to show that the number of external organs, and the same identical ones, in every head, have a necessary and unmistakable connection with the internal action of precisely the same faculties. What kind of induction is that which starts with several facts, which, upon examination, turn out to be true of only now and then an individual of the species, failing in a multitude of instances, and nevertheless insisting upon the general law which a sufficient number of instances, without an exception, would indicate—namely, that the particular external developments upon the head are produced by the action of the organs upon the inner table of the skull? Can this be inductive philosophy? Certainly it cannot. And we insist upon it that phrenologists are compelled to take the position, that every external cranial development, indicating a mental faculty, has a corresponding internal cavity exactly like it. But we have no hesitancy in asserting that this is not true in any instance yet ascertained, and hence phrenology cannot be true.

But if anything more is wanting to make this assumed influence of the brain, in producing the phrenological developments of the external cranium, perfectly ridiculous, just compare the external surface of the cerebrum with the external cranium. Now it must be allowed—for upon any other supposition craniology is a hoax—that if cerebral impressions are capable of producing phrenological developments, our heads are all ridged and furrowed exactly like the brains. No shrinking now, my wise phrenological friend! It not only ought to be so, but, as phrenology is a science, founded upon fact, *it is so;* and if all the world should deny it, with ever so much obstinacy, you must assert it, and insist upon it, that such is the influence of the faculties upon the brain, and so nicely and exactly does the conformation of the brain control and produce that of the skull, that every man's head is furrowed and ridged all over exactly like the brain, albeit the skeptical, stupid world, never have been able to discover any such thing! and if they could, it

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would produce a wonderful breaking up and breaking down of phrenological organs, faculties, charts, books, and men! The truth is, there is no end to the ridiculous absurdities of this pretended philosophy.

We now come to the historical question. Has it been found, upon actual observation, that the characters of men can be told from their head? Has the assumed connection between human craniology and psychology been historically established? Phrenologists affirm this; we deny it.

A man may be easily found, in any neighborhood, who has large combativeness, and ought to fight; but he does not and will not. He lives peaceably with his neighbors, in spite of all provocations. Another has very large destructiveness, but kills nothing. He is horror-struck at the idea of taking life in any form. Another has large tune, but he does not sing, and cannot. Another has very large benevolence, reverence, conscientiousness, hope, and marvelousness; he ought to be a very saint, but he is not, and cannot be made to be. He swears when he ought to pray, and dares the vengeance of the very power he ought to reverence and adore. Another, of large amativeness, is famous for his continence. A lady of very small philoprogenitiveness is utterly absorbed in the care of her children; and a man of monstrous inhabitiveness never *stays* anywhere.

These, and a thousand other similar contradictions to the great science, meet us everywhere. It is of no use to deny it. The facts are so palpable and obvious, that the most confident itinerating lecturer does not dare to deny them. Stubborn as they are, they must be met and explained away. And it is really amusing to see the shifts that are made for this purpose. The man, to wit, who has great combativeness, but shows no disposition to fight, has high benevolence, which restrains him; and so of all the rest. Here is the doctrine of neutralizing faculties. Every marked characteristic of mind and head has some antagonist one, to which we must resort to explain the numberless failures of phrenological character. But we are sure that all this is directly contrary to the plainest and most fundamental principles of phrenology.

These faculties, it must be remembered, are all primary and ultimate. They go to make up the man; and, hence, however conflicting and mutually destructive, they must actually coexist in every case. And, moreover, they act through entirely separate organs, and are wholly independent of each other. We claim, therefore, that the action of the one can have no possible effect to interfere with or prevent the action of the other. They must be capable

of totally independent action; nay, they must have so acted, to have produced these prominent organs, for in no other way can they be phrenologically accounted for. We can therefore see no objection to the coexistence of the most palpably contradictory characters in the same person. We should, we aver, upon strict phrenological principles, expect that the man who has large combativeness and benevolence, would be both quarrelsome and peaceable; that a man with large acquisitiveness and benevolence coexisting, should be a miser, and give liberally to all charitable objects; and so of the rest.

Who can fail to have observed the equivocal position of phrenological professors upon precisely this point? If they find, from looks or words, or any of the numerous evident signs which constantly escape subjects and spectators, that they have erred in giving a man large acquisitiveness, they forthwith ascertain (truly, no doubt) that his benevolence is so large as to control it. If, on the contrary, the laugh is raised upon his being pronounced very benevolent, his acquisitiveness is forthwith appealed to, to show why he is not in practice what he is in theory—making, throughout, these several antagonist developments alternately the subordinate and the governing faculty, as inference or convenience may require. And these decisions are commonly mixed up with such a multitude of cant phrases, shrewd conjectures, low vulgarisms, and complimentary hints, as to entirely divert the attention of the submissive and credulous subject, whose eyes, and ears, and mouth, are all open to receive the flattering potion.

But let us here again remind the reader, that these large antagonist developments must have been produced by the ultra action of their respective faculties; for in no other way can the external organ be the slightest indication of the faculty. Hence the unavoidable phrenological conclusion, that, to have produced these two extravagant developments, the man must have been both a miser and a prodigal; and for any phrenologist to say that these conflicting activities could not possibly coexist, would be to give up the whole ground, by denying the strictly separate and independent action of the faculties. No wonder that Dr. Gall considered man a bundle of contradictions and inconsistencies, for so he certainly must be, if he can and ought to be two or a dozen different and entirely antagonist characters at the same time.

No man shall be permitted to say that these alledged inconsistencies are mere conjectures upon our part. We know the ground upon which we stand when we join issue with the phrenologist upon the question of fact. And though the failures of the assumed

relation between craniology and psychology are evident to every narrowly observing mind, giving attention to the subject, we shall present our readers with a series of experiments which shall *once more* completely overthrow this pretended science. The following extract from "Phrenology tested," the strong article from the "British Quarterly Review," indicated at the head of this paper, is exactly in point, and will require no apology.

After showing that "the terminology of the system is altogether inexact," clearly and briefly stating the principles and history of the system, the writer undertakes to test the question of fact, thus:—

> "Now comes the real difficulty. The heads or crania thus measured all differ in size, and it is thus impossible to compare directly the measurements of one with those of another. If they were all exactly of the same size, or rather capacity, we could compare those measurements with precision, and say at once, to the fraction of an inch, how much more tune Handel had than Haydn. We could then, if we had the distance of the central point of each organ from the external ear, say which preponderated over its neighbor, as compared with the corresponding organ of another individual.
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> "This difficulty, we conceive, is readily got over; and, once got over, we think phrenology must stand or fall by the result. It is a well-known geometrical principle, that similar solids are to each other as the cubes of their homologous lines—or, the cube roots of similar solids are to each other as their homologous lines. If, therefore, we ascertain the capacity of any skull, which may be readily done by immersing it in water up to a given point, and if we ascertain by measurement the distance of all the organs from the ear, (meatus auditorius,) or from each other, we can readily produce a skull of *any given capacity*, preserving the same *form* as the measured skull, and having all the linear measurements precisely what they would have been had the skull measured been of the capacity required. We may thus convert any number of skulls into skulls of precisely the same *size* or *capacity*, each one, however, retaining exactly its own *form*, and the same relative developments of its different parts. This done, the problem is solved, and we can at once compare all the linear measurements of them with fractional accuracy.
>
> "For the purpose of ascertaining how far phrenology would stand this test, we visited one of the oldest phrenological museums in the country, in company with a phrenologist of note and a well-known physiologist, distinguished for his habits of patient and accurate observation; and, with a phrenological bust before us, we carefully measured casts of the skulls of four murderers, Haggart, M'Kaen, Pollard, and Lockey. For the purpose of drawing a comparison between these and heads of persons characterized by intelligence, wit, imagination, the kindlier affections of our nature, the sentiments of firmness, courage, and morality, we measured the casts of the skulls of Burns, Swift, La Fontaine, King Robert the Bruce, and those of two females, Heloise and Stella."

These extreme contrasts, it will be observed, were selected under the eye of "a phrenologist of note;" and though our writer does not claim that their numbers are sufficient for positive induction, it is certain that these marked characters, if any, ought to exhibit the most incontestable phrenological evidence. The process of measurement is thus described:—

"The capacities of the crania were ascertained by repeated immersions in water, up to a line running between the meatus auditorius and the junction of the frontal with the nasal bones, and a careful measurement of the number of cubic inches of the water displaced. In making the linear measurements, one leg of the callipers was placed as nearly as possible in a corresponding part of the meatus auditorius of all the skulls; while the other, guided by the busts before us, and by our phrenological friend, was, with the utmost attainable accuracy, brought to the centre of the organ to be measured; and, while they remained on the cast, the measurements were read off, by the gentlemen assisting, from the other extremities of our callipers, they having first satisfied themselves that they were properly applied to the several organs.

"These measurements being made, we took the cranium of Swift, as being about the mean; and in accordance with the rule referred to, by the following formula—as the cube root of the actual capacity of any skull is to the cube root of the standard capacity, so is any actual linear measurement of the former to the corresponding linear measurement in the same, reduced to the standard capacity—we converted the measurements of all the other crania into those of a cranium having the same capacity as Swift's: that is to say, we converted all the crania into crania having the same capacity, but each remaining similar to its original in *form*, and preserving the same relative dimensions of its different parts.

"The following are the results, arranged, for the convenience of reference and comparison, under the different phrenological faculties:—

"1. *Amativeness.*

Bruce	4.48
Pollard	4.37
Swift	4.2
Lockey	4.08
M'Kaen	4.04
Burns	3.92
Heloise	3.85
Haggart	3.78
La Fontaine	3.76
Stella	3.75

2. *Philoprogenitiveness.*

Pollard	5.18
Bruce	4.81
Lockey	4.807
Heloise	4.74
Swift	4.70
M'Kaen	4.63
Burns	4.599
Stella	4.56
Haggart	4.53
La Fontaine	4.426

3. *Concentrativeness.*

Pollard	5.49
Bruce	5.3
Haggart	5.11
Heloise	5.09
Burns	5.06
M'Kaen	5.05
Swift	5.00
La Fontaine	4.8
Stella	4.76
Lockey	4.62

4. *Adhesiveness.*

Bruce	5.89
Pollard	5.85
Haggart	5.71
M'Kaen	5.68
Heloise	5.61
Swift	5.60
Stella	5.44
Lockey	5.43
Burns	5.12
La Fontaine	5.04

5. *Combativeness.*

Swift	5.60
M'Kaen	5.36
Burns	4.78
Bruce	4.71
Heloise	4.68
Stella	4.62
Pollard	4.58
Haggart	4.01
La Fontaine	4.003
Lockey	3.82

6. *Destructiveness.*

Bruce	6.10
M'Kaen	5.99
Lockey	5.91
La Fontaine	5.81

Swift	5.80
Stella	5.77
Pollard	5.74
Heloise	5.658
Haggart	5.37
Burns	5.16

7. *Secretiveness.*

Lockey	6.1
La Fontaine	6.09
M'Kaen	6.08
Bruce	5.94
Pollard	5.86
Stella	5.65
Haggart	5.61
Swift	5.60
Heloise	5.49
Burns	5.45

8. *Acquisitiveness.*

Lockey	5.81
Swift	5.50
M'Kaen	5.50
La Fontaine	5.34
Pollard	5.34
Burns	5.25
Stella	5.15
Bruce	5.15
Heloise	5.09
Haggart	4.96

9. *Caution.*

M'Kaen	5.78
La Fontaine	5.72
Lockey	5.62
Swift	5.6
Bruce	5.59
Burns	5.54
Pollard	5.49
Stella	5.44
Haggart	5.41
Heloise	5.03

10. *Self-esteem.*

Pollard	5.54
Haggart	5.51
Bruce	5.49
M'Kaen	5.36
Heloise	5.33
La Fontaine	5.17
Burns	5.16
Stella	5.13
Swift	5.10
Lockey	4.94

11. *Firmness.*

Bruce	5.55
La Fontaine	5.53
Haggart	5.51
Heloise	5.49
Pollard	5.49
M'Kaen	5.48
Swift	5.30
Stella	5.26
Burns	5.25
Lockey	5.13

12. *Veneration.*

La Fontaine	5.47
Heloise	5.33
Haggart	5.31
M'Kaen	5.31
Bruce	5.30
Pollard	5.29
Burns	5.25
Swift	5.10
Lockey	5.04
Stella	5.03

13. *Benevolence.*

Burns	5.45
La Fontaine	5.43
M'Kaen	5.36
Lockey	5.35
Haggart	5.31
Pollard	5.23
Heloise	5.17
Bruce	5.055
Stella	5.03
Swift	5.80

14. *Comparison.*

La Fontaine	5.19
Pollard	5.18
M'Kaen	5.18
Burns	5.06
Lockey	5.04
Bruce	5.00
Stella	5.00
Haggart	4.94
Heloise	4.83
Swift	4.80

15. *Eventuality.*

M'Kaen	5.07
La Fontaine	5.04
Lockey	4.94
Pollard	4.93
Haggart	4.81
Bruce	4.81
Burns	4.78
Stella	4.65
Heloise	4.64
Swift	4.6

16. *Individuality.*

M'Kaen	4.94
La Fontaine	4.95
Pollard	4.78
Lockey	4.75
Bruce	4.74
Burns	4.68
Haggart	4.61
Swift	4.50
Heloise	4.49
Stella	4.47

17. *Causality.*

La Fontaine	4.72
Heloise	4.69
Bruce	4.61
Burns	4.59
Pollard	4.58
Lockey	4.55
M'Kaen	4.52
Haggart	4.51
Stella	4.31
Swift	4.30

18. *Wit,* (A.)

Haggart	4.84
M'Kaen	4.21
Lockey	3.97
Heloise	3.93
Burns	3.82
La Fontaine	3.81
Bruce	3.77
Pollard	3.66
Stella	3.59
Swift	3.40

19. *Wit,* (B.)

Lockey	4.26
Heloise	4.25
M'Kaen	4.00
La Fontaine	3.907
Haggart	3.81
Pollard	3.76
Bruce	3.63
Burns	3.55
Swift	3.55
Stella	3.49

20. *Ideality.*

Lockey	5.33
M'Kaen	5.05
Pollard	4.88
Stella	4.83
Burns	4.78
Swift	4.70
Heloise	4.60
Bruce	4.56
La Fontaine	4.51
Haggart	4.31

21. *Number.*

M'Kaen	4.69
La Fontaine	4.35
Swift	4.3
Lockey	4.26
Burns	3.92
Stella	3.9
Haggart	3.84
Bruce	3.83
Heloise	3.79
Pollard	3.64

22. *Tune.*		Burns	4.21	Haggart	3.91
M'Kaen	4.73	Bruce	4.02	Pollard	3.90
Lockey	4.63	Stella	4.00	Swift	3.80"
La Fontaine	4.40	Heloise	3.93		

To the following particulars in the above tables we ask the reader's special attention:—

"In comparing the measurements of the different crania, thus reduced to a common size, it will be necessary to keep in view the difference in size of the original heads, and to qualify our comparisons by the application of the acknowledged phrenological principle, that greater capacity, or greater size, gives greater energy to the whole character, but does not alter the individual peculiarities."

A few of the facts developed "harmonize with the phrenological doctrine;"—for instance, La Fontaine, who has the smallest amativeness and philoprogenitiveness, was indifferent to the charms of "an accomplished and beautiful wife," and to the paternal obligations due to his son;—but "far the greater proportion are utterly subversive of it."

"Bruce is considered by phrenologists to have the organ of amativeness 'full;' and we find that Haggart, Heloise, Burns, M'Kaen, and Stella, who all displayed this propensity to a great extent during life, have the organ of amativeness half an inch less than that of Bruce, with relation, be it remarked, to heads of the very same size; nay, more, they all have these organs less than Swift—who, says his biographer, 'was naturally temperate, chaste, and frugal,'—and yet every one of them, small as their amativeness was, was notoriously celebrated for the vice of incontinence. 'Amativeness,' says our author, 'formed a distinct feature in their history, and gave a direction to the whole tenor of their lives and actions; yet they had organs three, four, and five-tenths of an inch less than those of men who were never characterized by this propensity.' Yet 'the intellectual and moral faculties of Swift and Bruce were many of them less, and the organs less, than theirs.' Again, M'Kaen, notwithstanding his small philoprogenitiveness and concientiousness,* 'had the strongest regard for his wife and children,' and was restrained from committing suicide by the 'cruel idea' of leaving his wife and family in prison under suspicion of being concerned in the murder when they were totally innocent. And Burns, with philoprogenitiveness still smaller, was distinguished by his domestic virtues, while others in the list with the organ much larger, 'never displayed the propensity at all.'"

Concentrativeness, which "gives permanence to ideas and emo-

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* Phrenological Journal, vol. iii, p. 605.

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tions," is too small in Stella to represent her true character, and we certainly "would have expected a larger share of it in Swift, Burns, and Heloise, all of whom in their lives and writings abundantly evinced the permanence of their emotions."

Adhesiveness shows a tolerable agreement of relative size and character in nine of the heads, but utterly fails in the other. "Burns was certainly characterized by the strength of his attachments, yet he has the organ smaller than the other eight; and scarcely larger than La Fontaine."

"Lockey, a poacher and a murderer," has the smallest *combativeness* of the ten. "Pollard, another murderer, has less of it than either Heloise or Stella; while Haggart, who was extremely apt to strike, has an organ which measures *one inch* less than Swift's, and half an inch less than Stella's, a patient and peaceable woman, and scarcely more than La Fontaine, a man of the utmost apathy."

"In the organ of *destructiveness* Haggart also measures very little compared with others who displayed far less of the propensity, or none at all! He measures less here again than either Heloise or Stella, and *half an inch* less than the facile French poet." Burns, who displayed so much impetuosity of character, and wrote sentiments fired with energy, has the smallest organ of all! Bruce has this organ very large, but still it does not exceed that of La Fontaine so much as his exceeds those of Heloise and Stella, or theirs that of Burns! The skull of Pollard, in which this organ is nearly of the same size as in Stella, smaller than in Swift or La Fontaine, and half an inch less than in Bruce, was that of a man who, according to a writer in the "Phrenological Journal," had evidently "been laboring under an excessive excitement of destructiveness, which had become so habitual and ungovernable, as to give clear indications beforehand of its existence and tendency."* He was a butcher, by trade, and a man of very depraved habits. Under the influence of jealousy he stabbed a man and his wife, and four children, his own mistress, and, afterward, himself—the acts being committed with the most savage atrocity. Of this ungovernable propensity to kill, there is certainly no evidence afforded by the form of Pollard's head. The organs of combativeness and destructiveness are comparatively small—they are so relatively;—for, on looking over the other tables, it will be seen that this head is the finest of the whole ten in its phrenological developments. He is not deficient in firmness, having nearly as much as Bruce and Haggart, who are said to have had this organ prodigiously large. He has more *benevolence* than Bruce and Swift, who were

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* Phrenological Journal, vol. iii, p. 394.

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both considered charitable men; more *veneration* than Burns, who is allowed to have had both the organ and the faculty large; larger *causality* than Swift, and larger *comparison*, *eventuality*, *ideality*, and *wit* than either Swift or Burns, who both displayed all these faculties in an eminent degree."

"Similar remarks as to the counteracting organs, those of the moral sentiments and intellectual faculties, might be made in regard to David Haggart; they are considerably larger than those of Swift, Heloise, Stella, and Burns. He has as large a veneration as any of them save La Fontaine, who *displayed* none at all; he has larger benevolence than Bruce or Swift; indeed, he has more of almost everything good than Swift. Nor can it be urged that he was instigated to the deeds of outrage and robbery by the desire of gain, for he has a smaller organ of *acquisitiveness* than any of the other nine.

In Burns, Lockey, and Bruce, the organs of secretiveness coincided with their characters. "But that David Haggart should have the organ so small, and La Fontaine should have it so large, compared with these men, are facts which cannot be reconciled with phrenology, and which phrenology can never reconcile with truth." Haggart, "on the other hand, who had this organ nearly half an inch smaller than La Fontaine," kept everything to himself with the most determined tenacity, in spite of the large "love of approbation" which Mr. Combe gave him.

Haggart, who stole night and day for four years, with unexampled activity, has the smallest *acquisitiveness* of the ten; while Swift, who, with that exception, has the largest acquisitiveness and the smallest benevolence, "was no thief," but was distinguished by his kindness to the poor! "La Fontaine, who has the organ also large, showed little of this propensity; for, in his annual visit to his wife, in September, he always sold off some part of his family estate."

Again: "La Fontaine has the largest organ of *veneration*; and, omitting Heloise, the next in point of size is Haggart's. Neither of them can be accused of a tendency to venerate what is great or good. The immoral tendency of La Fontaine's Tales is well known;" though, phrenologically, he should have been a very saint.

Eventuality is so signal a failure, that our reviewer shrewdly suggests that this must be "the true organ of destructiveness;" "for here all the murderers are at the top, and all the moderate people," La Fontaine excepted, "are at the bottom."

The reputed organ of *wit* is completely overthrown by the fact that Swift has the smallest of the ten.

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In *ideality* Burns and Swift are both below Lockey, M'Kaen, and Pollard. Further comparisons are unnecessary.

The reader is desired to observe that these heads were taken from a celebrated phrenological museum, collected, of course, with sole reference to marked phrenological contrasts; that this scientific measurement was conducted under the eye of phrenology itself, in obedience to a last appeal by its advocates to mere matter of fact; and certainly no candid mind can fail to come to the conclusion of our reviewer, that "the results are totally incompatible with the truth of the organology of this system." It is perfectly evident that no reliance whatever can be placed upon the alledged size of organs, from the sense of touch or of sight; for these famous and select illustrations of phrenology from the most careful examination of its professors, in the ordinary way, are all completely destroyed by exact and scientific measurement. The heads and organs of the most energetic and intellectually vigorous men turn out to be, in general, the smallest; thus completely overthrowing the great fundamental axiom of the system, that size is "the measure of power." The number of coincidences of character and development indicated, is no greater than it ought to be by common accident.

Another remark is important. Phrenology claims to be a science of fact and induction. Now, to make the argument from fact conclusive, it must be universal,—which is impossible; and induction must find no exceptions to establish a law: whereas, the objection is ample and wholly unanswerable, when it has found a sufficient number of exceptions to preclude the possibility of their being morbid specimens. While, therefore, every day's observations present us with the required exceptions, the British Review has removed all suspicions of their genuineness by a sufficient number of actual demonstrations.

Finally, we propose to compare the system with revelation. "If they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."

And let us first remark that it is at least a very suspicious circumstance, that so many leading phrenologists have turned out skeptics. We will not affirm that every author and public teacher of this hypothesis is an infidel; much less, every believer in it. We know some who are, beyond all question, good Christian men. Some of our best friends are phrenologists in principle: but the very terms of that friendship imply mutual toleration, and the right of independent thought. We must, therefore, be allowed still to insist that the circumstance, that the leading and more accredited authors

upon this subject have written reproachfully of revelation, of the doctrine of depravity, of supernatural conversion, and of the final awards of the gospel, affords ground of strong presumption that there is infidelity in the system which molds their opinions. It is worthy of remark, that these men never allow that their principles in regard to religion are disconnected from the great fundamental laws of phrenological philosophy. Upon the contrary, you will find that their natural relation is not only admitted, but asserted in the most positive manner. It is from the discovery of phrenology, that these men claim the right to give a new religion to the world. The system itself, they affirm, contains the elements of a new theology more congenial to the nature of man. It is not, therefore, from any adventitious circumstances, but legitimately from their premises, as they believe, that they claim the right and the honor of delivering mankind from the thraldom of a supernatural religion. Who, we ask, ought to be legitimate in tracing these sentiments to their results, if not Gall and Spurzheim, Brusais, Combe, Caldwell, Fowler, and Grimes? Good Christian men, converts to their system, have stopped short at its asserted results,—denied, remonstrated, argued, and by elaborate efforts endeavored to vindicate phrenology from the accusations of *its friends*, but received no thanks from their teachers! *They* have no gratitude for the benevolence which would strip their system of its universality, as a rectifier of abuses and the regenerator of man; and rob them of the glory of giving a new religion to the world.

A brief section from the history of phrenology will be pertinent and highly illustrative at this point. In September, 1838, a periodical, called "The American Phrenological Journal and Miscellany," was commenced in Philadelphia. The prospectus of the work contained the following paragraph:—

"The religious character of the work will be *decidedly evangelical;* for one prominent object in giving it existence, is to wrest phrenology out of the hands of those who, in ignorance of its true nature and tendency, suppose that they find in it an instrument by which to subvert the truths of revealed religion, and loosen the bonds of human accountability and moral obligation."

Now, how was this worthy effort "to wrest phrenology out of the hands of" infidels received by the great champions of the cause? The distinguished Caldwell volunteered to take the lead in chastising the arrant editor into better opinions, and a wiser and more submissive policy. He says, in his letter to the editor,—"The notion avowed in this paragraph appeared to me objectionable on a twofold ground. In the first place, though phrenology,

by demonstrating man to be *constitutionally* a religious being, favors the principle of *catholic* or *universal* religion, it does not countenance any one *specific form* of religion, as such, more than another, except so far as one form is truer and sounder than another. There is nothing in it, therefore, that can be correctly pronounced '*decidedly evangelical*,' in the legitimate meaning of that expression."

Here, then, we have an open declaration of the dissent of phrenology from the Christian religion; and from a man who must be allowed to know. The extent of his infidel opinions among his brethren may be seen at a glance. "A menace," he says, "was uttered against those who had previously been the advocates and propagators of phrenology in the United States." Again,—"I supposed, and had a right to suppose, that the denunciation was *wholesale;* and that all American phrenologists were to be ousted by the lump, to make room for some new-fangled '*evangelical*' *sect*," &c.

Now, it will be observed that in these point-blank assaults upon the editor of the Journal, there is not the slightest attempt to show that the teachings of phrenology had heretofore accorded with revealed religion, and that, therefore, the charge of antagonism to evangelical Christianity was unfounded. But on the contrary, *a religion* phrenologically indicated, is openly avowed in distinction from one "*decidedly evangelical;*" and the whole class of "American phrenologists" are claimed for the same infidel opinions. And the result of this issue, fairly and publicly made by phrenologists themselves upon the legitimate tendencies of the system, may be seen not dimly shadowed forth in the following significant passage:—

"It is now more than twelve months since the Journal in question was commenced; it is still continued, and better counsels seem recently to have prevailed in its management. In the prospectus for the second volume the censurable and hostile arrogance we have quoted no longer finds a place; and the work is steadily acquiring the confidence [*mark it*] even of those who, as a body, it once avowed, were in possession of phrenology in this country, while they were ignorant of its true nature and tendency, and out of whose hands it was the alledged object of the Journal to 'wrest' the science. The able and efficient pens of some thus unwisely denounced, (and among them is included that of Prof. Caldwell,) now supply the most useful and able articles which adorn the pages of this publication."*

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* Haskins' History of Phrenology, pp. 133–141. 1839.

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And thus this well-meant but mistaken effort to "wrest phrenology out of the hands of" infidels has finally terminated; a result which might have been easily predicted by any man thoroughly acquainted with its fundamental principles, and capable of tracing causes to their legitimate effects.

If the substitution of "the religion of nature" for that of the Bible be infidelity, then the "great lights" of American phrenology are infidels; and no rebuke for their unbelief has, so far as we know, ever come from their distinguished brethren in Europe. It certainly could not but with a very ill grace. We repeat it, therefore, this all looks suspicious. Nay, it furnishes strong presumption that the infidelity professedly extracted from the system by these men actually exists in it; and a thorough examination will show that what we have such strong reasons to suspect is certainly true.

The original source of infidelity in phrenology is its materialism. A portion of the brain, let it be remembered, which has been ascertained, bounded, and identified, in distinction from every other portion of the brain, is, according to phrenology, known to be set apart for the sole use of each separate mental faculty. Now, who can resist the conviction that this is assigning a physiological identity to each of these several faculties, as distinct and specific as that which is assigned to the several organs? For how, we ask, can such separate faculties operate in their own peculiar organs so certainly and uniformly, as to have exclusive control over these several departments of the brain, without having locality in all such parts? It is of no avail for the phrenologist to assert that the mind is a spiritual essence, which in its indivisible state operates through the organs each time; for, it will be remembered that the faculties are asserted to have a perfectly independent action: hence, their various and conflicting phenomena may be perfectly simultaneous. That we do not misinterpret them here, appears from the fact that they invariably resort to this totally distinct and independent action of the faculties, to explain monomania and singular obliquity in the action of memory. It is therefore utterly in vain for phrenologists to attempt an escape from this difficulty. It is no matter how many and various their evolutions, they are inevitably brought back to a mental divisibility exactly corresponding with the alledged organs of the cerebrum and cerebellum. Many of them have confessed that this conclusion was unavoidable; and hence, at length, boldly asserted the doctrine of materialism which it necessarily involves. One of their most distinguished authors and lecturers, in conversation with us, finally acknowledged his firm belief that mind is matter, and that there is nothing but matter in the uni-

verse. He confessed that he had come to these conclusions in connection with the study of phrenology. On being asked if he avowed these doctrines among the people in his lectures, he answered, "No; I never avowed them before, and should not now if I had not been pushed: I don't want every pious old woman in my hair!"

The fact is, divisibility is one of the distinctive attributes of matter; and mental divisibility is a fundamental doctrine of phrenology. This shows at a glance why phrenologists are, or ought to be, materialists. And we deem it wholly unnecessary to argue the essential infidelity of materialism.

Another great practical position of phrenology is, that man is naturally right! That he is as his Creator made him! His original faculties and constitutional tendencies are perfectly correct and pure! Setting aside the influence of hereditary diseases, of disasters, and the force of bad education, prejudice, and example, there are no evils in human nature! Not that all men, or even any two of them, are morally, any more than physically or intellectually, alike, or are to be judged by the same standard of rectitude! Nothing of all this! The standard of every man is in himself and peculiar to himself! He has an indefeasible right to his own degree of natural passion and emotion, as well as perception and reflection! And be the same more or less, he is not to be blamed for it.

Now, certainly, no one needs to be told that all this is a direct denial of the doctrine of original depravity as revealed in Scripture, and sustained by the entire history of the race.

Again: phrenology claims for man the inherent power of self-development and of individual perfectibility. If, for instance, a man wishes to be learned, let him consult the original powers of his soul—his faculties of perception and reflection obey their instincts—and go on *and be so*. If he wishes wealth and rank, let him merely educate his economical and aspiring faculties, *and have them*. If he wishes health, let him obey the physical laws and *he is sure of it*. And, mark it, if he wishes to be religious, let him only obey the suggestions of his nature, his native benevolence, his instinctive conscientiousness, his intrinsic veneration, his original hope, and his constitutional marvelousness, *and he will soon become a model of piety and morality!* These are the elements of his religious character implanted by his Creator! And they will do equally well for the European and the Hindoo, the Chinaman and the Burman, the African and the aboriginal American. All alike have the elements of a perfect religious character, and nothing but their natural development is required to make man, what he ought to be,

a purely religious being! Nay, more, as the experiment must be allowed to be fairly in operation somewhere in the wide world, and as upon examination there are no more signs of it in one place than in another, it is claimed that the world is everywhere full of religion;—that man is naturally a religious being, and from the constitution of his mind and body he cannot fail to be so! He who is endowed with original veneration and alimentiveness can no more cease to adore a superior Being than he can cease to be hungry! Thus the same religious sentiment brings down the pagan devotee under the crushing wheels of Juggernaut, and the purest Christian before the sovereign Ruler of the universe, both alike obeying the instincts of nature!

Here stands phrenology decidedly opposed to the revealed truth of man's utter helplessness and the grand doctrine of the atonement, the one denied, and the other superseded by inherent original capability and constitutional tendencies.

But we are not through yet. Even phrenologists allow that things are not all exactly right here. That must be admitted from the fact that phrenology is not actually universal, as it will be no doubt in about "ten years!" Hence, reform must go on. But what folly and delusion to point man to any power out of himself for any radical change in his moral condition. These are the self-regenerating faculties! Let them work! Only bring the recuperative energies of the soul fully to bear, and away with all this fanaticism of supernatural conversions and revivals! Convert yourselves! convert one another! Native religious power is in you! Bring it out! You can see it indicated upon the cranium with good organs in the brain for its successful development! What more is needed? And if propensities naturally and purely religious are inherent in man, who can deny a word of all this?

Again: men are essentially as they were made! Some are amative by nature, and some are continent; some philoprogenitive, and some indifferent to children; some acquisitive, and some benevolent; some are for fight, and some for peace; some filled with veneration, and some are infidels. Thus and thus they are very nearly as their Maker made them! And who is to blame for his original conformation? Certainly, no one. True, men may vary by effort the preponderance of special propensities, but the disposition is phrenologically present or absent by constitution. God, in the original endowments of men, has made arrangements for just such a mixed multitude as we everywhere see! A man is a Methodist, a Baptist, a Presbyterian, an Episcopalian, a Catholic, or anything else, because the predisposition is in him, and by a nice discrimi-

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nation the reasons of all these peculiarities may be detected in the shape of his head!

Fate is in the system and responsibility out of it; hence there is no probability of hell to an offender.

Finally, as all these anti-phrenological doctrines of man's spirituality,—his fall, natural depravity and helplessness, the atonement, the divine and gracious interference for man's conversion and salvation, the freedom of mind, and personal responsibility,—are clearly in the Bible, there can be no manner of doubt that revelation is false, or at best partial and imperfect, and hence superseded by phrenology. Thus the Holy Bible is thrown away to make room for a discovery of much less than a century in age!

These, it is evident, are the legitimate results of phrenology. Of course, we charge them upon no one unless he avows them. But we are compelled to charge them upon the system; and we exceedingly regret that they have been so extensively adopted, as the necessary conclusions from the premises which phrenology asserts.

We have thus passed through the discussion as briefly as the subject would admit. We have attempted to show that phrenology is contrary to established psychological facts—to facts developed by the anatomy and physiology of the encephalon—to facts in craniology compared with cerebral conformation—to the most palpable historical facts, and to the facts of revelation. We have not merely found it at fault in some particular of each of these departments of truth, but have found it false in numerous instances in each. If we have argued legitimately, it is grossly untrue in every fundamental principle of the system. It is not true that the mind manifests a phrenological plurality of faculties operating through separate portions of the brain, as their peculiar and appropriate organs. No such cranial developments as phrenology claims have been ascertained, and so connected with their metaphysical causes as to constitute any adequate system of the philosophy of man. In fine, if any one of some twenty arguments which we have presented is true, there is no such thing as the science of phrenology. We must believe that the general practice of admitting that "there is some truth in it," "the outlines are true though we do not believe the details," is altogether too obliging. That many true things have been believed and said by phrenologists, and artfully interwoven with the system, there can be no question; and this explains the extent and duration of its power. But if there is any truth in the laws of matter and of mind; if we are to believe the evidence of our senses, of consciousness, of scientific research, and of sacred revelation, phrenology is not true even in its outlines: for certainly that

cannot be generally true which is false in every essential particular.

In conclusion, allow us to say that if phrenology is false, it is not harmlessly so. Its errors are almost all practical errors, and if embraced and persisted in, they must be highly injurious if not finally fatal. It makes a false estimate of character. It deludes the unsuspecting and the young in regard to the true modes of human happiness and usefulness. It saps the foundation of morality and religion. It destroys the revelation of God, and locks up the present, the past, and the future, in inexplicable mystery. It cripples faith, misleads hope, and crushes the heart's best and purest affections. Entire deliverance from the thraldom of a philosophy so false and ruinous must and will come; time alone shall determine, whether by the hands of the present or of some future generation.

West Poultney, July 27, 1847.

ART. V.—*The Works of the late Rev. Robert Murray M'Cheyne, Minister of St. Peter's Church, Dundee. Complete in 2 vols. Containing his Life and Remains, Letters, Lectures, Songs of Zion, &c.* 2 vols., 8vo. Pp. 453. New-York: Robert Carter. 1847.

THE ripe fruit which is constantly being gathered into the heavenly garner, not only reflects eternal honor upon the Redeemer, but leaves behind it a precious odor to bless the church and the world. The faithful watchman upon the walls of Zion, who spends his time and strength for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, knows but little of the influence which his example and labors will exert upon subsequent ages and generations. He labors for the good of those who are immediately under his charge—he preaches to them the word of life when present, and, like Paul, writes to them epistles when absent, "to the end that they may be established." But the matter ends not here. His godly example is chronicled, and what he had written, for the admonition of the unruly, or the encouragement of the feeble, is multiplied upon the printed page, and is "like bread cast upon the waters, seen after many days," and scattered among the hungry myriads of succeeding ages and generations. What a wonderful provision of the providence of God is the art of printing! How truly, through the medium of this almost miraculous discovery, are

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"the righteous held in everlasting remembrance!" These are a few of the many general reflections which were awakened in our mind by the perusal of the volumes which constitute the subject of this paper.

These volumes constitute a valuable contribution to the mass of religious reading which happily is constantly accumulating. Christianity receives her happiest illustrations and most luminous commentaries from the lives of her real disciples. Experimental and practical theology, as brought out in personal history—the record made of the feelings and emotions of their hearts by the pious themselves, and of their godly deeds by those who survive them—is not a mere abstraction. We have here not the mere theory of Christian ethics, but we have the real exhibition of the vitality and the power of a wonder-working principle—a practical demonstration of its reality and divine origin. If we might hope that the class of publications to which we here allude would become generally diffused, and would supersede the licentious fiction and the frothy sentimentalism which go so far toward giving character to the literature of the age in which we live, we should be encouraged to look for a speedy reformation of manners among professing Christians. Men must read, and love to read, that which is suited to educate both the understanding and the heart, or the preaching of the gospel, and the other ordinances of religion, will, to a great extent, be lost upon them. And we are happy that a class of publishers are now arduously laboring to meet the pressing emergencies of the times, by supplying the public appetite with wholesome food. In this department few have been more successful than our friend *Carter*. Among the many excellent works which he has issued in good style, and yet in so cheap a form as to give them a wide circulation, we are happy to see the one before us, of the character and usefulness of which we shall now attempt to give the reader some idea.

Mr. M'Cheyne was born in Edinburgh, May 21, 1813. The early developments of his mind were extraordinary. At the age of four he learned the Greek alphabet, and was engaged in writing the letters upon a slate as a recreation. The next year he made rapid progress "in the English class," and became famous for "his melodious voice and powers of recitation." He entered the High School in October, 1821, where he continued "the usual period of six years." He occupied a high position in his class, and was attentive to the forms of religion, but, in reality, at that time had no "relish for any higher joy than the refined gayeties of society, and for such pleasures as the song and the dance could yield. He

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himself regarded these as days of ungodliness—days wherein he cherished a pure morality, but lived in heart a Pharisee." He entered the university in 1827, and "gained some prizes in all the various classes he attended. In private he studied the modern languages; and gymnastic exercises gave him unbounded delight." "In 1831 he commenced his studies in Divinity Hall, under Dr. Chalmers; and the study of church history under Dr. Welsh." Thus, it would seem, he had selected his *profession* before, in the nature of things, he could have any adequate notion of its nature and importance. But he was not suffered to enter upon the holy vocation of the ministry, as thousands have done, as a *mere profession*, without a *divine call.*

The death of a brother, "who was his senior by eight or nine years," was made the means, in the hand of God, of his awakening and conversion. "By that providence the Lord was calling one soul to enjoy the treasures of grace, while he took the other into the possession of glory." "In this brother, the light of divine grace shone before men with rare and solemn loveliness. His classical attainments were very high; and, after the usual preliminary studies, he had been admitted writer to the signet." While under the influence of disease, a deep melancholy settled down upon his soul.

> "Many weary months did he spend in awful gloom, till the trouble of his soul wasted away his body; but the light broke in before his death; joy, from the face of a fully reconciled Father above, lighted up his face; and the peace of his last days was the sweet consolation left to his afflicted friends, when, 8th July, 1831, he fell asleep in Jesus.
>
> "The death of his brother, with all its circumstances, was used by the Holy Spirit to produce a deep impression on Robert's soul. In many respects—even in the gifts of a poetic mind—there had been a congeniality between him and David. The vivacity of Robert's ever-active and lively mind was the chief point of difference. This vivacity admirably fitted him for public life; it needed only to be chastened and solemnized, and the event that had now occurred wrought this effect. A few months before, the happy family circle had been broken up by the departure of the second brother for India, in the Bengal Medical Service; but when, in the course of the summer, David was removed from them for ever, there were impressions left such as could never be effaced, at least from the mind of Robert."—P. 10.

The impressions made upon his mind by this event were not, as impressions from such causes but too often are, fugitive and evanescent, nor did they result in the mere "sorrow of the world which worketh death." But, from the day that the voice of God broke upon his ear through this afflicting providence, he became

habitually serious; it was, however, several years before he came into the true liberty of the sons of God.

"At first the light dawned slowly; so slowly, that, for a considerable time, he still relished an occasional plunge into scenes of gayety. Even after entering the Divinity Hall, he could be persuaded to indulge in lighter pursuits, at least during the first two years of his attendance; but it was with growing alarm. When hurried away by such worldly joys, I find him writing thus:—'Sept. 14.—May there be few such records as this in my biography.' Then, 'Dec. 9.—A thorn in my side—much torment.' As the unholiness of his pleasures became more apparent, he writes:—'March 10th, 1832.—I hope never to play cards again.' 'March 25th.—Never visit on a Sunday evening again.' 'April 10th.—Absented myself from the dance; upbraidings ill to bear. But I must try to bear the cross.' It seems to be in referance to the receding tide, which thus for a season repeatedly drew him back to the world, that on July 8th, 1836, he records—'This morning five years ago my dear brother David died, and my heart for the first time knew true bereavement. Truly it was all well. Let me be dumb, for thou didst it; and it was good for me that I was afflicted. I know not that any providence was ever more abused by man than that was by me: and yet, Lord, what mountains thou comest over! none was ever more blessed to me.'"—P. 15.

A strange fact here comes out. So late as between the years 1831 and 1836, students in "Divinity Hall," in the University of Edinburgh, under Drs. Chalmers and Welsh, sometimes *broke the sabbath*, *danced*, and *played cards!* A sad state of things this. No wonder that so many of the ministers who have been *made* in this celebrated Hall prefer the loaves and fishes of the old Kirk to the reforms of the Free Church. The connection of church and state is fatal to discipline in the church, and tends to the corruption even of the *divinity* halls, connected as they generally are with the universities.

The conscience of young M'Cheyne continued active and sore until he was thoroughly awakened to a sense of his sinfulness. The following sentences in his journal show the progress of his convictions and depth of his repentance:—

"'November 12.—Reading H. Martyn's Memoirs. Would I could imitate him, giving up father, mother, country, house, health, life, all—for Christ. And yet, what hinders? Lord, purify me, and give me strength to dedicate myself, my all, to thee!

"'December 4.—Reading Legh Richmond's Life. "Pœnitentia profunda, non sine lacrymis. Nunquam me ipsum, tam vilem, tam inutilem, tam pauperim, et præcipue tam ingratum, adhuc vidi. Sint lacrymæ dedicationis meæ pignora!" ["Deep penitence, not unmixed with tears. I never before saw myself so vile, so useless, so poor, and, above all, so ungrateful. May those tears be the pledges of my self-dedication."]

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There is frequently at this period a sentence in Latin, occurring, like the above, in the midst of other matter, apparently with the view of giving freer expression to his feelings regarding himself."—Pp. 16, 17.

The notices in his journal show that he occupied himself as much as possible in reading books of a highly spiritual character, and that these were leading instruments in bringing him finally into the true light. The following seems to be the first entry in which he speaks with confidence of the favor of God and of communion with him:—

"'February 23.—Sabbath. Rose early to seek God, and found him whom my soul loveth. Who would not rise early to meet such company? The rains are over and gone. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.'"—P. 25.

Having now received the baptism of the Spirit, he immediately began to labor for souls. And he is not obliged to wait long for the fruit. He has souls for his hire. The record he makes of the first-fruits of his labor is worthy of notice:—

"'February 25.—After sermon. The precious tidings that a soul has been melted down by the grace of the Saviour. How blessed an answer to prayer, if it be really so! "Can these dry bones live? Lord, thou knowest." What a blessed thing it is to see the first grievings of the awakened spirit, when it cries, "I cannot see myself a sinner; I cannot pray, for my wild heart wanders." It has refreshed me more than a thousand sermons. I know not how to thank and admire God sufficiently for this incipient work. Lord, perfect that which thou hast begun!' A few days after—'Lord, I thank thee that thou hast shown me this marvelous working, though I was but an adoring spectator, rather than an instrument.'"—*Ibid.*

When God was about to cause the prophet to prophesy to "the valley of dry bones," and to make him the instrument of a mighty "shaking" among them, and a glorious resurrection from the dead, he "set him down in the midst of the valley, and caused him to pass by them round about." It was necessary that the prophet's mind should first be deeply affected with the real condition—the ruin, the wretchedness, the helplessness—of the masses to whom he was to come with a message from God; and hence he was set down in the midst of them and caused to pass by them round about. We were led to make this allusion by the striking coincidence between the case of the prophet and our youthful evangelist. There existed an association in the Divinity Hall, the object of which was the visitation of the neglected portions of the city of Edinburgh, for the purpose of imparting spiritual and temporal aid to the poor and perishing. This association, we presume, was composed of the more pious of the students. Such of these *divi-*

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nity students as were in the habit of *breaking the sabbath, dancing,* and *playing cards,* we may safely infer, took no part in the enterprise. The following striking reflections were entered upon Mr. M'Cheyne's diary upon his first survey of this interesting field of labor:—

"'March 3.—Accompanied A. B. in one of his rounds through some of the most miserable habitations I ever beheld. Such scenes I never before dreamed of. Ah, why am I such a stranger to the poor in my native town? I have passed their doors thousands of times; I have admired the huge black piles of building, with their lofty chimneys breaking the sun's rays—why have I never ventured within? How dwelleth the love of God in me? How cordial is the welcome even of the poorest and most loathsome to the voice of Christian sympathy! What imbedded masses of human beings are huddled together, unvisited by friend or minister! "No man careth for our souls," is written over every forehead. Awake, my soul! Why should I give hours and days any longer to the vain world, when there is such a world of misery at my very door? Lord, put thine own strength in me; confirm every good resolution; forgive my past long life of uselessness and folly.'" —P. 26.

Mr. M'Cheyne became one of the most earnest and faithful members of this association. He diligently cultivated a district in "the Canongate," teaching a sabbath school, visiting the thoughtless, distributing "The Monthly Visitor," &c. This exercise was happily calculated to impart strong and correct views of the depravity of the human heart, and to stir up the deep sympathies of the soul, and thus to prepare the candidate for the holy work of the ministry, and for the peculiar duties of his high and holy vocation.

The following characteristic entries were made in his journal upon the occasions of his finishing his college course and his receiving license to preach:—

"'March 29.—College finished on Friday last. My last appearance there. Life itself is vanishing fast. Make haste for eternity.'"

"'Preached three probationary discourses in Annan Church, and, after an examination in Hebrew, was solemnly licensed to preach the gospel by Mr. Monylaws, the moderator. "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me be stirred up to praise and magnify his holy name!" What I have so long desired as the highest honor of man, thou at length givest me—me who dare scarcely use the words of Paul, "Unto me who am less than the least of all saints is this grace given, that I should preach the unsearchable riches of Christ." Felt somewhat solemnized, though unable to feel my unworthiness as I ought. Be clothed with humility.'"—Pp. 29, 33.

This was a most interesting and important period in the history of the life of Mr. M'Cheyne. He had passed through a long and

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severe course of mental discipline—had for years been looking upon the holy ministry as the most elevated position a mortal can enjoy this side of heaven, and had begun to taste a little of the luxury of inviting sinners to Christ, and had already been cheered by unexpected success. He now gazes upon the prospect before him with the most intense interest. The miseries and corruptions of the world stir up the deepest sympathies of his soul. As he begins to gird himself for the fight, he sighs for the fore front of the battle. No mercenary considerations move him—no danger alarms him; to be an ambassador for Christ—to stand up in the hottest of the fight—to do something and to suffer something for Christ, and to win souls, constitute the summit of his ambition.

What a sublime spectacle is this! A young man of education, of elegant accomplishments, of fine genius, and naturally of a towering ambition: like Paul, "counting all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus;" sacrificing all prospect of worldly advancement—foregoing the honors and emoluments which learning and genius promise to secure, for the privilege of being "made a spectacle to the world, to angels, and to men." The love of Christ constrains him, compassion for his perishing fellow-men stirs up the great deep of his mighty soul, and he puts himself upon the altar. He hears a celestial voice inquiring, "Who will go for us?" and he promptly answers, "Here am I; send me." After all his primary preparations in "the Divinity Hall" of the university, his vocation is wholly *divine*. God calls him and gives him his commission. God gives him the qualifications which none but God has the power to give; and immediately he leaves father and mother, and house and lands, and henceforth becomes the property of the church and the world—or rather the property of Christ, to go at his bidding; and considers it his greatest glory to say, "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given." The self-denial, the zeal, the humility, and the love to God and man, so necessary to a minister of Christ, were strikingly developed in this young apostle.

Of his method of preparing his sermons, and his manner of delivering them, and what, in part at least, contributed to his popularity and success as a preacher, we have the following curious and interesting notice:—

"A simple incident was overruled to promote the ease and fluency of his pulpit ministrations. From the very beginning of his ministry, he reprobated the custom of reading sermons, believing that to do so does exceedingly weaken the freedom and natural fervor of the messenger in delivering his message. Neither did he recite what he had written. But

his custom was to impress on his memory the substance of what he had beforehand carefully written, and then to speak as he found liberty. One morning, as he rode rapidly along to Dunipace, his written sermons were dropped on the wayside. This accident prevented him having the opportunity of preparing in his usual manner; but he was enabled to preach with more than usual freedom. For the first time in his life, he discovered that he possessed the gift of extemporaneous composition, and learned, to his own surprise, that he had more composedness of mind and command of language than he had believed. This discovery, however, did not in the least degree diminish his diligent preparation. Indeed, the only use he made of the incident at the time it occurred was, to draw a lesson of dependence on God's own immediate blessing, rather than on the satisfactory preparation made. 'One thing always fills the cup of my consolation, that God may work by the meanest and poorest words, as well as by the most polished and ornate—yea, perhaps more readily, that the glory may be all his own.'"—Pp. 38, 39.

If we should undertake to give advice to a young minister with regard to his preparations for the pulpit, and delivering his discourses, we could not do better, with our present views, and after more than thirty years' experience and observation, than to say, *Follow the example of Mr. M'Cheyne.* Write as full a sketch as your time will permit—thoroughly study the whole subject—get your expositions, statements, illustrations, and practical improvements so deeply impressed upon your mind, and so well connected and arranged, that the laws of association will suggest everything in its proper place as you proceed—then launch forth upon the sea of divine truth and holy sympathies, trusting as much in God to bring you to your desired haven as if you had made no chart of the sea you are to navigate. We quite agree with Mr. M'Cheyne, that "reading sermons does exceedingly weaken the freedom and natural fervor of the messenger in delivering his message." And we believe just as fully that neglecting to write begets a loose manner of thinking, and tends to induce the habit of dealing in meagre statements, loose generalities, and frothy declamations. The man who never thinks with his pen in his hand—who seldom or never spreads his mental processes upon paper, so as to be able to examine, review, and revise them—will seldom be able to grasp a subject in all its details and bearings; and consequently, as the exhibition of his views will never be more complete than the development of them in his own mind, his sermons will contain but little valuable instruction, and will have full as little interest for the intelligent hearer. Our scattering, rambling, indefinite preachers, who never make a distinct impression, nor bring out a truth from the convolutions of their pulpit harangues in so definite a manner

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as to be remembered by a single hearer, might in many instances find a remedy for their vicious habits in writing.

With what untiring ardor this young minister of Christ pursued his calling, and how he entered every opening door of usefulness, will be seen by the following incident:—

> "Coming home on a sabbath evening (Aug. 7th) from Torwood sabbath school, a person met him who suggested an opportunity of usefulness. There were two families of gipsies encamped at Torwood, within his reach. He was weary with a long day's labor; but instantly, as was his custom on such a call, set off to find them. By the side of their wood fire, he opened out the parable of the lost sheep, and pressed it on their souls in simple terms. He then knelt down in prayer for them, and left them somewhat impressed and very grateful."—P. 45.

The poor and outcast must not be forgotten by a shepherd of souls.

As to a settlement, Mr. M'Cheyne says:—

> "'It has always been my aim, and it is my prayer, to have *no plans* with regard to myself—well assured as I am, that the place where the Saviour sees meet to place me, must ever be the best place for me.'" —P. 34.

He was employed for ten months as "assistant" at *Larbert* and *Dunipace*. There he labored with great zeal and usefulness. He not only preached with great warmth and power, but visited the poor in by-places, carrying the word of life to those who were too ignorant and too careless to go after it. But Mr. M'Cheyne was finally settled as a pastor in *Dundee*, in which situation he remained until he closed his brief but brilliant career. We have the following edifying notice of his ordination:—

> "The day on which he was ordained pastor of a flock, was a day of much anxiety to his soul. He had journeyed by Perth to spend the night preceding under the roof of his kind friend Mr. Grierson, in the manse of Errol. Next morning, ere he left the manse, three passages of Scripture occupied his mind. 1. '*Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee.*' Isaiah xxvi, 3. This verse was seasonable; for, as he sat meditating on the solemn duties of the day, his heart trembled. 2. '*Give thyself wholly to these things.*' 1 Tim. iv, 15. May that word (he prayed) sink deep into my heart. 3. '*Here am I, send me.*' Isaiah vi, 8. 'To go or to stay—to be here till death, or to visit foreign shores—whatsoever, wheresoever, whensoever thou pleasest.' He rose from his knees with the prayer, 'Lord, may thy grace come with the laying on of the hands of the presbytery.'"—P. 51.

This interesting event took place November 24, 1836. Mark the solemn feelings with which this young minister enters upon the

full employment of a pastor. The word of God—appropriate passages of that word with which his mind was so richly stored—constitutes the theme of his meditations. Devotion and a spirit of consecration characterize his spirit. He is taking upon himself now more fully the responsibilities of a work which

——— "might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands."

Conscious of insufficiency—for, as Paul demands, "who is sufficient for these things?"—he lifts his eyes to the only source of help, and prays: "Lord, may thy grace come with the laying on of the hands of the presbytery." How truly he feels that there is no power in "the presbytery," or any other human agency, to clothe the minister with the high and holy functions of "a legate of the skies!" His commission comes directly from God, and his power "to bind and loose" depends entirely upon the truthfulness with which he expounds the will of Heaven and obeys his high behest. "Orders" is not a *charm*—imparts no *divine powers*—is neither grace nor the power of imparting grace—but a simple recognition of a divine call, which proceeds upon the supposition, and always implies the condition, of *fidelity* upon the part of the agent. The spiritual powers—the rights and privileges—of a minister of Christ are *de facto* forfeited when he ceases to be a man of prayer and a man of *one work*.

The minister of Christ will derive profit from the following account of Mr. M'Cheyne's manner as a preacher:—

> "His voice was remarkably clear—his manner attractive by its mild dignity. His form itself drew the eye.* He spoke from the pulpit as one earnestly occupied with the souls before him. He made them feel sympathy with what he spoke, for his own eye and heart were on them. He was, at the same time, able to bring out illustrations at once simple and felicitous, often with poetic skill and elegance. He wished to use Saxon words, for the sake of being understood by the most illiterate in his audience. And while his style was singularly clear, this clearness itself was so much the consequence of his being able thoroughly to analyze and explain his subject, that all his hearers alike reaped the benefit.
>
> "He went about his public work with awful reverence. So evident was this, that I remember a countryman in my parish observed to me—'Before he opened his lips, as he came along the passage, there was something about him that sorely affected me.' In the vestry there was never any idle conversation; all was preparation of heart in approaching God; and a short prayer preceded his entering the pulpit. Surely in going forth to speak for God, a man may well be overawed! Surely

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* "'Gratior est pulchro veniens e corpore virtus!'"

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in putting forth his hand to sow the seed of the kingdom, a man may even tremble! And surely we should aim at nothing less than to pour forth the truth upon our people through the channel of our own living and deeply affected souls.

"After announcing the subject of his discourse, he used generally to show the position it occupied in the context, and then proceed to bring out the doctrines of the text in the manner of our old divines. This done, he divided his subject; and herein he was eminently skillful. 'The heads of his sermons,' said a friend, 'were not the milestones that tell you how near you are to your journey's end, but they were nails which fixed and fastened all he said. Divisions are often dry; but not so *his* divisions—they were so textual and so feeling, and they brought out the spirit of a passage so surprisingly.'

"It was his wish to arrive nearer at the primitive mode of expounding Scripture in his sermons. Hence, when one asked him if he was never afraid of running short of sermons some day, he replied—'No; I am just an interpreter of Scripture in my sermons; and when the Bible runs dry, then I shall.' And in the same spirit he carefully avoided the too common mode of accommodating texts—fastening a doctrine on the words, not drawing it from the obvious connection of the passage. He endeavored at all times to *preach the mind of the Spirit in a passage;* for he feared that to do otherwise would be to grieve the Spirit who had written it. Interpretation was thus a solemn matter to him. And yet, adhering scrupulously to this sure principle, he felt himself in no way restrained from using, for every day's necessities, all parts of the Old Testament as much as the New. His manner was first to ascertain the primary sense and application, and so proceed to handle it for present use. Thus, on Isaiah xxvi, 16–19, he began—'This passage, I believe, refers *literally* to the conversion of God's ancient people.' He regarded the *prophecies* as *history yet to be*, and drew lessons from them accordingly as he would have done from the past. Every spiritual gift being in the hands of Jesus, if he found Moses or Paul in the possession of precious things, he forthwith was led to follow them into the presence of that same Lord who gave them all their grace.

"It is difficult to convey to those who never knew him a correct idea of the sweetness and holy unction of his preaching. Some of his sermons, printed from his own MSS., (although almost all are first copies,) may convey a correct idea of his style and mode of preaching doctrine. But there are no notes that give any true idea of his affectionate appeals to the heart and searching applications. These he seldom wrote; they were poured forth at the moment when his heart filled with his subject; for his rule was to set before his hearers a body of truth first—and there always was a vast amount of Bible truth in his discourses—and then urge home the application. His exhortations flowed from his doctrine, and thus had both variety and power. He was systematic in this; for he observed—'Appeals to the careless, &c., come with power on the back of some massy truth. See how Paul does, Acts xiii, 40: "Beware, *therefore*, lest," &c.; and, Hebrews ii, 1: "*Therefore*, we should," &c.'"—Pp. 60–62.

These paragraphs would furnish a text for a long dissertation upon *preaching*. And though it would well accord with our inclinations, the number of points we have in reserve will not permit us to enter this field. We may, however, be allowed, by the way, to express the hope that they will not be allowed to pass, especially by our younger brethren in the ministry, without serious consideration.

Mr. M'Cheyne became deeply interested in the plan for "church extension," and also in the movement in opposition to the encroachments of the government upon the rights and privileges of the church, which resulted in the disruption of the Kirk and the organization of the Free Church of Scotland. In the public measures which were instituted for the furtherance of these objects he became an active agent, traveling abroad and addressing assemblies with great effect.

He also imbibed the spirit of an evangelist, frequently making short preaching tours through neighboring parishes. To this his people objected, as his labors were held in so high estimation by his parishioners that they were unwilling he should be absent from a single appointment. His parish was large, and his duties laborious. And though his preaching, lecturing, meeting Bible classes, catechising, attending prayer meetings, visiting the sick, the poor, and the neglected, might seem to be employment sufficient for two healthy men, yet, in addition to all this, he found time to read, to write, and to go beyond the bounds of his own parish to serve the general interests of the cause of Christ. His zeal was as a pent-up fire, which often breaks through all barriers, and sends forth a blaze which illuminates the whole heavens.

But such zeal, such untiring labors, could not long be sustained by a frame which had already been weakened by excessive application to study. His labors were several times interrupted for a season by attacks of disease, which were regarded by him as premonitions of his approaching end. He now preached like a dying man to dying men, and his labors were crowned with success.

Mr. M'Cheyne became much interested in the "Mission among the Jews," and finally joined a "commission" for the investigation of the condition of the Jews in the Holy Land, and various other countries. He was induced to enlist in this enterprise from the fact that an attack of palpitation of the heart had laid him up, and he was advised by his physicians that he must wholly refrain from preaching for a time, and that probably traveling would be of service to him. The results of that mission may be seen in the "Narrative of a Mission of Inquiry to the Jews, from the Church

of Scotland, in 1839." He considered his call to this mission as a special opening of Providence; and though his people knew not how to part with him, they committed him to God, and quietly submitted to what they considered a sort of judgment from Heaven.

But God did not leave the flock when he had removed the shepherd. Under the labors of Mr. Burns, who supplied his place during his absence, the parish was visited with a glorious outpouring of the Spirit. Mr. Burns seemed well suited to follow Mr. M'Cheyne. He was a young man of great power in the pulpit, and of a truly Christian spirit. The people were cut to the heart under the word, and multitudes, as on the day of Pentecost, "cried out, Men and brethren, what shall we do?" We should like to give several interesting particulars in relation to this revival, but cannot without extending this paper to too great length.

We have many interesting and instructive details of events and incidents which occurred to the travelers in their journey; also many fine descriptions of objects and scenes of a most thrilling character, which would be read with great interest and profit, but we can merely give one specimen, and that relates to the most interesting of all the locations they visited—that is, Jerusalem:—

"In approaching Jerusalem, we came up the Pass of Latroon. He writes: 'The last day's journey to Jerusalem was the finest I ever had in all my life. For four hours we were ascending the rocky pass upon our patient camels. It was like the finest of our highland scenes, only the trees and flowers, and the voice of the turtle, told us that it was Immanuel's land.' Riding along, he remarked, that to have seen the Plain of Judea and this mountain-pass, was enough to reward us for all our fatigue; and then began to call up passages of the Old Testament Scriptures which might seem to refer to such scenery as that before us.

"During our ten days at Jerusalem, there were few objects within reach that we did not eagerly seek to visit. 'We stood at the turning of the road where Jesus came near, and beheld the city, and wept over it. And if we had had more of the mind that was in Jesus, I think we should have wept also.' This was his remark in a letter homeward; and to Mr. Bonar of Larbert, he expressed his feelings in regard to the Mount of Olives and its vicinity: 'I remember, the day when I saw you last, you said, that there were other discoveries to be made than those in the physical world—that there were sights to be seen in the spiritual world, and depths to be penetrated, of far greater importance. I have often thought of the truth of your remark. But if there is a place on earth where physical scenery can help us to discover divine things, I think it is Mount Olivet. Gethsemane at your feet leads your soul to meditate on Christ's love and determination to undergo divine wrath for us. The cup was set before him there, and there he said,

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"Shall I not drink it?" The spot where he wept makes you think of his divine compassion, mingled with his human tenderness—his awful justice, that would not spare the city—his superhuman love, that wept over its coming misery! Turning the other way, and looking to the south-east, you see Bethany, reminding you of his love to his own—that his name is love—that in all our afflictions he is afflicted—that those who are in their graves shall one day come forth at his command. A little further down you see the Dead Sea, stretching far among the mountains its still and sullen waters. This deepens and solemnizes all, and makes you go away, saying, 'How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?'"—Pp. 87, 88.

Mr. M'Cheyne's return to his beloved people was an event of great interest both to him and to them. The following is the description of the scene:—

"His people, who had never ceased to pray for him, welcomed his arrival among them with the greatest joy. He reached Dundee on Thursday afternoon; and in the evening of the same day—being the usual time for prayer in St. Peter's—after a short meditation, he hastened to the church, there to render thanks to the Lord, and to speak once more to his flock. The appearance of the church that evening, and the aspect of the people, he never could forget. Many of his brethren were present to welcome him, and to hear the first words of his opened lips. There was not a seat in the church unoccupied, the passages were completely filled, and the stairs up to the pulpit were crowded, on the one side with the aged, on the other with eagerly listening children. Many a face was seen anxiously gazing on their restored pastor; many were weeping under the unhealed wounds of conviction; all were still and calm, intensely earnest to hear. He gave out Psalm lxvi, and the manner of singing, which had been remarked since the revival began, appeared to him peculiarly sweet—'so tender and affecting, as if the people felt that they were praising a present God.' After solemn prayer with them, he was able to preach for above an hour. Not knowing how long he might be permitted to proclaim the glad tidings, he seized that opportunity, not to tell of his journeyings, but to show the way of life to sinners. His subject was 1 Cor. ii, 1, 4;—the matter, the manner, and the accompaniment of Paul's preaching. It was a night to be remembered.

"On coming out of the church, he found the road to his house crowded with old and young, who were waiting to welcome him back. He had to shake hands with many at the same time; and before this happy multitude would disperse, had to speak some words of life to them again, and pray with them where they stood. 'To thy name, O Lord,' said he that night, when he returned to his home, 'to thy name, O Lord, be all the glory.' A month afterward he was visited by one who had hitherto stood out against all the singular influence of the revival, but who that night was deeply awakened under his words, so that the arrow festered in her soul, till she came crying, 'O my hard, hard heart!'"—P. 105.

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Mr. M'Cheyne now resumed his work with great spirit and corresponding success. A brief note or two from his diary will give the reader some idea of both his labors and the blessing with which they were crowned.

"'March 5, Thursday evening.—Preached on Zech. iii.—Joshua. Was led to speak searchingly about Christ the minister of sin. One young woman cried aloud very bitterly. M. B. came to tell me that poor M. is like to have her life taken away by her parents. A young woman also who is still concerned, and persecuted by her father. A young man came to tell me that he had found Christ. Roll on, thou river of life! visit every dwelling! save a multitude of souls. Come, Holy Spirit! come quickly.'"

"'Reached home; entirely unprepared for the evening. Spoke on Psalm li, 12, 13, "Restore unto me the joy," &c. There seemed much of the presence of God—first one crying out in extreme agony, then another. Many were deeply melted, and all solemnized. Felt a good deal of freedom in speaking of the glory of Christ's salvation. Coming down, I spoke quietly to some whom I knew to be under deep concern. They were soon heard together, weeping bitterly; many more joined them. Mr. Cumming spoke to them in a most touching strain, while I dealt privately with several in the vestry. Their cries were often very bitter and piercing, bitterest when the freeness of Christ was pressed upon them, and the lion's nearness. Several were offended; but I felt no hesitation as to our duty to declare the simple truth impressively, and leave God to work in their hearts in his own way. If he saves souls in a quiet way I shall be happy; if in the midst of cries and tears, still I will bless his name.'"—Pp. 114, 121.

God grant that such scenes may be more frequent in *Scotland*, and may never become strange in our own country, where "these signs" have in so many instances followed the faithful preaching of God's word.

Mr. M'Cheyne was now near the close of his earthly pilgrimage. The zeal of the Lord's house was eating him up. His physical frame was literally *burning out*,—such was the intenseness of the fire within him. His release from the toils and cares of earth came on March 21st, 1843. He died with a few days' illness. His attack was violent, and baffled all medical skill. But he was ready for the summons. How he triumphed in the final struggle will be seen in the following notices:—

"Next day he continued sunk in body and mind, till about the time when his people met for their usual evening prayer meeting, when he requested to be left alone for half an hour. When his servant entered the room again, he exclaimed with a joyful voice, 'My soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler; the snare is broken, and I am escaped.' His countenance, as he said this, bespoke inward peace. Ever after he was observed to be happy; and at supper-time that

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evening, when taking a little refreshment, he gave thanks, 'For strength in the time of weakness, for light in the time of darkness, for joy in the time of sorrow, for comforting us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to comfort those that are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.'"

"On Tuesday (the 21st) his sister read to him several hymns. The last words he heard, and the last he seemed to understand, were those of Cowper's hymn, 'Sometimes the light surprises the Christian as he sings.' And then the delirium came on.

"At one time during the delirium, he said to his attendant, 'Mind the text, 1 Cor. xv, 58. Be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord,' dwelling with much emphasis on the last clause, '*forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.*' At another time, he seemed to feel himself among his brethren, and said, 'I don't think much of policy in church courts; no, I hate it; but I'll tell you what I like, faithfulness to God, and a holy walk.' His voice, which had been weak before, became very strong now; and often was he heard speaking to, or praying for, his people. 'You must be awakened in time, or you will be awakened in everlasting torment, to your eternal confusion!' 'You may soon get me away, but that will not save your souls!' Then he prayed, 'This parish, Lord, this people, this whole place!' At another time, 'Do it thyself, Lord, for thy weak servant!' And again, as if praying for the saints, 'Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me!'

"Thus he continued most generally engaged, while the delirium lasted, either in prayer or in preaching to his people, and always apparently in happy frame, till the morning of Saturday the 25th. On that morning, while his kind medical attendant, Dr. Gibson, stood by, he lifted up his hands as if in the attitude of pronouncing the blessing, and then sunk down. Not a groan or a sigh, but only a quiver of the lip, and his soul was at rest."—Pp. 145, 146.

Thus terminated the life and labors of "a good minister of Jesus Christ." He had labored as a preacher of the gospel a little more than eight years; but during this brief space had made higher attainments in holiness, and been the means of more good to the souls of men, than many, who have had the reputation of good ministers, have done in the space of half a century, but who have been more careful of life and strength, and less zealous for the honor of God and the salvation of souls. It is by no means the longest life that tells the most effectually upon the interests of the world. A Pollok, a Treffry, a Summerfield, or a M'Cheyne, has done more in a few years to bless the church, and save sinners, and make himself a name, than others have done in a period of six times the same length. And why are not such instances regarded as specially favored? The struggle was indeed severe, but it was not long; the battle was hot, but it was soon over, and terminated in glorious victory.

But we, poor erring mortals, are inclined to query:—Why, when men's talents for usefulness just begin to develop, and they exhibit extraordinary endowments, and the state of the church and the world seems to call loudly for such gifts, why are they so often snatched away? Such are our blind reasonings upon the ways of God. We know not the special reason for these dispensations, but we do know that God is infinitely good and infinitely wise; and the purposes of his goodness and wisdom may be answered in ways and modes far beyond our comprehension. The very measures which we suppose wisest and best might turn out infinitely foolish and fatally injurious. The very brevity of life may, in many instances, be the means of making men instrumental of the greatest amount of good to the universe. "Whether we live or die, we are the Lord's." God has purposes to answer in our death as well as in our life. And he does not intend to do all by one instrument or by a few instruments. The work designed for one may be done soon, and that for another may occupy a long period. And we may be assured that for the accomplishment of the great work of the world's regeneration, he has an ample store of instrumentalities left, and he will not remove one of these, not even the smallest, while it is at all necessary to the accomplishment of the grand design. We may suppose that the work will cease when we are discharged from service, or any given number or class of instruments shall be removed: but God may see that those whom we suppose so necessary to the prosperity and progress of his cause would, if longer spared, act as a prejudice, and essentially impede the progress of the car of salvation. We must, however, forbear these reflections.

Our principal object in this paper has been to bring out the extraordinary characteristics of a very remarkable character. This we have done for the purposes of example—of reproof and of encouragement—as occasion may require. We would have the young minister especially to look at the admirable qualities of a faithful and a successful minister, not merely to admire them, but to imbibe and to imitate them. See what a spirit of prayer, of self-denial, of zeal, of faith, of meekness, and of patience, exhibited itself in a comparatively young minister and young Christian. See what a ripeness for heaven and readiness to discard and leave the world, in the midst of a tide of success and popularity, are here presented to our view. See what a pattern of industry, see how time may be improved, and to what valuable account it may be turned. In these two heavy volumes we may see how much a diligent hand can *write* in the midst of a heavy burden of studies

and pastoral duties. How are idle ministers—drowsy shepherds—greedy dogs—here put to shame!

Mr. M'Cheyne was an admirable preacher, a good letter writer, and a tolerable poet. Some pretty specimens of his poetry are to be found scattered through these volumes; but we must refer our readers to the book itself. As a theologian we must merely take such exceptions to him as an orthodox Arminian would necessarily take to an orthodox Calvinist. The papers published in these volumes are almost entirely devoted to experimental and practical religion. But occasionally an expression occurs and a theological proposition is laid down, which is not according to our views of gospel truth. We shall, however, introduce no particular instances of this kind, as it would extend this article too far were we to do so, and especially were we to add such criticisms as the occasion might call for.

Occasionally Mr. M'Cheyne agrees with us upon a point upon which many Calvinistic divines do not. We give the following upon the knowledge of forgiveness.

> "Never rest till you can say what John says, (1 John v, 19,) '*We know* that we are of God.' The world always loves to believe that it is impossible to know that we are converted. If you ask them, they will say, 'I am not sure—I cannot tell;' but the whole Bible declares we may receive, and know we have received, the forgiveness of sins. See Psalm xxxii, 1; 1 John ii, 12. Seek this blessedness—the joy of having forgiveness; it is sweeter than honey and the honey-comb. But where shall I seek it? In Jesus Christ. 'God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son.' 'He that hath the Son, hath life, and he that hath not the Son, hath not life.' 1 John v, 10."—P. 213.

We will close this paper with a notice of a sentiment which is contained in one of Mr. M'Cheyne's letters, which seems to chime in peculiarly with our present feelings. It is as follows:—

> "MY DEAR MRS. T.—You know how glad I would be of some such retreat as Elijah had by the brook Cherith, where I might learn more of my own heart, and of my Bible, and of my God, where I might while away the summer hours in quiet meditation, or talking of his righteousness all the day long. But it is only said of *the dead* in the Lord that they rest from their labors; and I fear I must not think of resting till then. Time is short, my time especially, and souls are precious; and I fear many are slumbering because I watch not with sufficient diligence, nor blow the trumpet with sufficient clearness."—P. 212.

The idea of "rest" is pleasant, but the *thing* seems to be as far from us as it was from the young Scotch preacher. We have often looked forward for a little relief; but every day has, so far,

brought its toils. At this moment it is possible that some of our friends in the city suppose we are enjoying the luxury of *rest.* But here we are in the chamber of a little parsonage in the north of Pennsylvania, delving on from day to day at an article, that we may not be deficient when we return and are asked for "copy." This is not just the mode of *rusticating* that flesh and blood would choose, but it is far better than none. For though we are obliged to absent ourselves from the society of dear friends, and work hard for a portion of each day, yet we have the advantage of pure country air, and cool, refreshing nights, neither of which could we have in New-York. But we must drop this strain lest we should be chargeable with occupying the reader's attention with personal matters. Thus much we hope will be borne without complaint.

Waymart, Wayne Co., Pa., Aug. 6, 1847.

Art. VI.—*Sketches of Matters and Things in Europe.*

Our object in these papers, as all will at once perceive, is not to give a *complete* view of the places and interesting objects which came under our observation. The limited time we spent in Europe, and the rapidity with which we were obliged to pass from one point to another, necessarily prevented our seeing all we wished to see, or having as perfect knowledge of what did come under our observation as we desired. Still we hope we may, from what we saw, and the incidents of our travels, furnish our readers with a few pages of *sketches* which will afford them a little entertainment, and which may, at least to some, be instructive. How far we shall proceed we can now give no pledge. We at present purpose to prepare for our next number a paper upon *Scotland.* Whether our *temerity* will be equal to an attempt to present anything further upon *England,* or to say anything in relation to our visit to the continent, is at present quite problematical. Small as is our undertaking, it is both delicate and hazardous. But we will at least venture on a little further.

We closed our preceding paper with a view of the *British Conference* which held its session in *Bristol.* This city, at least, demands a slight notice. Bristol is a very ancient city, as the appearance of many parts of it clearly shows. It was the *Caer Brito* of the Britons, and *Brightstow* of the Saxons. It lies upon an elevated peninsula formed by the confluence of the Frome and

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Avon. Like Rome, it rests upon *seven hills:* these with the intermediate valleys give the city a most picturesque appearance. For a long time Bristol was, in commercial importance, only second to London. In this respect it is now far outstripped by Liverpool. The decline of trade, it is said, is owing to the policy of the corporation in relation to the docks. The population of Bristol proper in 1832 was one hundred and four thousand three hundred and thirty-eight. There are many fine specimens of antiquity still to be seen. Among these is a portion of the ancient mall. There is a gateway called "St. John's Gate," containing the grooves of the huge portcullis, the porter's lodge, &c., all in perfection. And on one side are the statues of *Brennus* and *Belinus*, with the insignia of royalty in their hands, who are said to have reigned conjointly after the death of their father. It is said that the city was built by Brennus, a prince of the Britons, three hundred and eighty years before the Christian era. It now contains many noble structures, both ancient and modern, which would be well worth description did our limits permit. Among these is the old church of *St. Mary Redcliffe*, which is said to have been founded in 1292.

This old church is the place in which the famous young poet, *Chatterton*, professed to have made his wonderful discoveries of ancient records and drawings, and of several of the most splendid poetical productions which adorn English literature,—which he ascribed to Rowley and others,—but the whole of which he coined out of his own brain, when *a lad of fifteen!* And here, by the old church, stands his monument, though where his bones are no one knows, as, in consequence of cruel neglect, he committed suicide in London, and was buried among beggars.

Bristol is remarkable for having connected with its history some of the most illustrious names. Among these are Bishop Butler, Southey, Coleridge, John Foster, Robert Hall, and Hannah More. And here Methodism made its first permanent stand. Here Mr. Wesley erected his first chapel, and here he dated the Preface to his Notes upon the New Testament.

We made a most delighful excursion to *Clifton*, a mile or two below Bristol, and constituting the aristocratic portion of that city. Clifton is situated upon a high cliff on the north side of the Avon. The cliff is terraced and variously ornamented, and presents a most picturesque appearance. At the foot of the cliff are "the Bristol Hot Wells," to which Mr. Wesley resorted when under the influence of a pulmonary affection which greatly alarmed his friends. We ascended the steep, and, from the observatory, had a most enchanting view of Bristol and the surrounding country.

Here are the "Giant's Cave," "the old Roman Wall," and a great number of splendid mansions, a botanical garden, and other objects of interest to attract the attention of visitors.

We have made a general reference to the *antiquities* of Bristol. These are numerous and of great interest; but to us, the most interesting relic of past times was "Mr. Wesley's Chapel." It was the first chapel that he built, and is now nearly as he left it. We have the history of the erection of this chapel, and its subsequent improvements, in Mr. Wesley's Journals, and also some curious facts with regard to the manner in which it was settled. It was first deeded to trustees, in such way as to give them the control of the pulpit. Mr. Wesley, perceiving that this would interfere with his plan of appointing and changing preachers, resolved to have a change effected or to abandon the chapel. The change was effected by mutual consent, and from that period Mr. Wesley held the right, during his life, to supply the pulpits of all the chapels erected; and when he died that right was transferred to the conference.

The old chapel is now in the hands of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, having undergone no other alteration except the erection of pews in the body of the house instead of the original benches, and a clerk's desk on each side of the pulpit. The chapel will hold, perhaps, five or six hundred people. The galleries are wide and low, and under them are arranged in order the very old benches with which the house was first seated. They are simple benches without backs, strongly constructed; and, though considerably worn, appear as if they might last another century or more. There is a stairway from the pulpit into the gallery, and thence into a suite of rooms above, fitted up for Mr. Wesley's accommodation. There is an opening through the ceiling, of about eight feet square, surrounded above by a railing, through which you can look down into the chapel. We surveyed the parlor, the bed-room, and the library, or study—built by the directions of our venerated founder, and occupied by him—with deep emotion; but, we trust, without anything like idolatrous veneration for the place or its former occupant. We could not but regret that this chapel, and the ground upon which it stands, had gone out of the hands of the connection. The place where the first experiment was made to give substantive existence and stability to Methodism—the location where the far-reaching policy of the great modern reformer was first tested by experiment—ought to have been kept sacred, and have been occupied by a structure settled upon the foundation so wisely adjusted by Mr. Wesley, that, as yet, no material alteration has been found

necessary. By the way, we would refer that class of *high* Wesleyans, or *true* Wesleyans, or whatever else they may be called, who find so much tyranny and ministerial assumption in the plan of settling our churches, to the paper which Mr. Wesley drew up to meet the same complaints in relation to the Bristol chapel.* Nothing is more clear, as Mr. Wesley here most explicitly and earnestly declares, than that if boards of trustees—and the same may be said of congregations—control our pulpits, our itinerant system is at an end. But this merely by the way.

It will not be out of place to observe before we take our leave of Bristol, that we were politely invited by *Mr. Dando* to partake of the hospitalities of his house. He resides in a most beautiful mansion on "Ashly Down," a fine elevated situation which overlooks the city. Here we had a most quiet and comfortable resting place during most of our stay in Bristol. Mr. Dando has three interesting daughters, one of whom, in particular, is a great admirer of Robert Hall, and has in keeping *a hat which he wore*, and which she did us the honor to place upon our head. Mr. Dando, the younger, was our guide to the wonders of Bristol; and, together with his excellent lady,—who, by the way, is a Philadelphian,—showed us and our fellow-travelers much attention, for which they are entitled to our gratitude. But for all these kindnesses we ought to confess our obligations to our old friend *Stephen Dando* of New-York, who was so kind as to herald our coming to Bristol to his respected brother and nephew.

On Friday, August 7, at 5 P. M., we took our passage for Dublin, on the steamboat Shamrock, lying in the Avon. Our vessel was evidently constructed more with reference to strength and safety than beauty and convenience. Our company had as good berths as the boat afforded, but they were not remarkable for comfort, except in the probable contingency of a storm. In that case, we were so thoroughly boxed up, that, unless the vessel should be capsized outright, we would not be likely to roll out upon the floor. When night came on, we were fairly out in Bristol Channel, which happily was as smooth as a mirror. On Saturday we crossed the Irish Sea, with only a breath of air—just enough to make sailing pleasant. This *stormy* sea, for once, was perfectly calm. One of the passengers remarked, that he had crossed the Irish Sea many times, and this was the first passage he had ever made "without a brush."

About 4 P. M. we passed between a small rock-bound island, surmounted by a martello tower, and the shore of the Emerald Isle.

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* See Wesley's Works, vol. vii, pp. 326–329.

We soon entered the harbor of Kingston, protected by a long breakwater. Kingston is a straggling town, on a gentle but rocky acclivity, eight miles from Dublin. We gazed upon the shore, the houses, the rocks, the people—some strolling along the beach, and others in the mud, it being low tide, in quest of something, we could hardly tell what—and thought, And is this the veritable old Ireland, whence drift such shoals of people—good, bad, and indifferent—annually upon the shores of the United States? And all appearances seemed to respond, *Sure indeed*, this is old Ireland. We had intrusted our heavy baggage with a porter, while we carried some small articles in our hands. No sooner had we set foot upon the wharf than we were met by a score of boys, from ten to fifteen years of age, tolerably clad, who touched their caps most gracefully, and begged the privilege of carrying our "luggage." We walked along without seeming to notice them, when they became almost furious—running across our path back and forth, clamoring, "I'll carry it for a penny, sir—I'll carry it for a penny!" When we reached the station-house we were encountered by a coachman, or car-driver, who most earnestly assured us that the cars had been gone half an hour, and offered to take us to Dublin at a low rate. We entered the office, however, and the clerk hastily delivered us our tickets, informing us that the train was then just ready to leave. We barely had time to see our baggage on the car, and to secure our seats, when off went the train with almost the velocity of lightning. In the station-house at Dublin everything was orderly. We saw posted in a prominent place, in large letters: "No porter is permitted to receive any compensation for services rendered to passengers." A porter took our baggage to the door, and began to bawl, "Up! up! up!" A cab was soon before us, and as it was now raining powerfully, we were hastily crammed into the cab, with so much of our "luggage" that we could scarcely stir. The good-humored porter, upon our leaving, with real Irish politeness, touched his hat and said, "Long life to you, gentlemen." After being comfortably quartered in the Imperial Hotel, we sallied out in full force, and, crossing the street, entered a book-store, at the door of which a filthy, ragged woman, with three or four miserable children hanging around her, presented herself. When we were ready to depart, one of our fellow-travelers, who had kindly loaned us a portion of a fine umbrella, in coming from the hotel, for it was still raining, cried out, "Where is my umbrella? I set it down there." "Ah," said the woman at the door, "that man that stood there in the house, he carried it away." And she proceeded with several

strong exclamations, which indicated her deep sense of the villany and wickedness of the act. But the umbrella was gone beyond recovery; and just as we were doubting what to do, in came a fellow with a dozen umbrellas under his arm, wishing to know if the gentleman did not wish to purchase a good umbrella. And thinking it no more than fair that we should in turn run our chance, we made a purchase rather hastily, and afterward found we had given six English shillings for an old frame with an indifferent cover. We had now learned several small lessons which were subsequently of much service to us. What became of the lost umbrella, none of us was able to tell—whether it went to the same dépôt whence came the one we purchased, and whether the beggar at the door had not slipped it into some hand which conveyed it there, or whether some light-fingered villain, who wanted it for his own use, had laid hands upon it, we could not tell. But we learned to keep a good look-out for thieves, and, so far as we know, that was the last speculation this class of sinners made out of our company during all our journeying.

It being Saturday afternoon, we concluded to report ourselves to some one of the Wesleyan ministers. We accordingly repaired to the Abbey-street Chapel, having been informed that the preacher lived "*over* the chapel." We found the parsonage, after a tedious journey up several long flights of stairs, under the roof of the chapel. The rooms were comfortable, but were located rather too near the clouds. We were most cordially received by Mr. Greer, the minister, who informed us he should be glad to have us severally—as there were three preachers in the company—occupy his pulpit on the approaching sabbath: but he did not feel at liberty to monopolize the whole of our services until he had consulted Mr. Masaroon, the senior superintendent, and given him the privilege of coming in for a share. As we were about to retire, Mr. Greer said, "You must stay to tea—for Mrs. G. says it would not comport with Irish hospitality to allow you to leave at this hour without your tea." We complied with the invitation, and a pleasant tea it was. We immediately found ourselves engaged in free and unrestrained conversation, and felt as much at home as if we had met with old acquaintances from our own land. After tea Mr. Greer conducted us to the parsonage of the Centenary Chapel, where we met with a welcome equally cordial from Mr. Masaroon. After completing arrangements for the sabbath, we returned to our quarters, taking in our way an old Romish church, where we saw, by the aid of some dim lights, a few poor, wretched people, scattered around upon the stone pavement upon their knees, performing

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their devotions, so far as appearances went, in a most careless manner. At the door and in the vestibule were groups of miserable beggars—some on their feet, some sitting, and others reclining on the cold pavement. The whole scene was altogether a correct and striking emblem of Romanism. Here was darkness, formality, superstition, religious indifference, *clerical splendor*, and *lay beggary*, in one view before our gaze. We looked upon the scene and shivered, and felt a thrill of grief and pity for the poor deluded victims of a ghostly despotism, which seems destined to crush and break the throbbing heart of poor Ireland.

In the morning we repaired to the Centenary Chapel, and heard Mr. Masaroon preach an excellent sermon at seven. At nine, by invitation, we attended "a class breakfast," in the basement of the chapel. This was to us a novel, but a very edifying, occasion. "The class" was composed of "young men." The breakfast consisted in simple bread and butter, with tongue, and dried beef, and tea. The usage is to have these breakfasts periodically—we believe once a month—and to have a passage of Scripture given out on each occasion, as a subject of conversation for the next. The topic of conversation for this occasion had, by some mishap, not been announced. A venerable supernumerary preacher proposed Isaiah xl, 31—"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength," &c. The remarks made were consequently unpremeditated. Mr. Masaroon commenced, and then each succeeded in rotation. The remarks were sensible, and truly practical and spiritual. Everything was religious. There was no laughter—no gossip; the object was kept steadily in view, which was, to receive and impart spiritual instruction and comfort. Class breakfasts, missionary teas, &c., seem to be reduced to a regular system here. We were shown their boiling and baking apparatus, and their pantry, where there were table sets sufficient for several hundreds. What influence the system exerts upon the funds and the spirituality of the church, we are not prepared to say, nor how long it is likely to continue. At 12 M., the usual time of *morning* service in Ireland, we preached at Centenary Chapel, to a large and respectable audience. When the sermon was concluded, several brethren kindly welcomed us to Ireland, and expressed their high gratification to have heard "the true Wesleyan doctrine by one from the other side of the Atlantic."

At 3 P. M., accompanied by Mr. Masaroon, our company attended St. Patrick's Cathedral. The building has the appearance of great antiquity, and portions of it seem to be going to decay. We thought of Dean Swift and Archbishop Usher, whose voices

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had resounded through these sombre Gothic arches, and whose remains are here reposing. But our meditations were interrupted by the pageant, which proceeded. The chants, as a mere musical performance, would doubtless be pronounced fine. But there was so much mummery about it, and especially when we saw the white-robed boys in the choir suffer their mischief so far to exceed due bounds as to punch each other with their elbows, and cast a roguish glance at each other, just as they were in the act of responding—all upon the bended knee, while professedly offering supplications to God—we could scarcely recognize in it the characteristics of a *religious* service. At the proper time, Dr. Hinds took his place in the pulpit, and read an elaborate sermon on baptism, in which he urged that the phrase, being "buried with Christ by baptism," referred to "the ancient method of baptizing by *immersion*." In the first place, we would observe that we could not subscribe to his position, though it was sustained by a formal argument. And, in the next place, we could not but query, if this learned churchman really believes as he preached, why does he not practice exclusive immersion? We cannot allow him the right to depart from the primitive and apostolic pattern, merely because "the church" ordains it. But we must pass. At 7 P. M. we preached in Hendrick-street Chapel—not a large house, but well filled with quiet and willing hearers. We saw many soldiers in the audience, and were told that several of them were members of society and very useful. After preaching, a prayer meeting was commenced, and we were somewhat surprised to observe, that those who prayed *stood upon their feet*. We did not learn that this practice is general—we hope not.

Dublin, the capital of Ireland, among the cities of Great Britain, ranks next to the metropolis in interest, beauty, and architectural magnificence. Its population, amounting to two hundred thousand, is accommodated in about eighteen thousand dwelling-houses, which occupy an area of three miles in length by about two in breadth. The public buildings are remarkable, not only for the classic elegance of their designs, but for their magnitude, convenience, and number; and the principal streets form spacious avenues, inclosed by lofty and well-designed mansions on either side, and are generally inclined to each other at such angles as do not fail to produce the most picturesque effects, and the most agreeable city views. The river Liffey, on whose banks the city stands, is inclosed by walls of squared granite stone, forming two beautiful lines of quays, which extend to a length of nearly three miles. These noble embankments reach from the sea entrance

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of the Liffey, at the North Wall and Kingsend in the east, to Barrack Bridge in the west, of the city, and are united by six handsome stone bridges, free to the public, and by one foot-bridge, of cast iron, private property.

That the foundation of the city of Dublin is of a very remote origin is an indisputable fact. In the early ages of Christianity it was known by the name of *Aschled*, and, about the beginning of the second century, it exchanged its infant designation for that of *Auliana*, an epithet commemorative of the death of a native princess of that name, who was accidentally drowned in attempting to cross the river Anna-Liffey: previous to the close of that century, Ptolemy, the geographer, professed that the city named Eihlana (Dublin) was not unknown to him. Eihlana was soon after resigned for the name Dubliana, or Dublin, the obvious and simple composition of which term is "Dubh Llyn," the Black Pool, or Harbor, by which name the city has ever since been known to geographers.

We have the authority of O'Halloran, a respectable historian, for the existence of a city here about A. D. 181; when Eogan, king of Munster, on a royal tour through his dominions, visited the city of Ath-Cliath-Dubhline. The very highest authorities among Irish antiquarians affirm, that about the middle of the fifth century Alpin M'Eochaid, king of Dublin, and all his subjects, were publicly converted to Christianity by St. Patrick.

The Danes commenced a profitable trade with Dublin before the arrival of her patron saint; and, becoming acquainted with her defenseless condition, in 498 entered the Liffey with a fleet of sixty vessels, and, putting the inhabitants to the sword, possessed themselves of the city, and surrounded it with walls. These intruders enjoyed the possession of Dublin for two centuries or more, when they were dispossessed by the Normans. The Danes, however, soon returned and drove out the Normans, and demolished the fabric of their government, which, being vastly more lenient than that of the Danes, was in favor with the native population. A struggle ensued between the Danes and the native chiefs, which continued with various success until the English found their way into Ireland, and Dublin was finally subdued and taken possession of by Henry II. in the twelfth century, when the Irish princes and chieftains were induced to accept the British constitution and laws.

We cannot proceed through the more modern history of Dublin, but must hasten to sketch our rambles through this really splendid city. Our friend, Dr. Emory, had fortunately made the acquaintance of the Messrs. Carson,—father and son. Mr. Carson, the

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younger, had most obligingly volunteered his services as a guide to the most interesting objects to be seen in Dublin. On Monday morning early our company, consisting now of Dr. Emory, Prof. Caldwell, Rev. J. B. Merwin, and ourself, repaired to Mr. Carson's, where our young friend took us in charge. He provided two jaunting-cars for the use of the company, and then proceeded to give a general outline of his plan. And first we were asked whether we wished to see Mr. O'Connell. Certainly, was the unanimous response. We wish to see the *lions* of Dublin, and Daniel O'Connell is undoubtedly one of the genus. So off we went to see "the Liberator" first, as he would likely be unoccupied at that early hour. We halted before a plain brick building, one of a row of, perhaps, three stories. After a few moments' absence, the messenger returned and made a communication to our friend, who made him a brief reply, and he left again. We then learned the state of things. Mr. O'Connell wished, before the company should be admitted, to know whether any of them were "slaveholders." Upon being informed that "the gentlemen were not slaveholders, nor friends to the institution of slavery," the servant was ordered to "ask them to come in." We were ushered into the presence of his excellency in his library, clad in his blouse and covered with his green cap. He received us very politely, hoping that we would take no exceptions at his preliminary inquiry as to our holding slaves: for he considered slaveholders as man-stealers, and he could hold no intercourse with man-stealers. This was made an occasion of a few remarks upon the general subject, some of which seemed new and surprising to Mr. O'Connell. For instance, we remarked that a majority of the people of the slaveholding states did not own slaves; and that a large portion of those who did, considered it a matter of kindness to the slaves to hold the legal relation of master to those whom the laws made their slaves, and did not admit of their emancipation. And that many in the southern states were ardently desirous to have slavery wholly abolished, and were seeking in some safe way to accomplish that desirable object. "Do you state this," anxiously asked Mr. O'Connell, "from your own personal knowledge, or is it from reports and rumors." We answered, from our own personal knowledge; for we have for many years been well acquainted with the whole subject, having traveled considerably in the slave states, and having had an intimate acquaintance with many men who reside there, who are slaveholders. Several other topics were introduced and received passing remarks. Among other things, upon hearing that our purpose was to travel *north*, Mr. O'Connell remarked, that to see Ireland we must go

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south,—we ought certainly to visit Killarney. On leaving, the old gentleman took us severally cordially by the hand, and expressed himself—with a little blarney of course—as "very proud to be called upon by so many distinguished gentlemen from America." Mention was made of the monthly repeal meeting at "Conciliation Hall," and an intimation given that our company might possibly be present, with which Mr. O'Connell seemed not at all displeased. And before taking our leave of O'Connell, we may as well give this meeting a passing notice. We came around to Conciliation Hall a little too late to hear all the eloquent speeches which were reported. But we were there and saw Mr. O'Connell in his place, heard him read the report of the receipts of "repeal rent" for the month, and saw the whole array of worthies who act under the instructions of "Ireland's paid servant," as he unblushingly styles himself. Young O'Connell made a flaming speech, which was much applauded by the multitude, and highly lauded in the "Freeman's Journal." But he is not equal to his father either in bodily appearance, mental calibre, or powers of eloquence. The notorious *Steele* is the mere wreck of a man. A brawny, bloated face, inflamed eyes, and vulgar look and mien, indicated one nearly gone in a course of intemperance and kindred vices.

The whole farce was calculated to confirm us in an opinion we had long entertained, and one which we heard repeatedly expressed by intelligent persons in Dublin, that the whole repeal movement has two objects in view:—one is the extension of Romanism, and the other the temporal aggrandizement of O'Connell and his family. Look at the thousands sterling which have been swallowed up by this movement, and ask where has it all gone, and what has it done? As to the first question, no one knows: for the Liberator acknowledges no obligations to render an account of his receipts and outlays of the "repeal rents." As to the second inquiry, perhaps, there is a difference of opinion. But all will agree that "the union" is not yet "repealed," nor likely to be. And we perfectly agree with a gentleman in Dublin who said to us, that "O'Connell never expected and never desired the repeal; but had cunningly resorted to it as a convenient nucleus around which Irish prejudice and Romish bigotry could be made to gather and become concentrated." No wonder that the dreadful realities of famine should throw the Liberator into great perplexities and hasten his end. But why did he not proceed to distribute a tithe of the vast funds which "the Irish people" had put into his hands for their liberation from oppression, to those who were starving—literally dying the most awful of deaths—and so save their lives? Why set off

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for *Rome* under these circumstances? But the HERO of Irish liberty has fallen! Death overtook him before he had accomplished the cherished object of seeing the holy father, and procuring his blessing. His mortal remains have returned to Ireland "in state," there to rest until the morning of the resurrection. It is now seemly to think and say the very best we can of him, and we are far from being disposed to disturb his ashes. But his measures remain, and are to have an influence for generations to come; and neither decency nor religion requires that the character of his public career should be regarded as above criticism. Daniel O'Connell was by nature a great man, but he was a devoted Romanist. With him "the end might sanctify the means;" he might "deceive heretics," he might be a *Jesuit* in politics, and be the *better Catholic* on that account. His great faults originated from two causes;—his corrupt faith, and his ambition: of both of these sins we should be glad to hope he at last repented, and obtained forgiveness at the hand of God.

From Mr. O'Connell's we went to Archbishop Whately's "palace," but unfortunately "his grace" was not at home. From this point we hastened to "College Green," one of the most splendid spots for rich architectural views, we had like to have said, which any city in Europe presents. The Green is nothing more than a spacious street stretching away in perspective. In the central point is William, prince of Orange, on horseback—an immense bronze figure. The centre of the view is occupied by the eastern portico of the Bank of Ireland, formerly the entrance to the House of Lords, having on its left the ornamented screen connecting this portico with the grand or principal front in College Green. The eastern portico is a very light, chaste, and beautiful colonnade, consisting of six elegant and lofty columns, of the Corinthian order, supporting a plain entablature, and surmounted by a graceful pediment. On the apex of the pediment rests a statue of Fortitude, having Justice on her right hand and Liberty on her left. The ornamental parts of this classic front are of Portland stone; the retired parts, of the durable granite quarried in the vicinity of Dublin. The portico was erected in the year 1785, at an expense of £25,000.

Charlotte Elizabeth, with characteristic life and beauty, says:—"You have seen good prints of this extraordinary building, and have allowed it to be beautiful; but unless you behold the thing itself, contrasted in the lightsomeness of its noble aspect with the unadorned solidity of the grave college; unless you saw with what exquisite gracefulness it sweeps round, transforming that

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angular corner of two streets into a gentle curve; unless you could witness the effect of its grove of Ionic and Corinthian columns, clustering over an extent of one hundred and forty seven feet in length, with the elegant cornices, the sculptured friezes, the light balustrade, the majestic porticoes, the combination of all that is rich, grand, and chaste, which entirely covers an acre and a half of ground,*—unless you could really look upon all this, my good friend, I deny your capability of forming any opinion on the subject." —*Letters from Ireland.*

We have "a good print of this extraordinary building" now before us, and we surveyed the thing itself, and strong as is the impression upon our mind, we felt that any description we might give of it would be meagre without a few lines from the fair traveler who has laid the public under such strong obligations for her numerous publications, and is such an enthusiastic admirer of every thing Irish, except Irish *ignorance* and *vice*, and their cause, *Irish Romanism.* In our *notes* upon the wonders of the interior we find entered a splendid tapestry of "the battle of the Boyne," William the Third on horseback, with his sword drawn, a wood-carved model of the building, &c.

To the right of the eastern portico of the Bank is the Royal Irish Institution, instituted in 1813, "for the encouragement and promotion of the fine arts in Ireland." The elevation is unaffected and pleasing; it consists of two stories, a basement, ornamented with rusticated masonry, pierced by two circular-headed windows, and by an entrance-way, and an upper story, decorated by four plain pilasters, supporting a continued entablature: the spaces intermediate between the pilasters are occupied by niches decorated by architraves and dressings. The opposite side of College-street is occupied by the "massive, compact, severe-looking old university, with its advanced ground, a lofty wall of a most frowning aspect, with here and there a tree flinging its patriarchal arms over the rampart."—*Letters from Ireland.*

Our visit to the university, or, as it is now called, Trinity College, was a most interesting one. We were first conducted by our kind friend to the studio of Dr. Blackwood, professor of law in the university; and here met Mr. M'Arthry, a tutor, both of whom we found exceedingly obliging. We wished, if possible, to see the library. This we found it difficult to effect, as the librarian was hid away somewhere, and we perceived much skepticism prevailed with all whether he could be evoked. But our newly-made ac-

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* Our minute-book says, "two Irish, near three English, acres."

quaintances, the doctor and the tutor, persevered in their inquiries until the Rev. Dr. ——, one of the professors, consented to give us admission, having, as it appeared, a set of keys of his own. The mere glance at the vast room of two hundred and ninety-eight feet in length, completely filled with volumes and manuscripts, was a rare treat. Among other rarities we saw and handled the MS. from which Stephens inserted in the Greek text the passage in relation to "the three witnesses," which had been examined by Dr. A. Clarke, as he informs us in his notes; a fac-simile of Magna Charta; a MS. of Common Places of Archbishop Usher, in his own handwriting: also sermons and sketches in the handwriting of Dean Swift; and a copy of *Sallust*, inscribed, it is said, by the hand of *Mary, Queen of Scots*—"Ex libris Maria Scotiorum Regina." Many curious MSS. were cursorily examined, and information as to their dates and history received, and then we bid this rare collection of ancient literature a reluctant adieu; grateful, as in duty bound, for the attentions of the learned professor who had so politely waited upon us.

The *Post Office* is a most splendid building beautifully situated. The *Cloth Mart*, Royal Exchange, Law Courts, Dublin Castle, and other remarkable places, were examined. The last mentioned demands a brief description. The ancient castle of Dublin was built by Henry de Londres, archbishop of Dublin, in the year 1220, and converted into a vice-regal palace by Queen Elizabeth in 1560. The present arrangement consists of two distinct parts—"the lower castle-yard," which contains the old treasury, chapel, ordnance office, &c.; and the upper castle-yard, or great court, in which are the apartments of the lord lieutenant, chief secretary, &c. This latter is a spacious quadrangle, two hundred and eighty feet in length by one hundred and thirty in breadth, surrounded by stately buildings, and ornamented by noble archways for ingress and egress on public occasions. To the right hand, as you enter the court from the lower castle-yard, stand the offices and apartments of the secretary of state, near to which is seen a troop of lancers, preparing to relieve guard, a duty performed daily in this court with much ceremony, and constituting a considerable pageant. Adjacent to this last-mentioned building is the grand entrance from Cork Hill, a spacious archway of rusticated masonry, on the summit of which rests a statue of Justice, of which it was wittily observed by the late Dr. Barrett, the learned head of Carlow College,

"Statue of Justice! mark well her station,
Her face to the castle, her back to the nation."

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The centre of the right side is adorned by a graceful building, called the "Bedford Tower." A very beautiful octagonal lantern rises from the roof, pierced by circular-headed windows, ornamented with highly enriched architraves, and adorned with elegant Corinthian pilasters. A dome of easy convergence crowns the lantern, and from its summit the union flag is hoisted on all occasions for public rejoicing: a corresponding gate is erected at the other side of Bedford Tower, having a statue of Fortitude upon its summit, which, as well as the figure of Justice before mentioned, was executed by Van Nost.

The parlor of the lord lieutenant is most gorgeously ornamented. Splendid likenesses of the lord lieutenants hang around. The chairs, cushioned with damask, are arranged about the room, and the *throne*, with the sword of state and a mace on each side, is in one side. The company successively sat down upon the throne, and then rose up again without the least approach to a metamorphosis into lord lieutenants of Ireland. By what we saw this day we might well have supposed ourselves in the capital of one of the richest kingdoms in the world. The great monuments erected to the memory of Lord Nelson, Lord Wellington, and others, cost money enough to educate a multitude of the poor, and to keep thousands from starving through years of famine.

At 4 P. M. we returned to Mr. Carson's, hungry and thoroughly wearied. But to our great comfort we found a splendid dinner in readiness, with several friends whom our generous host had invited to dine with "the Americans." We had a truly social dinner. Conversation went on briskly;—and whether the *Irishmen* or the *Americans* asked and answered the most questions, it might be difficult to determine. It was gratifying to find ourselves in company where *America* was understood, and its claims duly appreciated.

After dinner the cars were ordered out again, and we made a drive to Phœnix Park. These grounds are, perhaps, two miles out of Dublin, and are surpassingly beautiful. There is in a central position an elegant Corinthian pillar thirty feet in height, surmounted by a phœnix, erected by Lord Chesterfield about 1747. The vice-regal lodge, near the pillar, is a spacious building surrounded by the most beautiful shrubbery, gardens, ornamented walks, roads, &c.,—a real elysium. There the viceroy of Ireland spends his summers. The deer and rabbits are playing their antics in these beautiful bowers, better provided for, more happy, and far more free, than multitudes of the Irish people.

The provision made for the religious instruction of the people

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of Dublin will be seen in the following statement of the places of religious worship of different kinds, taken from the "Hibernian Gazetteer:"—"There are two cathedrals, namely, St. Patrick's and Christ's Church, and eighteen parish churches, some of which are elegant structures; besides, two chapels of ease, six private chapels, where the service of the established church is regularly attended; besides, three churches for French, and one for Dutch, Protestants, seventeen meeting-houses for Protestant Dissenters, two for Quakers, seven for Methodists, one for Anabaptists, one for Moravians, and sixteen Roman Catholic chapels." The Wesleyan Chapel in Abbey-street, and the Centenary Chapel, situated by Stephen's Green, are beautiful and well-constructed churches; the latter, upon the whole, is the best Wesleyan chapel we saw in Europe.

The great annoyance to strangers, as all travelers agree in saying, is the troops of beggars which everywhere assail you in Dublin, and indeed in every town in Ireland where we came. They are generally females with a group of children around them, either their own, or borrowed for the occasion, all miserably clad and abominably filthy. Though these miserable wretches are numerous and exceedingly importunate, they are easily satisfied. A penny or even a *ha'pence* will bring upon you a perfect shower of blessings. Their gratitude is indicated with a heartiness that always makes the donor wish he had more to give. The recipient courtesies, or bows, gracefully waves the hand, and earnestly ejaculates, "Much happiness to your honor," "May your reverence live a thousand years," "Pace to yer dare hairt," or the like.

We left Dublin loaded with the blessings of our dear friends, who, after favoring us with directions and letters, bade us an affectionate farewell. We arranged to take the cars to Drogheda, twenty-four miles from Dublin, and there to take the mail stage to Belfast. On coming into the country we noticed the fatal potato disease had begun its ravages. The tops were dying, and the poor people were digging the potatoes, then not more than half grown, and beginning to rot. We could not but see that want and even wretchedness were before these poor people, but did not begin to anticipate the extent of the evil which has since followed.

Drogheda is a town of considerable business and great historical interest, situated on the river Boyne, five miles west of the Irish Channel. Its population is said to amount to seventeen thousand three hundred and sixty-five. Some fine ruins of abbeys are to be met with about this town, but we could not take time to visit them. Two miles up the river is an obelisk, erected in memory of the

victory obtained there by King William III. in 1690, of which we had a good view for several miles on the postroad. "At Grange, near Drogheda, is a vaulted cave, in the form of a cross, with a gallery leading to it eighty feet long; and three miles beyond Drogheda are the ruins of the ancient Abbey of Monaster-boici; two chapels, a round tower, and a large stone cross, called St. Boyne's cross, deemed the most ancient religious relic now in Ireland." Drogheda was the scene of one of the most terrible of Cromwell's inflictions upon "God's enemies." The castle refusing to surrender upon any terms, the whole garrison were, by "the judgment of God," put to the sword. There are in this town some fine buildings and several splendid old churches, but a multitude of miserable hovels where the poor linger out a miserable existence. Many men who seemed to have no employment were loitering about the streets, and a host of beggars, ready to fall upon every traveler who visits the place, with a most pitiful story, eloquently told, and the modest demand of "a penny."

On arriving at the dépôt, which is in the suburbs of the town, we took a jaunting-car for the stage house. These queer vehicles, consisting of two short settees flung over two wheels, so that you ride with your side toward the horse and your feet about as low as the axle, are said to be very safe and comfortable. We asked our good friend in Dublin if they did not frequently come in contact, and bruise the feet of the passengers, as they are wholly unprotected. The answer was in the negative. But as we mounted one of these truly Irish vehicles, upon leaving the cars in Drogheda, our apprehensions of danger were realized. Our driver set off without making accurate calculations as to the space which was necessary for his safe egress from a crowd of cars, and our attention being directed to some other object, our feet were caught by the foot-board of a car standing by, and came near being crushed. We, of course, cried out heartily, "Stop, driver;" and fortunately at that moment a contact took place between the vehicles in a way to stop our motion, so that the headlong driver necessarily obeyed our summons just in time to save us from becoming a cripple, but not soon enough to prevent a contact which occasioned us some pain and inconvenience through the day. On reaching the hotel we found we had a little time upon our hands; this we resolved to improve in an effort to find some kind of a map of Ireland. We found our way into a small shop where *old books* were kept on sale. We made several purchases, and, upon our return, found that the stage had gone to the dépôt, and that our traveling companions had been in much distress as to what had become of us. A bene-

volent car-driver most kindly offered to take us to the dépôt "in five minutes," which would be in "gude time." "But," answered we, "does not the stage return to the hotel?" "Och, and your honor, that's not sure;—haste, haste, sir, if you plase," looking anxiously toward the dépôt. We leaped upon the car, and bid him "Drive on." He urged on a most miserably jaded nag, and we reached the stage just in time. After paying our kind car-driver, back we went upon the stage-coach, the same way, to the hotel; where the stage stayed long enough to take in a number of passengers, and to give opportunity for a large number of beggars to surround us on all sides.

The whip was soon cracked, and away we went over the green hills and lovely plains of the Emerald Isle, every moment filled with admiration at the novel scene. "There," said our intelligent driver, "in that valley was fought the battle of the Boyne; there stood James, and yonder, upon the hill, stood William, with their body-guards, when the two armies met." A glorious day, that, for Protestantism, as the Orange men say; but, if Charlotte Elizabeth is right, and we are strongly disposed to think she is, its fruits are in a fair way to be lost through the errors of British legislation.

We passed through a most splendid country. Nature seems to have lavished upon it all her sweets. The gentlemen's seats are most beautiful, generally situated at a distance from the road, surrounded by beautiful groves, ornamented walks, &c., exhibiting a vast concentration of wealth and the accompaniments of luxury and ease. But in contrast with all this you see everywhere scattered along the most miserable huts, indicating, by the most unmistakable signs, abject servitude and squalid poverty. The dwellings of the peasantry are all, or nearly all, miserable habitations. Some of them are made of clay, but most, perhaps, of brick, and all are covered with thatch. Most of these might be comfortable if they had floors, and were kept clean. But the poor people all live *on the bare ground;* and the ground inside usually lies lower than that on the outside, and the door-yard being occupied by the pigs, and its chief ornament being a pile of manure, it is difficult to tell how, in so damp a climate, the people live at all. There was not the slightest difficulty in our seeing the interior of these dwellings, as they were always by the roadside, and the doors wide open. We did not see, what Charlotte Elizabeth declares she did, a woman sitting upon the steps "actually nursing a pig!" But it was always obvious, where there were the means to own any of the grunting tribe, that they were in habits of very close intimacy with the good woman and the children. We passed one estate which constitutes

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an exception to the above description. This is the estate of the marquis of Downshire, who has his residence at Hillsborough, sixty-nine miles from Dublin, in view of Lisburn, Belfast, and Carrickfergus Bay; population, about one thousand five hundred. This estate, which extends for several miles along the post-road, each side of the town, is supplied with decent and comfortable farm-houses, and all appearances indicate that the tenantry are well provided for, and enjoy comforts which are not common among the Irish peasantry. The residence of the marquis is in the midst of a most beautiful park of a luxuriant growth, and surrounded by a high stone wall laid in lime.

The curiosities we observed in passing were some ancient ruins —particularly several "round towers," which, as they have been so often described, we may leave with this simple notice. One object, to which our attention was directed, we venture to say, has not its parallel in the world: a square brick tower, perhaps twenty feet high, in an apartment of which, near the top, is said to have been deposited the body of a leaseholder of the lands upon which it stands. The case, as related by the driver, was this. This man held a lease which secured to him the occupancy of the property "while his body was above ground." When he died, his children had his body put into a coffin and inclosed in strong mason work in the top of this tower. The result has been that his descendants have held the occupancy of the lands now for eighty years. All attempts to eject them, as yet, have failed, the body of the original lease holder still being "above ground."

We passed through *Dunleer*, a small town, in which *a fair* was being held. The spectacle was curious enough. The goods, vegetables, live stock, and what not, were disposed around in an open space, mostly upon the ground. Here was a pile of potatoes, and there a woman with a basket of trinkets; in one place some calves tied together, and in another a number of pigs in the same condition. A Paddy, who had bought one of these "nice craturs," was driving him home, having a hay rope tied to his leg, while he walked along as orderly as a trained ox. But the scene cannot be described. Such a medley of matters and things, discordant and in strange juxta-position, we never looked upon before.

We passed several *bogs*, whence the turf or peat is taken which constitutes the fuel of Ireland. These bogs are not on the lowest of the lands, yet are so wet that the excavations which are made fill with water. The peat is cut out in small blocks, something the shape, and about the size, of a brick, and laid out upon the ground to dry. When sufficiently dry, the blocks are laid up in

regular heaps in such a manner as that the air can circulate through the mass. Some of it is taken out of the bed in an almost liquid state. This is, of course, in less regular pieces, and must lie longer upon the ground before it is taken up. Working in these bogs must be a most slavish, uncomfortable, and unhealthy business. We saw none at work, as it was the harvest-season, and probably labor in the field was more productive. Men and women were in considerable numbers seen laboring in the harvest and hay fields. They cut all their grain with sickles. The process appeared to us exceedingly slow and painful. The reaper stoops low and cuts the grain close to the ground. But there was not much life and animation among these poor people. They seemed to take it quite leisurely,—generally resting almost as long after they had deposited a handful upon the ground, as they had occupied in cutting it; and about the middle of the day they were lying about in the shade. Upon seeing, in one instance, almost hands enough in a field to swallow the grain it contained at a meal, we asked an Irishman why they did not cradle their grain,—giving it as our opinion that two Americans would cut down the field in one day, which seemed to be occupying, perhaps, twenty men and women for several. The answer was,—"The people would not submit to it. One farmer of my acquaintance undertook it, and going into his field the morning after he had cradled and stacked up his *corn*, he found it was all burned up." The slowness of the process is necessary to give employment to the multitudes who would otherwise die with hunger.

The process of *gathering* hay seemed to be carried on mostly by females. They used no instruments but such as nature has provided. Certainly hands were made before rakes and pitchforks, and why should they not supersede them? So the matrons and lasses were employed in gathering up the hay from the swath, as left by the mower, into small rolls; and, as would seem, leaving it in that condition to cure.

Upon passing the grounds of a *gentleman*, which were inclosed by a strong wall, we were struck with the following notice upon a board in large letters, just within the gate:—"*Snakes and spring-guns set here.*" What! exclaimed we, *snakes in Ireland?* The driver very kindly explained. The snakes are sharp spikes, so set as to wound the feet of those who walk these grounds without a guide. Poor Ireland! her people are starving for the want of ground to raise potatoes upon, while the best portions of the soil are inclosed within high walls, and guarded by concealed "snakes and spring-guns," to the end that some English lord, who resides in

France or Germany, may cause it to be covered with trees to shade his deer and rabbits, and that he, with his hounds, may have a chase over it once in a year or two!

We passed the Mourn Mountains, celebrated by some travelers for their picturesque scenery. We saw nothing that would at all compare with American scenery for grandeur. The mountain was covered with heather, which, being in blossom, gave it a brownish shade slightly tinged with violet. A strong wall passing over the point of one of the highest elevations, we suppose, marks the line of division between two lordly domains. As we passed the mountain, which we did without making much sensible ascent, we discovered that we were in the neighborhood of the residence of some nobleman. The mountain sides and glens were covered with most beautiful trees and shrubs of every variety, nearly resembling a natural forest. It was strange to us to think that all these trees, which occupied several miles square, we know not how many, were planted by the hands of men! The carriage-ways, walks, and gates, were visible, but the lordly mansion was entirely concealed by the trees from the view of travelers. We recollect to have seen no cottages upon this estate. Perhaps his lordship has his tenantry located upon some other part of his domain.

Our company being, by express arrangement, seated upon the top of the coach, we had a fine opportunity to gaze upon the novel and interesting prospect. The ride was really a charming one. The stages are constructed so as to carry the principal part of their burden upon the top. Here may be seated thirteen passengers besides the driver, and that *indispensable*, the *guard;* and here, also, the "luggage" is stacked up, sometimes to an enormous height. At first an American traveler asks himself, what will become of me when all this mass of things, animate and inanimate, shall be pitched into a gully? But when he comes to see the roads his fears are quieted. The roads are macadamized, and as smooth as a railway. The stage consequently glides along without the smallest jolting. The horses are generally pressed to the top of their speed, and are changed once in from five to eight miles. We reached Belfast at a quarter before seven.

As we came up to the hotel we were besieged by a gang of real, and would-be, "porters." When our trunk was dislodged we thought to have asserted the first claim to it, but in this we were fairly out-generaled. A great bloated ruffian, both dirty and ragged, had the address to take it into custody and carry it into the hall in spite of us, though we put in our claim to it and actually held fast to one of the handles. After it was set down, we took

the liberty to set it out upon the walk, as our plan was to go immediately to the steamboat and take our berths, before we made any effort at surveying the town. The baggage of the company was put in charge of a porter, and placed upon a cart; and, to our great annoyance, our beautiful volunteer servant walked along behind the cart, and though we were detained an hour at the wharf, waiting for the slow process of discharging from the boat the horses, tent, and apparatus of a *circus*, our man Friday kept his post. We repeatedly told him we did not want his services, but, nothing daunted, there he stood until the plank was clear, when he picked up our trunk and carried it into the boat. We submitted to the fellow's impudence rather than to get into a brawl. All over, we handed him an English sixpence, which he took with a sort of spasmodic grasp, at the same time vociferating, "I won't tack it—what! a sexpance? Wud the gentleman turn me off with a sexpance?" We turned our back and fled into the cabin, and thus escaped from our embarrassments. We can say nothing more to give an adequate idea of the vexatious impudence of this class of *public servants* in the great commercial town of *Belfast*, except what will be nothing but fair justice to all concerned; and that is, that they are within a trifle as outrageous and troublesome to travelers, as the same class are in the *city of New-York*. To say they are *quite as bad* as our cab men and hack men, who are accustomed to meet the steamboats on the Hudson and East rivers, would be an injustice which our conscience will not permit us to perpetrate.

In the mean time we must not overlook another matter. When our *driver* and *guard* took leave of us, they presented their demands. The driver came around with his hand stretched out,—"The driver, gentlemen, the driver." "How much?" we asked. "Just what the gentleman pleases," answered he. This done, and along comes the guard,—"The guard, gentlemen, the guard." Question and answer the same. But in both cases anything short of a shilling sterling—about twenty-five cents—would not be well received.

The *guard* is a somewhat important functionary. He guards "the queen's mail," and, of course, is a necessary appendage to a mail-stage. He is usually dressed in a red coat, and, having a tin horn in his hand, takes his position in the rear, where he can overlook mails, passengers, and baggage. The only service we can recollect to have seen him perform, aside from his charge of the mail, was blowing his horn when a cart, or some other obstruction, happened to be in the road. What reason there is why *travelers*

should pay *the queen's mail guard,* we cannot tell; though, perhaps, there is some wise reason above our comprehension. That the presence of this officer makes traveling in Ireland, Scotland, and England, any more *safe* than it would be without him, is perfectly absurd and nonsensical. But travelers must put up with the arrangements of the countries through which they travel. Upon this principle, we readily submitted to all such demands as we knew to be usual, and made ourselves as acceptable to the whole fry of those pensioners, whose business it is to look after the welfare of travelers, as we possibly could. In general, they were very accommodating, and capable of giving much local information, which is of essential service to strangers.

"Belfast is a borough, market, port, and post town, with a good trade, at the mouth of Logan River, on Carrickfergus Bay, in the county of Antrim, province of Ulster; it lies about nine miles south-west of Carrickfergus, and eighty miles from Dublin. It is a place of the greatest trade in the province, and has a barrack for foot. The foundation of it was laid about the year 1682, and was not completely finished till the Revolution. The town is regularly built, and the streets are broad and straight. This town is advancing fast in trade and wealth, having several houses of worship of all classes known in the kingdom; many charitable institutions; a college, and several schools. Belfast, though only half as big as Cork, and only a sixth of Dublin, yet aims at outstripping both in everything. It is one of the most independent towns in Ireland; and, if encouraged, would be an example of industry and enterprise for Ireland. It sends two members to parliament. Each week day is a sort of market here, but Friday is the chief one."—*Hibernian Gazetteer.*

After completing our arrangements at the steamboat, we found our way to a house of entertainment, where we took a passable supper, and then sallied out to take a stroll through some portions of the city. Our time was short, our walk rapid, and our observations consequently quite imperfect. So far as we could judge, there was something like American freshness in the general aspect of Belfast, and a much greater show of business than in Dublin.

Late in the evening we repaired to the steamboat, and bid adieu to Ireland, hoping by sunrise the next morning to be in *Scotland.*

ART. VII.—CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. *Methodist Episcopal Pulpit: a Collection of Original Sermons from living Ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church.* Collected and revised by Rev. DAVIS W. CLARK. G. PECK, Editor. 12 mo. New-York: Lane & Tippett. 1847.

THIS volume is in the press, and will soon be published. The plan for collecting these sermons was both devised and executed by our industrious friend, Rev. D. W. Clark; who has also rendered material assistance in passing them through the press. And we think we hazard nothing in saying that those who possess themselves of the book will feel that they are brought under a debt of gratitude to him for his enterprise. The authors of the sermons are so widely scattered in point of location, and so many of them are men whom the church has delighted to honor, that there must be a charm about the book, aside from its intrinsic merits, which will awaken deep interest in the feelings of our people through the length and breadth of the country. But the book will be found to contain a rare body of divinity, and a fund of instruction upon the great doctrines and duties of Christianity rarely to be found within the same compass. But who, it may be asked, reads sermons? We will not answer this question directly, but will just hint in a word who, we think, *ought to read sermons.* Those who are detained at home on the Lord's day, through partial indisposition or other unavoidable causes, ought, on each such sabbath, to read at least *two sermons.* Those who live in sparsely settled regions where they have no sabbath preaching, or, if any, only one sermon on the sabbath,—or, perhaps, only one on every other sabbath,—ought to spend some portion of each Lord's day in *reading sermons.* Finally, those who can find time for much *light reading*, ought to spend a portion of their reading hours in *reading sermons.* This species of reading, under the divine blessing, will both correct their taste and mend their hearts.

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2. *Mental Discipline, with Reference to the Acquisition and Communication of Knowledge, and to Education generally. To which is appended a Topical Course of Theological Study.* By Rev. DAVIS W. CLARK, A. M. 18mo. New-York: Lane & Tippett. 1847.

A BOOK precisely of the character of the one at the head of this notice has long been wanted. So many of our young ministers commenced their career without a large store of maxims to guide them in their studies, and in the delivery of their discourses, that a manual which would furnish them with rules and directions, plainly set forth and illustrated by suitable examples, is quite indispensable. Orderly habits

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of thought, and a right method of reasoning, are essential elements of a cultivated intellect; and the intellect must be properly cultivated, or educated, before a discourse can be properly prepared, and certainly before it can be delivered in an effective manner. The work before us will be found of essential service to young thinkers and young preachers. The author presents his views in the didactic form, and they are so framed and expressed that they possess the power of aphorisms. The language is simple, the style chaste and perspicuous, and the authorities are taken from the best models. The work exhibits much patient research and a thorough knowledge of the philosophy of the human mind. The great object of the author is to exhibit in a clear light the best method of attaining knowledge and of communicating it to others. This is what a preacher of the gospel must know. And it is what a multitude of others besides preachers ought to know, particularly exhorters, class-leaders, and teachers of youth in our literary institutions, day schools, and sabbath schools. And how much additional power would it give a *parent* to possess this knowledge! The work is, in our judgment, really one of higher importance than any original work which has recently issued from our press; and we hope will be properly appreciated by those who stand in need of such light as it affords. We most cordially thank brother Clark for this excellent book, and sincerely hope he may have the high gratification of knowing that it contributes its fair quota of means to the formation of the character of our rising ministry.

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3. *An Exposition of the Articles of Religion of the Methodist Episcopal Church.* By Rev. S. Comfort, A. M. 12mo., pp. 367. Published for the Author, at the Conference Office, 200 Mulberry-street. 1847.

We have not been able to complete the reading of this work. We have, however, read consecutively until we are satisfied that it is an able exposition of Christian doctrine, and a valuable contribution to our theological literature. The author writes with strength and perspicuity, and adapts his style to the subject of which he treats. The subjects treated are the leading doctrines of Christianity as they are taught in the Bible, and as they stand opposed to the great heresies which have prevailed at different periods,—particularly those propagated by Arians, Socinians, and Romanists. The matter of the book could not be expected to be entirely new, and yet the book itself is by no means a mere compilation. It has a fair claim to originality, both in its plan and execution; though the author uses freely, for illustration and confirmation of his positions and arguments, the language of the great masters of theological learning. Brother Comfort is an independent thinker. He has a mind of his own upon everything. And in

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his book he walks boldly up to his responsibilities without the least misgivings. But the reader need not fear that he will meet with any eccentricities or affectation of novel or peculiar views. Our friend is always sober and scrupulously orthodox. Upon the whole, we can say with great confidence that, in the present work, the student in theology will find a timely and safe guide to an understanding of the great doctrines of divine revelation, and the fundamental articles of the Christian faith. It will also be a very profitable book for the use of families and private Christians, and we earnestly hope may be extensively circulated among our preachers and people. For those who have not the means of consulting larger and more elaborate works upon systematic divinity, this "Exposition of the Articles of Religion" will be invaluable.

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4. *Lectures in Divinity.* By the late GEORGE HILL, D. D., Principal of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews. Edited from his Manuscript, by his Son, the Rev. ALEXANDER HILL, Minister of Dailly. 8vo., pp. 781. New-York: Robert Carter. 1847.

IN this ponderous volume we have a system of divinity thoroughly elaborated. The lectures were originally prepared for the benefit of a divinity class; but were revised, improved, and arranged by the author, with reference to their publication. Dr. Hill was formerly one of the party in the Scotch Kirk called *Moderates*, but gradually came over to the *Evangelicals*. This great work, so far as it is distinctive, is thoroughly *Calvinistic*. The author, however, it must be conceded, conducts the discussion of all questions of difference between *Calvinists* and *Arminians* with great candor and moderation. He acknowledges the arguments in favor of a general atonement to "have considerable weight;" but, not considering them quite conclusive, he attempts to demolish them by fair argumentation. Though in this attempt, according to our notion, he utterly fails, yet he exhibits great strength in the construction and management of his argument. The work, as a whole, is learned, and ranks with the best productions of the great *Scotch* divines. He who wishes a body of divinity prepared by a profoundly learned and eminently candid Calvinistic author, cannot do better than to procure the work now upon our table.

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5. *The Sufferings of Christ, confined to his Human Nature; a Reply to a Book entitled, The Sufferings of Christ, by a Layman.* By BENNET TYLER, D. D., President and Professor of Christian Theology in the Theological Institute of Connecticut. Hartford. 1847.

THE book to which this is a reply was reviewed in our pages soon after its publication. Its arguments were shown to be unsound, and

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its meretricious style censured. It has since given occasion to sundry criticisms in the periodicals of the day,—some few attempting to sustain, others condemning, the theory of "a Layman." One of our contemporaries, in his first issue, permits a correspondent to abuse, in unmeasured terms, the writer of the article published by us, while, very strangely,—we think prudently,—he makes no attempt to meet his arguments; and, although he praises the "Layman" *ad nausea*, very complacently admits that *he does not himself subscribe to his theory.* A more ludicrous article, intended for a serious review, we have seldom met with.

In the volume before us, Dr. Tyler examines with cool deliberation the "Layman's" theory, points out his erroneous inferences and statements, and conclusively establishes the orthodox doctrine by appeals to Scripture, and by sound argument.

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6. *Incentives to the Cultivation of the Science of Geology; designed for the Use of the Young.* By S. S. Randall, Deputy Superintendent of Common Schools of the State of New-York, Editor of the Common School Journal, &c. 12mo., pp. 189. New-York: Greeley & M'Elrath. 1846.

This book, as the title imports, is designed so to popularize the main facts and doctrines of geology, as to urge on "the young" to a thorough knowledge of this interesting science. The author succeeds entirely in the object proposed. No person, young or old, will read his work without imbibing a taste for the study.

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7. *Selections from the Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer: with a concise Life of that Poet, and Remarks illustrative of his Genius.* By Charles D. Deshler. 12mo., pp., 296. New-York and London: Wiley & Putnam. 1847.

The production now upon our table is one of high merit. The author has a thorough knowledge of his subject, and, what is equally necessary to a successful effort, an interest in it which amounts to a passion. Mr. Deshler is not only acquainted with the poets in general, but he has become thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the old and excellent masters of verse. He admires Chaucer, we were about to say, extravagantly. Yet we are not prepared to say that his admiration goes beyond the merits of the father of English poetry. Indeed, without all his present enthusiasm, he never could have written the book before us;—and the book can now no more be spared from the English classics, than one of the primary planets can be spared from the solar system. The history of Chaucer is more perfect than any we have met with; the specimens of his poetry are well selected, and the critical

observations and illustrations are both acute and learned. As a literary production, this book is an honor to our country, and a valuable contribution to American literature.

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8. *The Genius of Scotland; or, Sketches of Scottish Scenery, Literature, and Religion.* By Robert Turnbull. Second edition, 12mo., pp. 379. New-York: Robert Carter. 1847.

The author of this work is a native Scotchman, and of course executed his task *con amore.* In his Preface he says:—"The plan of this work is somewhat new, combining in a larger degree, than he has hitherto seen attempted, descriptions of scenery, with literary and biographical sketches, portraitures of character, social and religious, incidents of travel, and reflections on matters of local or general interest. Hence he has omitted many things which a mere tourist would not fail to notice, and supplied their place with sketches of more enduring interest."

The plan of the work is a good one, and is executed with ability and spirit. Due homage is paid to the *Christianity* of Scotland, while its *mere* literature is not neglected. While the author recollects that Scotland has produced a Burns and a Scott, he does not forget that she has also produced a Knox, a Candlish, a Dick, and a Chalmers. The sketches are graphic, true, and instructive. We cordially recommend the work to our readers.

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9. *A History of Rome, from the Earliest Times to the Death of Commodus, A. D.* 192. By Dr. Leonard Schmitz, F. R. S. E., Rector of the High School, Edinburgh. Andover: published by Allen, Morrel, & Wardwell. New-York: Mark Newman & Co. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. Pp. 456. 1847.

The author of this work entered upon his task with the most thorough preparation. He is a native German, and a pupil of the great historian, *Niebuhr*, well known to students of Roman history. He has resided and taught youth in Scotland long enough to become fully aware of the kind of Roman history which was most needed for English readers of the present day. And what may be regarded as a very high recommendation of the work, is, that three publishing houses in the country have announced the publication of the work, and are to compete for the market. Such a scramble for a new work is certainly rather rare, and must be construed into a high eulogy upon the work itself.

The great excellence of this work is, that it details but few facts not well authenticated, and notifies the reader of such as are doubtful. The fabulous portions of Roman history are purged out, and the most important parts are compressed into a small compass. We doubt not but for the use of schools and academies, and readers of limited means and little leisure, the present work has higher claims than any Roman history extant.

10. *Half-hours with the Best Authors. Selected and arranged, with short Biographical and Critical Notices.* By CHARLES KNIGHT. 12mo., pp. 610. New-York: Wiley & Putnam. 1847.

WHOEVER wishes a book which will introduce him to the best English writers, both ancient and modern, and afford him specimens of their modes of thinking and writing, should procure the volume whose title-page is at the head of this notice. The book contains ninety articles,—all independent and perfect in themselves,—upon as many different topics, written by nearly as many different authors. The individual who will spend a half hour each day in reading these pithy papers from the hands of the great English authors, when he shall have finished the book will have gained much useful instruction, and will have more knowledge of "the best authors" than many, who are reputed scholars, can boast of.

There is a particular aspect in which this work is peculiarly interesting to us. We have here brought together specimens of English literature from every period since the time of the Reformation. We are thus enabled to compare the great authors of all these periods. We have the rough and burning words of *Latimer*, the beautiful eloquence of *Taylor*, the well-turned periods of *Hallam*, and the stately, massive sentences of *Macauley*. Here the English mind appears in all its varieties and in its true greatness. We most cordially thank the editor and publishers for this truly valuable publication.

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11. *Elementary Course of Geometry.* By CHARLES W. HACKLEY, D.D., Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy in Columbia College.

A NEW work in any department of mathematics from the pen of Prof. Hackley will be hailed with pleasure by teachers and scholars in all parts of the country. The treatise before us is a handsomely printed volume of two hundred and sixty pages, containing a full exposition of the state of geometrical science down to the latest day. As in his recent valuable work upon algebra, Prof. Hackley has availed himself of the latest improvements by various accomplished French and German mathematicians, and in addition he has given much that is new. The definitions are remarkably clear and distinct, and the demonstrations are in many particulars very much improved. There are also several essential propositions added, which have, hitherto, in other treatises been left out, and several appendices containing much new matter.

As the author justly observes in the preface, it is the most complete system of purely elementary geometry to be found in any single treatise in any language. The price of the work, being only *seventy-five cents*, is decidedly in its favor.

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12. *Harpers' New-York Class Book: comprising Outlines of the Geography and History of New-York; Accounts of Public Institutions, &c.* By Wm. Russell. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

This book ought certainly to be universally introduced to the youth of the state whose history, biography, geography, scenery, and natural resources, it illustrates. It has long been regretted that the popular reading books were not made to subserve some other purpose than mere instruction in the uses of language: and here we have a large and very carefully prepared volume, which, while it is not deficient in point of style and language, will impress upon the youthful learner's mind that sort of knowledge which is most of all essential, as well as interesting, to the citizens of this great state. The new generation should and will feel grateful to the publishers for its production.

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13. *Louis the XIVth; or, the Court of France in the Seventeenth Century.* By Miss Pardoe. Parts 1 to 6. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

The French from the days of Froissart have excelled all authors in biography. Nothing is more spirited, graphic, and life-like, than the thousand and one memoirs that illustrate the successive ages of French history. But it is uniformly admitted and regretted, that very few of them are suitable for a parent to place in the hands of his children. Miss Pardoe, known as a graceful writer by her "City of the Sultan," &c., has, in the most admirable manner, winnowed the works of this sort relating to the age of Louis le Grand, and given us a book exceedingly instructing as well as entertaining, which the Messrs. Harper have presented to us in fitting typography, and with illustrations that will secure it a place among the gems of the boudoir.

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14. *Life and Religious Opinions and Experience of Madame De la Mothe Guyon; together with some Account of the Personal History and Religious Opinions of Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray.* By Thomas C. Upham. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a very remarkable work, and one which demands at our hands a larger degree of attention than we now can devote to it. Madame Guyon, our readers need not to be informed, was one of the most illustrious women of France,—a country pre-eminently distinguished for its celebrated female characters,—and she is not less famous as a *Christian* than as a woman of genius. Her life and writings illustrate the question of Christian perfection; and the able author of the work before us has entered upon the subject with an enthusiasm, fullness of research, and evident candor, which must make his perform-

ance as interesting to the philosophical inquirer, as it certainly will be for its merits, as a piece of biography, to the general reader. After a more thorough examination of this work, we may give our impressions in relation to its character and influence at length.

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15. *The Protector: a Vindication.* By J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNE, D. D. 12mo., pp. 281. New-York: Robert Carter. 1847.

PERHAPS no character is at present so much the object of study as Oliver Cromwell. Historians, according to their respective preferences, have made him the best or the worst of men. Macauley and Carlyle have taken a bold and a noble stand against the views which obtained under the reign of the licentious Charles II., and have constituted current opinion since that time. Cromwell's *Letters and Speeches*, brought together and given to the public by Carlyle, are, to many, conclusive evidence of the integrity and Christianity of the "Lord Protector;"—to others they are enigmas which are yet to be solved, if, indeed, they are capable of solution;—and to others, still, they only furnish the clearer evidence of his base hypocrisy. The discussion will proceed, and truth will finally prevail. We are happy that Merle D'Aubigne has brought his great strength to the task of endeavoring to help this great controversy on to a right conclusion. He has reflected much light upon his subject, and his book will make a strong impression. The author proceeds to review the history and actions of Cromwell, and make his comments. He does not approve everything, but judges of the acts of his subject by the light of the age in which he lived, and the circumstances by which he was surrounded. We have several times, by the help of our correspondents, made some contributions to this interesting discussion, and yet it is quite possible we may resume the subject and try to reflect upon it still further light. In the mean time, we hope none of our readers will fail to procure and read the volume which is the subject of this notice.

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16. *The Coming of the Lord; a Key to the Book of Revelation. With an Appendix.* By JAMES M. MACDONALD, Minister of the Presbyterian Church, Jamaica, L. I. 12mo., pp. 210. New-York: Baker & Scribner. 1846.

THE author of the work now before us maintains that the book of the Revelation is a proper subject of study, and that it should no more be abandoned, as an inexplicable mystery, than "Malachi or Genesis." He accordingly gives us a consecutive exposition of it. But in relation to "the unfulfilled portions of the book," our author speculates with

great modesty and moderation. He is against the *visible* personal reign of Christ, and the *two resurrections*, as held by Adventists. The book, upon the whole, is one which reflects much light upon the most mysterious portions of Holy Scripture, and will well reward a patient reading.

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17. *The Office and Work of the Holy Spirit.* By JAMES BUCHANAN, D. D., Professor of Divinity, New College, Edinburgh. From the sixth Edinburgh edition, 12mo., pp. 519. New-York: Robert Carter. 1847.

THE present volume is upon a vital subject; and it is truly refreshing to see how nearly orthodox Christians agree upon the theme which is here discussed. The work is divided into three parts. The first treats of "the Spirit's work in the conversion of sinners:" the second treats at length upon "illustrative cases," taken from the New Testament: and the third presents "the Spirit's work in the edification of his people after their conversion." The author handles these several topics with great precision and becoming earnestness. The phraseology is occasionally Calvinistic, and sometimes the thoughts of the author run in that channel. There are, also, proofs and illustrations from "the Confession of Faith," which savor of partialism. But the great mass of the matter is most excellent, and cannot be thoughtfully and prayerfully read without great spiritual profit.

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18. *Solitude Sweetened; or, Miscellaneous Meditations on Various Religious Subjects, written in Distant Parts of the World.* By JAMES MICKLE, late Surgeon at Carmath. 12mo., pp. 286. New-York: Robert Carter. 1847.

THIS is a most excellent book, produced during the last century, and well worthy to have a place among standard English works. The meditations are truly pious and highly intellectual.

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19. *The Riches of Grace: or, the Blessing of Perfect Love, as experienced, enjoyed, and recorded, by Living Witnesses.* Edited by Rev. D. S. KING. 12mo., pp. 456. Boston: George C. Rand & Co., No. 3 Cornhill. 1847.

THIS book contains the personal experience of *sixty-two* individuals, written by themselves. The names of the persons are prudently withheld, but we have been able to identify several of them. This volume is not a record of fancied revelations and fanatical vagaries, but of plain matters of fact, of which the minds of the relaters are cognizant. Their credibility admitted, and we have a flood of evidence upon a most important and glorious theme. We hail this volume with pleasure and

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delight; believing, as we do, that it will be the means of guiding many anxious inquirers into the way of holiness. Nothing, aside from the word of God and the direct teachings of the Spirit, is more impressive and influential with those who are earnestly seeking for holiness, than such simple details of personal experience as we have in the book before us. The mind naturally seeks for, and rests upon, *facts*. And especially in such a case—a case in which the pride of philosophy and mere human reason is to be set at naught and trampled under foot—is a clear, intelligible, and credible *experience*, worth more than all the theorizing and speculation in the world. The test of experiment is the very thing demanded: and here we have a book of *experiments* clearly and specifically set forth, with results which are sufficient to satisfy the most skeptical, while they kindle afresh the joy of seraphs. To all earnest seekers of the blessing of a clean heart, we most cordially and unequivocally recommend this volume. May God give it his blessing!

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20. *The Scripture Text Book. Scripture Texts arranged for the Use of Ministers, Sunday-School Teachers, and Families.* Second edition, 12mo., pp. 114. New-York: Lewis Colby & Co. 1846.

The Scripture Treasury; being the Second Part of the Scripture Text Book: arranged for the Use of Ministers, Sunday-School Teachers, Families, &c. 12mo., pp. 150. New-York: Lewis Colby. 1847.

These works were originally "compiled by the Religious Tract and Book Society for Ireland," and are admirably adapted to the purposes for which they are designed. We have here a collection of texts of Scripture in connection with *six hundred and thirty-four topics*, alphabetically arranged. The passages under each topic are generally numerous and varied—sufficiently so to give the entire Biblical view of the subject. The student of the Bible will find much aid from these little works, in collating passages of Scripture, upon almost any given theme. We doubt not, should their use come to be known and fully appreciated, they will be thought, by preachers and Sunday-school teachers, nearly indispensable.

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21. *Classical Series.* Edited by Drs. Schmitz and Zeumpt. *C. Julii Cæsaris Commentarii de Bello Gallico.* 12mo., pp. 231. Phila.: Lea & Blanchard. 1847.

The names of the editors of this "Series" are a sufficient passport to the books it contains. The copy of *Cæsar* before us is a small, cheap volume, well printed, with sufficiently extended foot notes, and a map of *Gaul*.

22. *Exercises in Hebrew Grammar, and Selections from the Greek Scriptures to be translated into Hebrew. With Notes, Hebrew Phrases, and References to approved Works in Greek and Hebrew Philology.* By H. B. Hackett, Professor of Biblical Literature in Newton Theological Institution. 12mo., pp. 115. Andover: Allen, Morrell, & Wardell. New-York: Mark Newman & Co. 1847.

This work will be found to afford great aid to students of the Hebrew, who wish to become thoroughly acquainted with that language.

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23. *The Karen Apostle; or, Memoir of Ko Kah-Byu, the first Karen Convert; with an Historical Account of the Nation, its Traditions, Precepts, Rites, &c.* By Rev. Francis Mason, Missionary to the Karens. Revised by H. J. Ripley, Professor in Newton Theological Seminary. Third edition, 18mo., pp., 108. Boston: Gould Kendall, & Lincoln. 1846.

This little work affords most conclusive proof of the power of the gospel to regenerate the most degraded and besotted heathen. Well may the churches take courage in the prosecution of the great missionary work when such are the fruits. Few will commence this book without reading it through, and no real Christian will read it through without gratitude to God that he ever stirred up the spirit of a Judson, a Wade, and a Boardman, and thrust them into the strongholds of heathenism to do battle with the prince of darkness upon his own ground. Get "The Karen Apostle," and read it by all means.

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24. *Dwight's American Magazine, and Family Newspaper: with numerous Illustrative and Ornamental Wood Engravings, for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and Moral and Religious Principles.* Edited by Theodore Dwight. 2 vols. 8vo., pp. 832, 752.

These volumes exhibit a rare specimen of plodding industry and good taste. The object of the editor is to furnish *interesting* reading which will not *pervert* the *heart.* And in times like these, when our popular newspapers deal in the worst specimens of fiction, and are directly calculated to pervert the moral sensibilities of the rising generation, it is an encouraging fact that such a work, as the one now upon our table, should meet with encouragement. We wish our friend *Dwight* abundant success in his labors. The work contains many illustrations upon wood, and the articles are short, and, so far as we can judge, generally pithy. The cheapness of this paper—one dollar per year, in advance—cannot fail to secure for it an extensive patronage.

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